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THE

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

JANUARY, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

ADDRESS.

IN writing an Address worthy the attention of ten or twelve thousand Christians, and perhaps many more, and it may be others who care but little about Christ or his followers, something is required to maintain a proper balance, protecting true religion, or pure Christian principles, on the one hand, and, on the other, detecting those near approaches of cunningly-devised fables which the depravity of our fallen nature invents. Assisted in this by Satan, many, through ignorance, oppose themselves until brought out of the snare by our all-conquering Redeemer. God only can qualify for the task before us.

How the present Address may be received time will determine. Should the writer prove a good marksman, let Him who directs the "arrow" have the praise.

In looking back to the year 1835, when the "Standard" was launched on the sea of time, we can remember the warm embraces it received by the living family of God,—how the despised daughter of Zion picked it up, and how, in a very few months, it separated God's Zion from the mere profession. And when we remember how it has borne up under the scowls and frowns and even religious belchings of many, we are astonished. But it has lived to see many of its bitter enemies become dear friends, and bless God for it. When we think, too, how the Lord has blessed it in foreign lands, what light it has shed in many dark garrets, and on many dying beds, we feel constrained to say, "The Lord hath done it," and "It shall be to the Lord for a name."

The year through which we have just passed has been (as all years are) an important one. It was ushered in with the clamour of war and the dying groans of our very neighbours, with the destruction of much property, under the wild fanaticism of contending politicians. Happily for ourselves, we had and have peace at home, and have experienced a measure of that blessedness there is in giving over that of receiving; and with all the calamities that have surrounded us, perhaps England has not seen a more successful mercantile year than the past.

But "Our Zion," where the "Gospel Standard" lives, is a messenger of good things,—or it may be otherwise, for in itself

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it is only paper and ink, or as a postman carelessly delivers the letter, sorrow or joy may be under the seal. God only can make blessings flow from written words to the hearts of his people, open the mysteries of his word, and comfort souls. May we ask, In what condition is our Zion, as we enter upon another year? Is she lively or deadly? Is she growing in grace, or is she carnal? Does she increase in numbers, or is Jacob becoming small? Are her ministers able ministers of the New Testament, or are they men of table-talk and fireside gossip? To answer the above here is not the matter in hand. Let each judge for himself, and think, and pray; and may the Lord answer prayer.

Extreme views on any subject are unfair and unjust, because the two extremes leave a great gulf between; and if on one hand we seek to make our Zion look bad, we may take all as barrenness, deadness, indifference, coldness, heartlessness, continuous lukewarmness, jealousies, carnal surmisings, pride, absence of ministerial gifts, personal rule instead of church government, deacons neglecting "Hebrew widows," ministers' tea gossips, each esteeming self above his brother, and all that class of poor human depravity, we may soon make our Zion look black indeed. But that would not be just, however true it might be; yet there are captious unjust persons so disposed; and as dust is the serpent's meat, such persons may be found rooting in the dross of human depravity to find its "master plants" or favourites, springing, so to speak, in the garden of the Lord. Such persons prove they are unjust, and the search is one-sided and unfair.

Take another view of our Zion, on the other side, and look at her in all the countries of our land as in a happy condition. This would be equally unfair, and one-sided. But look for a moment, and suppose, in every city, town, village, hamlet, where our God has a people; each community is a city of our God, to whom the minister of the cross is to say, "Behold your God" (Is. xl. 9), and she is indeed the "salt of the earth," the "light of the world," and "the city set upon a hill;" and "beautiful for situation also," and "the joy of the whole earth." Come into the form of her worship under the bright shinings of the Sun of righteousness; it is plain she has "meat to eat the world knows not of;" she "forgets the things that are behind," and is evidently looking forward. She has the prize in view, and says, "Hinder me not." Souls thus filled with the heavenly breezes do mount on eagles' wings. Taking this view of Zion, we at once say, "Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound;" and, "Blessed is the people who are in such a case." Divine realities are theirs.

Take also their prayer-meetings. They gather one by one in peace, with thoughtful solemnity. They meet at the appointed "Galilee." All seems perfectly in harmony; no observer can see a ruffle on any spirit. The scene is closed; each moves homeward. They have been asking for things agreeable to God's will in Christ's name. Follow closer still, and observe the family

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circle. After reading a portion of God's word, they kneel together before the Almighty, thanking, pleading, and confessing. All these things look well, and you may add many more,—Bible reading, sermon reading, meditation, the fellowship of the saints; and again add to that that they have been called unto the fellowship of God's Son.

Look again at our Zion. See the number of her cities in our land, as recorded from time to time in our pages. See also her watchmen who stand upon her walls, numbering, perhaps, 150. All these things have a part, and a good part, of the truth, but not whole truth blended with the working experience of the saint, and is, therefore, one-sided, and an extreme view, and not a fair way to present our Zion. All extremes are apt to lead astray; and by indulging on the peaceful side, our Zion may be misrepresented. She may also lean to a false peace for a time. She has been astray on this ground before. The false prophets cried "Peace" when it was false; and a war is pronounced against such who were at peace (or ease) in Zion. The Lord grant that his people may be on their watch-tower day and night; for both day and night come; and though the disciples could not watch one hour in the day of the Redeemer's distress, yet himself enjoined, "What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."

Parties inclined may find plenty of leaven working evil in our Zion, and may chase down "dry doctrine," carnal Calvinism, and with eagle flight may pounce upon a dead carcase. Being fond of carrion, they can smell it afar off. Such may be useful, but have not much of that spirit that was in Christ Jesus. Often, in condemning others, man forgets himself. "Thou that preachest a man should not steal, dost *thou* steal?" (Rom. ii. 21.)

In taking either extreme of our Zion's prosperity or adversity, we are almost certain to forget the battle, the conflict, the fight, the victory, for a time at least; and though it is impossible to see too clearly her eternal standing in the glorious Head Jesus, yet the upward conflict to that glorious sight costs much. Many tears, sighs, sorrowful nights and days, does the heavenly merchantman exchange in buying the truth, which he will not sell. Much of it has to be rescued also out of the hand of the spoiler; for the enemy often says, "It is written;" and though he can speak so much truth, yet with all he is a liar. O how he keeps up the "Gog and Magog" fight in the heart of the daughter of Zion, and throws into her assemblies his vile suggestions and carnal doctrines, transforming himself, and causing his servants to wear a garb like the apostles of the Lord Jesus, "transforming themselves" also. (2 Cor. xi. 13.) Paul reasons from that that we need not be surprised, or marvel, since Satan himself enters into the ministerial office.

But, though our Zion may for a time be entangled by his Satanic majesty or his agents, yet the Shulamite is quick-sighted, at times, and will soon discover the cloven foot under the garment of light. The Spirit of her Lord is in her, and she will not

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be long in error. How kind the Redeemer was when he said, "If they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them" (Mark xviii. 18); for by the good Spirit of the Lord she shall be enabled to take to her the whole armour of God, and stand in the battle, when the enemy must leave the field. Then the virgin the daughter of Zion shall shake her head in holy disdain, despising the proud Sennacherib, and laughing to scorn every foe; adoring Him to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, and waving again the banner, the free-grace banner of victory which God gives to her, that it may be displayed because of the truth. (Ps. lx. 4.) She first obtained this banner on the field of battle; and though she is seen waving it on the heights of Zion, she fought for it. She does not buy a commission to lounge in barracks.

Then take no one-sided view of our churches, our ministers, our deacons, our private members. We are surely in a land not our own; and, though "the battle is the Lord's," we fight our way step by step through evil and through good report. Our own wicked hearts cause us much trouble from day to day. The world also with the enemy sorely distress us. Again, we are replenished by the Spirit of our God; and though there is nothing on the earth we can call our own, yet the world was made for Zion, and all things are for her sake (2 Cor. iv. 15); for she "is Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 23.)

Consider for a few moments the very persons that constitute Zion; and who are they? Sinners of Adam's race; born a second time, born of God, regenerated, adopted, sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. (1 Cor. vi. 11.) And thus being predestinated to the adoption of children (Eph. i. 5), Jesus Christ is of God made unto them wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. (1 Cor. i. 30.) In the new birth eternal life is bestowed, most certainly, by the Almighty. The beginning may be small, but it is spiritual, heavenly, and divine, and shall never decay; and, therefore, it is called "eternal life." The Redeemer says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. (Jno. x. 28.) And again, the water the Redeemer gives them, and which they drink, shall be in them a well of water springing up unto everlasting life. (Jno. iv. 14.) The Lord's dear adopted ones feel, as they live by faith, the springing up of this living water, and worship, entering into gospel rest. (Heb. iv. 3.) John states boldly that "God hath given to us eternal life" (1 Jno. v. 11); and Jesus says, "He that believeth on him that sent me hath eternal life, and shall not come into condemnation." (Jno. v. 24.) And so the perseverance of the saints to eternal glory is a lofty truth, attested well by Him who through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God (Hebrews ix. 14), even the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. (Heb. xiii. 20.) And all believers, in whatever frame of mind they may feel themselves,

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however sad, tried, tossed, and tumbled they may be, however weak their faith and strong their foes, the Almighty is their defence, and the eternal God is their refuge. They are bought with a price, and are not their own. Their Redeemer is mighty and will save. He abideth faithful, and cannot deny himself; for "Judah yet ruleth with God and is faithful with the saints." (Hos. xi. 12.) And therefore he says, "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." (Hos. xiii. 14.)

Those who are yet strangers to God and the covenants of promise see not yet the above by the Holy Spirit's work or teachings; but the day may come; and, therefore, though such speak against these glorious truths, and against the Lord's born-again ones, we know it is in ignorance. Those who crucified the Lord of glory did it ignorantly (Acts iii. 17), and we are willing to fill up the afflictions of Christ which are behind (Col. i. 24), and endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory. (2 Tim. ii. 10.) But when we look at the arrogant professor, with a high standing among men, splendid religious ornaments hung around him, and in his very heart hating the doctrines prescribed by the Lord Jesus, "who spake as never man spake," leaping over, as he reads God's own book, those portions the prophets sang, Christ attested, and apostles gloried in, because he does not approve of them, we tremble for him while we write such statements. What, we ask, shall become of such when he appeareth? O what will such do when he comes to be admired and glorified? The Redeemer, speaking of his own dear people, says, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also might be sanctified through the truth." (Jno. xvii. 19.) But these religious ones will not have the truth, and so prove the Redeemer's doctrine: "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." (Jno. v. 40.) We call them "religious ones," because heathens are religious also, and it is natural to man to incline to some kind of worship.

Not long ago we were in company with a gentleman, a "religious man," and an honourable, upright man in common things. He told us distinctly he did not consider the blood of Christ, "as blood," of any more intrinsic worth than any other man's blood. This is a terrible statement, and fraught with awful consequences. It has its rise in the absence of knowledge of the Son of God, in whom the human and the divine nature are combined; and so Christ's blood by the hypostatical union (so called) is the blood of God. It is this mysterious union that brings the atonement through the blood or by the blood of the God-man. Whereas all the blood of all the men that ever lived could not take away sin. "Rivers of oil," "cattle upon a thousand hills," "a man's firstborn given," could not purge away the sin of the soul. (Mic. vi. 7.) But when he cometh, God's Son's blood cleanseth us from all sin. (1 Jno. i. 7.) "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them

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that are sanctified." (Heb. x. 14.) And it was by his own blood he "obtained eternal redemption for us, and by his own blood, and that blood only, he entered into the holy place; yea, the holy of holies." (Heb. ix. 12.)

Brethren, stand fast by the blood of God's eternal Son. Paul, instructing on the work of the ministry, says, "Feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." (Acts xx. 28.) Let others trample as they may on the blood of the covenant wherewith the Son of God was sanctified. (Heb. x. 29.) But let us bind the sacrifice (Ps. cxviii. 27) with cords of faith, hope, and love till we see him as he is. Let those Socialists, Free-thinkers, libertines, who call themselves "Christians," and deny the words and the sentiments preached by Christ,—we say, let them alone; their folly shall be manifest in due time; for they shall not go beyond the appointed time. But those who have God's word hid in their hearts cannot so offend. (Ps. cxix. 11.) It is a lamp and a light on their path, the entrance of which giveth light to the simple and understanding also. (Ps. cxix. 130.) Therefore God says by Jer. (xxiii. 28), "The prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream; and he that hath my word, let him speak my word faithfully. What is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

Our Zion's ministers have a sure word of prophecy to which they do well to take heed; for it is "a light that shineth in a dark place." And though darkness does indeed cover the earth, and gross darkness the people, yet the Lord does arise upon Zion, and his glory is seen upon her; and he has said, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

The qualifications of Zion's ministers in the dispensation of gospel light are various. Each workman, according to the ability God giveth, is instructed to speak according to the "oracles of God." (1 Pet. iv. 11.) This is the eternal unalterable standard, which shall not pass away, though heaven and earth shall. And those who think themselves "prophets" are to acknowledge the same. (1 Cor. xiv. 37.)

> "This is the book that ends the strife,
> When wit and reason fail."

Zion's ministers, then, ought to know well the work of God. Many a weary heart has been refreshed while searching the scriptures, and many a victory has been obtained over the enemy there, because the Lord, the anointing Spirit, and the man of war, has met the soul in that garden of mysteries. "Search the scriptures."

A minister of the gospel has certain peculiar qualifications. Though, like Jeremiah, he often says, "I am a child," yet an excellent spirit is in him, for the public cause of the Redeemer among men. His heart says, "Thy kingdom come." He desires to be able to comfort others with the same comforts he is himself comforted of God. He is jealous of his own unfitness in

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the stewardship God has counted him worthy of, and daily asks strength in weakness. His desire is to give no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed. The working of true religion in the heart, by the Spirit of God, he desires to bring before the people, and in his right mind would not dishonour the pulpit with mean trifles, low expressions, or common personal things; and though there are those who indulge even in absurdities, such conduct greatly detracts from the dignity of their pulpit performance, and leaves an empty place in the souls who are listening for divine realities. His business is to point perishing sinners to the Lamb of God—and he loves it; and by repeating in the ears of the coming sinner the dealings of God with himself, the trembling, separated leper, with his upper lip covered, is encouraged to meet our great High Priest, Jesus Christ. This excellent spirit in the servant of Christ seeks his Master's honour. Though sensible of his own infirmities and weakness, he seeks to be an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity; and though to his sorrow he often fails, for in his flesh dwelleth no good thing, yet the desires of his heart are before the Lord. He seeks also to commit to others the truths he has learned by the Spirit's teaching, that they also may hand them down to the generation following. He is the Lord's own servant, though the servant of the church where he labours. May our Zion be blessed with pastors after God's own heart, who shall feed her with knowledge and understanding (Jer. iii. 15), not men given to idle gossip. Ministers are but men, and therefore have much to do in watching their own spirit, which might lead them to useless and vain studies and unprofitable visits; and though debtors to the wise and unwise, and though they are to make themselves all things to all men, yet they are to be governed by the law of their God, poured into their heart by the Leader and Commander of the people; which law is the law of love and liberty, binding the soul with the golden chain of grace.

The work of God's Spirit it is to do all in and by his servants. True religion, vital godliness, the life of faith, fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, is surely the work of God's Spirit upon the heart. Real prayer, Christian fellowship, or the communion of saints in the mysteries of the Redeemer's life, death, and resurrection, is surely a work of grace, and is part of the work of faith with power. Others may have imaginations, notions, or fancies; but the faith of the Christian is a real work, a substantial reality, the Holy Spirit bearing witness in the believer's heart.

The blessed Spirit also brings to our remembrance the many little glimpses of hope and faith and love we had in the days of our youth. The child of God can remember many sweet moments that did require the sealing of the Spirit to confirm the heart; and so God is faithful in giving the former and latter rain in season; and he continues to be gracious, waits to be gracious, and will be exalted that he may have mercy upon Zion. Our God is a God

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of judgment, and "Blessed are all they that wait for him." (Isa. xxx. 18.)

Christian morality is of the very highest order. No morality of human kind can reach it, because it has one grand spring, and the main spring, too, viz., the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart; as said the apostle, "The love of Christ constraineth us." So the love of Christ draws out the soul into holy obedience to God's most blessed will in all things; and in his right mind the Christian would never sin again, though it is often and wickedly laid to his charge that he may sin at pleasure because grace abounds. Nothing can be more false, or farther from the real aim of his life. There have been high moralists of almost every race of men. Some even among the heathens have been accounted moral men, in the common acceptation of the word; and, believing in future rewards and punishments, have regulated their lives so as to merit the rewards anticipated, and to escape the dreaded punishment. There are men, plenty in our own day, good moral men, so called, who deny Christ's atonement and suretyship, caring, of course, nothing about his blood and righteousness. Whatever their motives may be, their morality cannot be produced by their having received the atonement. They deny it. Paul says we have received it. (Rom. v. 11.) So that Christian morality springs not from fear of hell, nor yet to merit heaven; but is produced by the dear benefits bestowed by the God of our salvation, all wrapped together, and revealed to us in the blood of the covenant, moving the soul in holy obedience.

"Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will;
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil."

Sin in the Christian's heart is his sore plague, and if suffered to break out he must remain under chastisement, affliction, and sorrow, until it please our sin-pardoning God to wash away his guilt in the blood of atonement. The mystery of iniquity, though well known to every quickened sinner, has a very large circle assigned to it, since we read that "the whole world lieth in wickedness." (1 Jno. v. 19.) And Paul, discerning the powers of Satan in his time, said, "The mystery of iniquity doth already work." (2 Thess. ii. 7.) We suppose he meant in opposing the gospel of God's Son.

Satan and the man of sin have always waged war against God's Christ and God's Zion, and will continue to do so until destroyed by the brightness of his coming and the breath of his mouth. The monster enemy has ever sought to insult the Almighty, to frustrate his scheme of redemption and salvation, to distress by all means in his power the Lord's dear people, and to dishonour God's most holy word; but these two witnesses, *God's word* and *God's people*, still continue to bear testimony for God, Father, Son, and Spirit, and are not unlike the two olive trees and candlesticks standing before the God of the whole earth (Rev. xi. 4),

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who teem out their evidences in the very face of Satan and the man of sin; and though it is neither by might, nor yet by power of theirs, but by God's Spirit (Zech. iv. 6), yet there they stand on the right and on the left side before the Lord. (Zech. iv. 3; Rev. xi. 4.)

God's word, by prophets, by apostles, and by God's Son, stands fast as the eternal hills, and shall stand before God when heaven and earth are passed away. So his dear people also stand before him. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord (Isa. xliii. 10); and under covert of the faithful and true witness, Jesus Christ (Rev. i. 5), they give evidence for God before angels, men, and devils. Many of these witnesses for God have sealed their testimony with their own blood.

These two, then, are "God's two witnesses," whether they be those meant in Rev. xi. 3 or not.

If ever God's people and God's word were in sackcloth, looking at them as viewed by the world of professors, and we might say by worldly professors, or carnal men professing godliness, surely God's people are under a cloud, or covering of sackcloth, *now*, seeing they are but suffered, only permitted, to hold their "conventals" as an act of pity to them, because of their weakness of mind and fanatic zeal. But they are God's witnesses, and cannot be bribed or bought over. We read that God has two witnesses who are to be slain after they have finished their testimony, not before; and their dead bodies are to lie in the street of some great city, spiritually called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified. Their bodies are not to be put into graves, but are to lie three and a half days unburied. It seems the people, and kindreds, and tongues, and nations, are to see these dead bodies and not "suffer" them to be buried. Great men have ventured an exposition to the above, but little men will wisely give thoughts only.

Our Lord was crucified by the Jews, the loftiest professing people on the earth; so that Christ, the Prince of life, was slain by the religionists of his own time. If we may draw an inference, it appears as if God's two witnesses are to be slain, killed, or silenced by some very religious power or persons. How and by whom is this persecution to be carried out? Virtually by Satan's enmity against God's witnesses. He has employed the mother of harlots in many of his bloodthirsty deeds, and doubtless will again; and if the Bible is to be for a time dishonoured under masks the most base, be it so; and if God's people, his ministers, and churches are for a time to be silenced and shut up, under lock and key,—well, be it so. They are not to be put out of sight, we remember, "*not into graves;*" and after a time the Spirit of life from God is to enter into them, and they shall stand upon their feet (Rev. xi. 11), and "look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." (Song vi. 10.) Then the enemies of God's two witnesses will look on with fear and trembling, and shall see these witnesses

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rising in a cloud, perhaps into a more glorious "church state" than ever was seen before. This may last for a time. Rome, with her fallen infallibility, loses nothing of her spirit or character, but rather gathers resentment by the defeat. Satan knows he has but a short time to reign prince of this world, thanks to our most glorious Christ, who came that he might destroy the works of the devil; and what yet remains shall be done away. Satan has already learned that the saints shall take the kingdom, and possess it for ever and ever; and as the Gog and Magog armies brandish their armour and muster their forces, the nations of the earth shall find work enough to keep him in his place. Even in our own land his hunting for place and power is very remarkable and worthy the notice of Zion; for should ever English episcopacy and the Roman hierarchy become one (a thing not impossible), our Zion may yet be driven into less compass than she now occupies. Perhaps in no land on the earth are the strides of the man of sin more eminent than in Britain. Though he shall "come to his end, and none shall help him," yet that shall not hinder him from "planting the tabernacles of his palace between the seas" in some glorious place. (Dan. xi. 45.) And it may be depended upon that Satan will contest every inch of ground with Michael our Prince; but he shall fall, with all his "Gog and Magog" army at last.

Many of our brethren are troubled about the new Bible we expect to be laid before us in course of time; and many of the lambs of the flock fear lest it should damage that Book that has been made such a blessing to them. You may wipe away your tears on that subject, as we think the Great Shepherd and Bishop has not given his *mind* and *will* in such a manner that it can be upset even by the enemy of souls. The Old Testament, originally written in Hebrew, was translated into Greek by the Jews themselves; and we are most credibly informed that one of the kings of Egypt was the means in God's hand of accomplishing this work. Bagster, in his "History of the Bible," says, "Ptolemy Philadelphus, having secured his father on the throne of Egypt, 284 years before Christ, the Jews found in him as generous a protector as they had experienced in Ptolemy Suter. During his reign was made the important translation of the Old Testament into Greek, afterwards called the Septuagint version; which event has tended more to disseminate the knowledge and confirm the authenticity of the sacred scriptures than any other which happened from the time of their completion (about the year 292 before Christ) by Eleazar to the commencement of the Christian era." We are informed that not less than twenty old Hebrew scholars did this work, who, without any view of conveying to us what we have been taught of the advent of our most glorious Lord Jesus (for they deny nationally what God has taught us), we must give them credit for a faithful translation. That one work is in the hands of first-class English Hebrew scholars now, and who are also Greek scholars. Then we do expect that something clean and good will come out of their hands.

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As for the great New Testament, there have been about thirty thousand various readings, all of which are at the service of those now revising our new translation. This work is in the hands of men who are scholars, really classical men; so that our dear old books will take no harm.

But there are several other grounds or reasons why we may rest satisfied. First, there is the pride of scholarship in Archdeacon Blakesley, a real Hebrew and Greek scholar of the English school; so also is another archdeacon, of the German school; so also is another of another nation; and Hebrew is but Hebrew, find it where you may. So that the eyes of all nations are upon these men; and their own pride as scholars will not allow them to deviate from the laws of language, whatever their own sentiments may be.

But there is another and more important ground for our confidence, viz., our God has the hearts of all men in his hand, and we know that he will not suffer his mind and will to be perverted even by designing men. See how his word has been protected and handed down to us through all ages and dangers of time; and we rest upon it, that the men who do not believe that the Lord Jesus Christ is the true God and eternal life will be constrained to translate the substance of Col. i. 16 as we now have it. We know that "the world by wisdom knew not God;" and we rest upon it that our God will not suffer his word to be robbed nor mutilated.

A third reason we might notice, viz., the teaching of the Spirit of God upon the Christian heart. That teaching is always in accordance with, and never contrary to God's word, so that the Christian's Book, and his knowledge of the Lord, speak one and the same thing. Therefore those who are all taught of God (Jno. vi. 45) will soon discover what our translators are now doing, whenever they read their new Bible. Language is but language, and is only the channel of communication by which something is conveyed. No matter what tongue is used, God gives substance to his people, that they may "inherit it." Substance is more than sound; and though it is pleasant to hear beautiful language, yet a very rude tongue can speak awful truth. We should not dispute the quality of an old shattered barrow from which a bushel of sovereigns had been teemed on to our hearthstone for our own use.

Let us, then, brethren, look for salvation. It is impossible to convey every point contained in the original Greek into our mother tongue; but enough has been conveyed for us; and should a still plainer production be handed over to us, we shall hail it with pleasure, while we know the religion of the Son of God is the same in every nation under heaven.

May the Holy Spirit instruct his dear people in the deep things of God, and may our "Gospel Standard" be the means of conveying over the length and breadth of our land many great realities, in proof of God's work upon sinners' hearts.

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TO WHOM COMING.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. HEMINGTON, PREACHED IN GOWER STREET CHAPEL, LORD'S DAY MORNING, NOV. 26TH, 1871.

"To whom coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious."—1 PET. II. 4.

IT was not our intention to occupy so much of our time on the chapter we read this morning from the Revelation; but having taken up more time than usual in the reading of the word, we shall endeavour to be the shorter in the preaching.

In speaking from any portion of scripture standing as this does linked on with other verses which we call the context, it is only by keeping our eye upon the connexion that we can hope to get at the proper sense of the particular passage we profess to explain. We shall not, then, confine ourselves to the verse read as a text, but speak, as time may allow, on other portions in the chapter as being more or less connected with our text.

And, first, let us be clear as it respects the *character*. This, with us, is always an important point; and should on no account be passed over. We need not say that this Epistle was written to *believers* in the Lord Jesus Christ. In the beginning of the Epistle, Peter designates those to whom he writes, "elect, according to the foreknowledge of God the Father." But besides being the elect of God they were believers; and if you ask, what is the difference between being elect and being believers, we answer, the elect are God's people, as having been chosen by God the Father in Christ from everlasting; but believers are the elect of God made manifest by effectual calling. There are many of God's elect still uncalled, and I would hope many in this large congregation; but such have no right, in their uncalled state, to this Epistle. We do not say they have no right of interest in what the Epistle reveals. Accordingly, though the Lord knows what their interest is, it has yet to be made manifest; but they have no right of privilege as known to themselves. They must first be called;—be made manifest by grace. And such was the case with these elect strangers spoken of at the beginning of this Epistle. Mark the apostle's words in i. 23: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

Well, now, the apostle goes on to show that as the begotten of God, as believers, our whole life should be a continual going to the Lord Jesus Christ. But before the apostle comes to this, he gives us a very needful and solemn word of caution. He says, "Wherefore, laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings." This is very much like Paul's exhortation to the Hebrews, where he says, "Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us." If a man wishes to accomplish a long and arduous journey in a short time, he will dislodge from his person all needless weights, all superfluities which would encumber him. My dear friends,

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it must be so with us in a spiritual point of view, though I hope I know, in my own experience, that it is by grace alone that we can do it. But there will be no going in spirit and in truth to Jesus Christ so long as malice, guile, envies, and evil speakings are indulged in, and not laid aside. These sins of the flesh take away all power; they clog the feet of our faith, and spoil our relish for spiritual food. I believe we have little conception to what an extent our progress in spiritual life is often impeded by our not being as watchful and careful in matters of godly practice as the precepts of the word call for. The Lord has been laying this matter with very solemn power for some considerable time past on my own mind; and whilst I feel deeply conscious that no precept can be spiritually obeyed, nor God served aright in any one thing but by the help and power of the Holy Ghost; yet for all this the truth remains the same, that if we walk contrary to the Lord, he will walk contrary to us. Obedience is our rule, and the precepts not obeyed is our sin. Disobedience will always bring sorrow and distress into the soul of a real child of God; but serving the Lord in the liberty of the Spirit brings peace. We ever hope to maintain this truth in our ministry, to insist upon a godly walk and life, and affirm that they which have believed in God should be careful to maintain good works, because these things are good and profitable unto men.

Now, do you know anything of the experience of the third verse? Have you really tasted that the Lord is gracious? Do you know what it is to have the love of God sensibly shed abroad in your heart, and to have something of the beauty and preciousness of Jesus Christ revealed to your faith? What are your thoughts and feelings in sad moments about obeying the precepts? Why, you can say,

> "To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
> And hear his pard'ning voice,
> It turns a slave into a child,
> And duty into choice."

Well, now we come to the text, "To whom *coming*." You see it is put progressively, showing that it is not one act, but a continual thing. Real religion, if I know anything about it, begins, goes on, and I was going to say it ends; but, blessed be God, it has no end; but real religion begins, goes on, and keeps going on to all eternity in a continual going to Jesus Christ. We had to go to him at the first, like the poor publican; *i.e.*, as lost, ruined sinners, to be saved by him. Some of you might have been kept in this first trouble a long time before the way of salvation by Jesus Christ was revealed to you. We set up no standard here. God is a sovereign; but be the first trouble of soul long or short, be it deep and terrible or otherwise, there is no deliverance, until we are taught and helped by the Holy Ghost to go to Jesus Christ. Can you speak of the time when you and Jesus Christ first shook hands; *i.e.*, when pardon was first sealed, and peace was sweetly proclaimed to your poor troubled soul?

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Now, so far as we are living the true life of faith, we are going to Jesus Christ. It is because the Holy Spirit has made me feel my need that I can say truthfully, there is never a day with me but I have something to go to him *with*, and something to go to him *for*. I have to go with my daily sins to get them taken away; I have to go very often with a hard heart to get it softened; with a proud spirit to get it humbled; with thousands of wants to get them supplied; with a very weak faith to get it strengthened. We have, my dear friends, to go to this mighty Jesus for strength in our weakness, for light and teaching in our blindness and ignorance. Indeed, in all our trials and afflictions, in all experiences, in all times and seasons, we have sooner or later to go to Jesus Christ. We go to him upon his own gracious invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Now, such an invitation as this will sometimes meet a child of God in his darkest and most desponding moments. I could speak of many such seasons, when my poor mind has been as dark as the blackest midnight. Every cheering sign of my belonging to Jesus Christ has been hidden, and my unbelieving heart, backed up with Satan's lies, has called in question the reality of all the blessings and manifestations I had ever received from the Lord. Now, sometimes in these dark seasons my mind has been led like this: "Suppose your religion is wrong; suppose you *have* been deceived; suppose right up to the present time you are out of the secret, and have not the root of the matter in you, and so know nothing of God, nothing of Jesus Christ, and nothing savingly of truth and religion at all; yet what can you do in your present state and conditon but to go to Jesus Christ just as you are?" "If you think and fear your religion is not of the right kind, cast it aside; let it not be brought into present consideration; but as Jesus Christ invites poor sinners to go to him, and as you are miserable for the want of Jesus Christ, then don't let your *religion* keep you away; but go to him upon his own invitation as a *poor sinner*." Now we say again, this is how, in some of our worst and darkest seasons, we have been led; and, to the praise and glory of Jesus Christ be it spoken, we have found him true and faithful to his word: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Neither has *he* ever yet told us that our religion was a delusion. Satan and our unbelieving heart have told us this again and again; but Jesus Christ has proved to us its reality. We say, then, be your present experience, your trials and afflictions, your darkness and fears, what they may, it will only be by going to Jesus Christ that you will get what you want. May the blessed Spirit teach poor souls this truth, draw them and give them power to go, and give them many a sweet lift on the way.

But secondly. "To whom coming as unto a *living stone*." Christ is called a stone, as being the foundation of his spiritual mystical building, the church. "Upon this Rock," said Christ to Peter "will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail

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against it." The Holy Ghost inspired David to predict the violent opposition which Christ as a sure foundation would meet with: "The stone which the builders refused," says David, "is become the head stone of the corner." The sceptic Jews denied the Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ; they accused him of blasphemy for saying he was the Son of God; they imputed his miracles to the devil, and boasted that they had Abraham for their father, and were never in bondage to any man. Thus, instead of going to Jesus Christ as unto a living stone, the Jews despised him, cast him out, and refused to allow that he was Jesus Christ the Son of God. The old Gnostics denied Christ's humanity; they contended that his body was not substantial flesh and blood, but a mere phantom, a spectre, an apparition. But to meet this blasphemous notion, so rife in the time of John the apostle, John says, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon." Yes, but the Gnostics might have said, "We don't deny this; we have seen him with *our* eyes; but for all this, we deny that his body is tangible; we deny its being more than an aërial body, a mere ghost, which we have seen and looked upon. But, says John, "And our hands have *handled* of the word of life." His body is no phantom. In short, we have seen it, touched it, *handled* it, and have had ocular and tangible proof of its reality and substantiality. Besides this, John had had a spiritual revelation of Christ to his soul, and could say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." And this was a more convincing proof to John of the truth of Christ's divine Person, as God and man, than a mere philosophic proof, which only served his purpose to refute the heretics of his time.

O the blessedness of having a true living faith in the Son of God, believing him to be God, consubstantial with the Father, and yet human, having all the constituent properties of his children, sin only excepted, and yet not two persons, but one glorious Immanuel, God with us. What a Foundation for the church! See the 6th verse in the chapter.

Now, all real believers, as the mystical spiritual house, are built up on this living stone, and hence partake of his life, and are thereby living stones themselves, Paul says in Ephesians, "And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief Corner Stone. In whom *ye* also are builded together for a habitation of God, through the Spirit." What an expression! "A habitation of God." Pause for a moment upon it. I like often, when I read a book, when I come to anything that fixes my attention, to allow my mind to hang for a second upon it. Pause, then, for a moment upon this: "A habitation of God!" You, poor miserable sinners, lost and ruined in the fall, whom sovereign grace has brought to Jesus Christ, and to whom, as unto a living stone, you have to keep going, I say, O think of the blessedness! You are a habitation of God,

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temples of the living God. Hence it can never be said of you, "Disallowed indeed of men;" but, "Unto you, therefore, that believe he is precious."

Now every real child of God is taught the truth of Christ's Person, that he is God and man, that he is the only way of salvation, that there is no way to the Father but by him, that he is the brightness of the Father's glory, the express image of his Person, and that he is our Brother, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh.

"Jesus is all I wish or want;
For him I pray, for him I pant.
Let others after earth aspire,
Christ is the treasure I desire."

In ourselves we are all emptiness, wretchedness, and misery, destitute of all good, and, therefore, we have to keep going to Jesus Christ the living stone. There are times, I know, when we seem to go, and go, and go again, and get nothing; and Satan will often make a great handle of this to keep us from going. Nothing tries, aggravates, and casts a poor child of God down more than to feel that God is shutting out his prayers; but even in these trying seasons, what do we ever get by keeping away from Jesus Christ? Nothing. All we ever do receive is by going to him; so that in all experiences, in all times and seasons, we need grace to keep going to Jesus Christ.

But lastly, Peter says, "*Chosen of God*, and precious." This would lead us back into the counsels of Jehovah; but time admonishes us. Election began with Christ. The Father pitched upon him to be an Elect Head, and determined to go forth in all works of creation with Christ as the great archetype, pattern, and model in his eye, and the Father determined to glorify himself in a new creation work, of which Christ should be its Head, and the Source of all life and blessing. The Father having elected and chosen Christ, he was set up from everlasting in the counsel and purpose of God, not as being the actual God-man, but as the God-man that should be, when the fulness of time was come; and in him, as the Christ, the Father chose the elect, and blessed them with all spiritual blessings in him. Now to the raising up of this new creation, or spiritual mystic temple, out of the ruins of the fall, God promised the Holy Ghost, who, although a quickening Spirit of all the Old Testament saints, yet it was not until Pentecost that the more *visible* consecration, the more open and glorious dedication of this great mystic building of living stones took place. By the Spirit it is that each and every elect vessel of mercy is called and made manifest. God sends forth his Spirit, who moves upon the chaos and void of our dead souls, quickening us into life, decking and adorning us by his graces, and by his constant renewings keeps us what he made us at the first, "living stones." Thus it is not by our strength nor by our own might, but by the gracious enablings of the Spirit, that we are kept from day to day going as living or

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lively stones to Jesus Christ, as unto the great living Stone disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.

I have now, my dear friends, to make an announcement of grave importance; at least, so far as it concerns myself. The announcement is that I have accepted the pastorate of this church. You are quite aware that for some time past it has been more on my mind to decline accepting so responsible a position, and that apart from all I have felt, and still deeply feel about ministerial unfitness, I have felt my weak constitution to be of itself a justifiable reason for declining to become your stated minister. My convictions of physical inability remain unaltered, and with these impressions I feel my acceptance of the pastorate to be a very fragile and delicate undertaking. But feeling, as I do, the very critical position which as a church you are now in, and the great difficulty you have of getting supplies for immediate service, also knowing that I have been much the cause of all this, I was very much impressed at the church meeting on Thursday evening that I ought not to leave you under such circumstances. Whatever, then, may be the result, I have promised to return. Should I continue to feel, through weak health, that I am unequal to the labour, I shall consider myself free to relinquish it at the end of six months, or at any other time; but not without giving you the needed time to obtain supplies to go on with when I leave. Therefore, subject to the will of God, I trust to come here. I feel altogether unfit for the place, and unfit for the work. I have striven and struggled and tried as hard as any man living to get out and away from it; and I would willingly go out of the pulpit this morning, without entertaining a thought of standing here as your pastor, were it not for the somewhat painful position you are in; or could I only see a prospect of your being comfortably settled with a minister upon my declining to take the place myself. My dear friends, I just feel this after all, that you do not want learned, systematic preaching; you do not want a pedantic in the pulpit; you want a plain, honest, simple man in the gospel, and want the gospel of Christ preached in the old-fashioned style. I trust that you will find me that kind of minister.

I have next to mention that the churches of truth have felt the removal of our much-esteemed, beloved brother, Mr. Freeman, very much indeed. The churches have likewise felt the state and condition in which his death has placed poor dear Mrs. Freeman; and the Lord has laid it with very much fervour upon the minds of many of his people to make some provision for her. I am sure it has given me unbounded satisfaction to know the churches have taken this matter up in the prompt and Christian-like way in which they have. Now I need not for a single moment impress the matter upon you, as if I thought there would be any backwardness on the part of any friends here. There will be no regular collection made, but I just wish to say, that as the churches desire to make some provision, some good provision, as far as they can, the deacons here will be very glad to receive

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from any friends whatever they may bestow. All that is given will go towards the fund, which will be appropriated according to the judgment of the friends, or committee, in that way that will be most for the benefit of the widow. May the Lord lay this matter upon the hearts of you all, for his name's sake. Amen.

GO THY WAY FORTH.

SONG I. 8.

"Go thy way forth," the Saviour says.
Dear Lord, the power impart.
Thee I would follow, gracious Lamb,
With fix'd, unmoving heart.

"Forth by the footsteps of the flock,"
My tender Shepherd cries.
Then lead me, dearest Lord, if I
Find favour in thine eyes.

"Beside the shepherds' tents, go forth;
There feed thy tender kids;
For well I know thy heart, my spouse,
Much consolation needs.

"Thy sorrows all my pity move.
Behold, I undertake
Thy cause, with never-failing love,
Nor will my bride forsake.

"For thee the cross I once endured,—
The Roman soldiers' scorn;
For thee, my only one, I wore
The crown of piercing thorn.

"Behold, I quickly come, no more
Thy sins and griefs to bear;
But to take home my purchased bride
My glorious throne to share."

A LITTLE ONE.

TRULY wonderful is the power and swiftness with which the convincing arrows of the Holy Ghost are often found to pierce and illuminate the soul of an elect sinner! How was the energy of his arm revealed, how mightily and how rapidly did the meetings of his grace catch from heart to heart when no fewer than three thousand rebels were savingly subdued and born again under a single sermon! (Acts ii. 14.) What instantaneous lightning issued from the eye of Jesus when he looked his revolted apostle into repentance unto life! And, to enumerate no more instances, how great was the glory of that light which, in a moment or in less time, if less can be, struck the bloody pharisee of Tarsus to the ground, transformed the ferocious lion into a passive lamb, and compelled a blaspheming persecutor to groan from the inmost of his heart, "Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?" Nor is it less power from on high, exerted in the soul of any man who is effectually turned to God. The same Omnipotence which conquered Paul, yea, the same Omnipotence which raised Jesus from the dead, has actually been put forth, O reader, if thou hast experienced the renewing operation of the Holy Spirit. (1 Tim. i. 16; Eph. i. 19, 20.)—*Toplady.*

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THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(*Continued from Vol.* xxxvii., *page* 501.)

CHAPTER III.

Verse 1. "*By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not.*"

"*By night on my bed.*" Though a child of God sometimes literally seeks the Lord Jesus during the night season, like the psalmist, who, as he tells us, remembered him on his bed, and meditated on him in the night watches; still it is evident the words are not here to be confined to any such literal interpretation. The bed signifies a condition of ease, and probably of some ensuing carnal security. There was nothing much in the outward circumstances to harass and distress, and no very violent temptations; and the soul had sunk into an easy, somewhat careless state, and thus was on the bed. But though things may be outwardly comfortable, a child of God cannot really rest in mere outward prosperity; the world and its smiles cannot constitute the sun and the light of a living soul. God himself in Christ is the Sun of the spiritual heavens; and when God in Christ is experimentally distant, it is at the best but night. There are persons who kindle a fire and compass themselves about with sparks, and walk in the light of these things; but such are not of God; they lie down in sorrow. Whilst creature things go well, when man smiles and praises, and creature comforts abide, all is well; they walk in the light of these creature things, creature strength, wisdom, righteousness; but when these fail, as Job says, "Will they still call upon God?" But a child of God cannot really find a rest in these things. When Christ withdraws it is night.

Thus, then, we see what the child of God, the spouse, represents as to her present condition by the words, "By night on my bed." There are some people who assert that all a child of God's prayers must be pressed out of him,—that if things go temporally well with him he will not pray. This is a statement that must be greatly modified to bring it into harmony with scripture examples and gracious experience. There is such a thing as drawing prayer out of a child of God, as well as pressing it; and it is rather singular that in Ps. lxviii. the prayer caused by outward pressures and divine smitings is but little approved. "When he smote them, then they sought him." (Ver. 34.) Were they sincere? Were they quite approved? Was this quite a mark of grace? Read ver. 36: "Nevertheless, they did flatter him with their mouth," &c. Strange that persons should give as a certain characteristic of a child of God a mark which in scripture characterized insincerity. Still there can be no question that the poet's words are generally true in gracious experience:

"Trials give new life to prayer."

And, as we have seen in our former remarks, ease of circumstances, and freedom from severe temptations, with a certain abuse of the grace and mercy of God already enjoyed, may lead

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to some degree of carnal security and neglect of Christ. But let us remember there is such a thing as "the beauty of holiness," such a thing as the loveliness of Christ, and such a thing as a new nature in the saint, which cannot live but upon Jesus's fulness and sweetness, and, therefore, through the working of the new nature in the case under consideration, we have the soul beginning to long and seek for Christ's presence: "I sought him whom my soul loveth." Christ is the Bridegroom of the soul. There is that in Christ himself which captivates the affections of his blood-bought people. Of them it may be said,

"The heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee."

Therefore, though the bed remains, the soul is restless upon it. Christ being absent, nothing else can fully satisfy. It would seem a strange assertion, as it respects natural things, if any one were to affirm that the bride has no desire for the Bridegroom's presence unless she gets into some trouble, or wants something, apart from himself, that he can bestow upon her. When Samson visited his Philistine betrothed, it was with a kid; but then she was a Philistine. Christ is most sweet on his own account, in his love, his grace, his loveliness, to his betrothed people. Hence the truth of what one sweetly sings:

"The tired exile must desire
His own sweet land to see;
The bride expect her absent Lord,
The captive to be free."

We see, then, the truth and excellence of the description: "By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth."

Besides all this, we should remember that the child of God has always a principle of self-consciousness as to his state as before God remaining in him. Therefore there is, even in the absence of violent temptations acting upon the old nature, and causing it to work more boisterously, a constant sense of emptiness, wretchedness, and ruin present with the heart; not, of course, always in the same degree, but still there: "Evil is present with me." A "Would do good" must be there. God's seed remaineth in him. Hence there must be an aching void, a sense of vanity, a being oppressed with the evil and close adhering power of indwelling sin, a deep groaning beneath a body of sin and death. Consequently, even on the bed, there cannot be complete ease; and when the heart is a little stirred up by the Holy Spirit, and grace comes a little more into exercise, surely,

"Ease
Cannot content, nor pleasure please."

And the soul begins with some renewed activity to feel after the Beloved. Indwelling sin is like a cancer of the soul, always there, always gnawing, always producing some sense of illness and wretchedness; and though sometimes more acutely felt, sometimes less so, according to circumstances, temptations, and liveliness of grace, always making, even in the best case, the

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living, well-taught, deeply-wounded soul, unable long to do without the Beloved.

But what success does the child of God meet with in the instance before us? None at first.

"*I sought him, but I found him not.*" We see the cause; the bed, though no longer so easy as it was, is not as yet forsaken; or, in other words, there are desires awakened after Christ, and communion with him, in the soul; but still there is a want of that earnestness, thoroughness, activity of desire and pursuit, which usually bring success. David says, "With my whole heart have I sought thee," and speaks of panting after Christ as the wounded, hunted hart after the water-brooks; and God says he will be found of his people, poor sinners, when they seek him with the whole heart, with a thoroughness. This was wanting here; some inclinations after Christ,—strong fleshly inclinations after ease; therefore no success in the half-hearted search: "I sought him, but I found him not."

The Spirit of God is at work here. Hence disappointment does not so much dishearten as excite to greater endeavours. The fire kindles. Christ must be had. He is not to be found on the bed.

O how different are the workings of truth and grace, under the effectual operations of the Spirit, to dead, notional Calvinism. The latter would have encouraged to another slumber on the bed, whispering, "All is settled; a set time to favour Zion. The Bridegroom is free and sovereign in his visits. Thy husband comes and goes. When he wants communion he will visit. Poor child of God, rest on thy bed, and be easy and thankful."

But where grace is in exercise this will not do. The flesh may drink in such deadening instruction, not the spirit. The soul renewed by the Holy Spirit loves Christ, and wants Christ, and is rather animated than deadened by the difficulty; and instead of saying, "He will come when he likes; therefore a little more sleep, a little more slumber," speaks to itself in a holier, self-arousing strain:

Verse 2. "*I will rise now.*" Too long have I been without the sweet light of his countenance; too long have I lain upon this bed of indolence.

"*I will rise now, and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth.*" A city is one of the emblems used in scripture to signify the church of God, as in Isaiah: "We have a strong city;" and is designed to set it forth as a secure and habitable place; as distinguished from the world, which is called a waste howling wilderness: "They wandered in the wilderness; they found no city to dwell in. He led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." This figure, too, does not only represent the church triumphant in glory, as in Rev. xxi., but the church as upon earth, where it is often in a very low place, and trodden down of the gentiles, overrun with vain professors and oppressed by men. Of course, sometimes, to distinguish the true from the false, an apostatizing cor-

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rupt church is called a city, as in Rev. xvii., where such a church as that of Rome goes by the name of Babylon, whilst the true church is New Jerusalem. But sometimes professing Christendom generally seems to be embraced in the same term, and called, as professing Christ's name, the kingdom of heaven, or a holy city. The meaning here, then, seems that the spouse, arising from the bed of indolence, is determined to seek Christ in the means and ordinances of God's house, and thus to go about the city, from means to means, until she finds him whom her soul loveth.

But she further specifies streets and broad ways; all sorts of means, public and private, the more frequented or used, and less frequented means. There are amongst the professing world streets where the sweet and blessed things of the gospel are set forth, where the divine wares are vended at the gospel price, without money, but which are not much frequented, being esteemed narrow, difficult, and mean, and not so fashionable. Such are prayer-meetings, or private meditations, examinations, devotions. There are also the broad ways, such as hearing sermons on a Sunday. Here may be found the fashionable religionists sauntering about, and therefore, though in these broad ways, wherein are few difficulties and impediments, the true citizens may be found walking up and down in the name of their God. Still these are the spots which all sorts of professing people may, without losing caste, frequent, and therefore they may be styled the professors' promenades.

So then we see what is intended. The child of God's resolve is to rise now and go about the city, to frequent all sorts of means; in the way of his judgments to wait upon the Lord, and not only to stroll forth into the broad ways of profession, but to seek Christ and his things in the narrower streets and more difficult and intricate places, where he is often to be found when not met with in the others; but still at present no success.

"*I sought him, but I found him not.*" When the soul was, as it were, on the bed of indolence, with drowsy desires awakening after communion with Christ, there was none; when the soul is thus more thoroughly aroused and diligently seeking, there may also be none for the present; and this from two or three reasons. The soul may not, even when it begins to seek Christ in the streets and broad ways, be at first brought to a thoroughness in the matter; also the Lord will sometimes make his people feel that it is an evil and a bitter thing to indulge the flesh in its slothfulness, as well as in other things. Then, too, he will teach us his sovereignty, and make us feel that, though it is right for us to seek him diligently, he is not thereby bound, as though we put him under obligations to us. He is not at all likely to comfort us on the bed of indolence, or give a full blessing to half-hearted searchings for it. But though he is sure, in due time, to graciously reward earnest, diligent, thorough-hearted pursuits with his manifested favour, he may, as to the timing of his visits, wait to be gracious.

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This way, too, of dealing with the living, earnest soul will not cause it to desist from pursuit, but makes it the more eager: "My soul followeth hard after thee;" "With my soul have I desired thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek thee early;" "I will not let thee go unless thou bless me." So it is here. The dear child of God goes on in these right ways, seeks and seeks again, because she must have him whom her soul loveth.

Verse 3. "*The watchmen that go about the city*," &c. These watchmen are the ministers of God. In Isa. lxii. they are called watchmen on the walls, because they stand, so to speak, themselves upon the blessed truths of salvation which they watch over, and guard from the undermining and assaults of those who are enemies to God's church and people. They watch also, not only over the great truths of God, but for the souls of God's people, and thus go about the city, looking into the state and condition of the church as to practice, discipline, and other matters concerning its good order, safety, and welfare. The title watchmen denotes vigilance; the going about the city, diligence; and if these things are wanting in the watchmen, foxes come up upon Mount Zion; errors get in; the gates, walls, and bulwarks are doctrinally battered down or injured; and disorders abound amongst the inhabitants. Truth falls in the streets, and equity cannot enter. The Lord, then, make the watchmen what they should be in the Lord.

These watchmen found the child of God; that is in a way of preaching. The word was a searching, powerful one, separating even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit. It discovered what was wrong; it came home to the very case and the feelings of the heart. It spoke, as it were, as the voice of Christ to the conscience. Then the heart responded.

They "*found me*," says the spouse. "*To whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?*" If the word only reaches the outward ear, or coldly enters the judgment, or merely plays around the conscience, without entering searchingly and honestly into its depths, there is no response, because no living influence. "And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake." So when the word comes into the heart, with a voice of power, the heart responds to it, and begins in its depths to say, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" It is as though the child of God said, "O watchmen, have you indeed lately been with Him, as the power and life-giving influence of your speech give me to believe? O! Tell me where he is; and lead me, if you are able, to Him. Tell me something about the Object of my soul's love; for it longs again, from its very depths, to be with him."

Thus the inquiry implies hope as well as desire, and some belief that the watchman has been with Jesus, and can ministerially, by God's grace, direct to him. But O, what a miserable thing if the watchmen do not themselves know much about the

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Beloved; if they have no communion with him; if, instead of replying satisfactorily, they have to answer: "What is your Beloved more than another beloved that thou dost so inquire of us?" Surely the watchmen should know something of Christ, and should at least be aiming to keep up daily communion with him. If they have been themselves with Jesus, and come to the pulpit from his presence, they will be able to say to the inquiring soul, "O yes! We have come from his sweet presence; we have drunk afresh of his love, and we can tell thee, poor longing soul, that your Beloved is not far distant, but nigh, very nigh, to those who thus eagerly seek him."

But though the watchmen can thus, if they are keeping up by his grace daily intercourse with Jesus, speak of him, and direct to him, they cannot of themselves cause the soul to find him. The Holy Spirit is all in all here. He takes of the things of Christ and shows them to the soul. Therefore we read of "*a little passing from them*," and then a sweet "*finding of Him whom the soul loveth.*" Some people rest always in the flesh, and short of Christ; they get to the veil, but not through it,—to the outward means, but not a little beyond them into the sweet sanctuary of Christ's own spiritual presence. They rest in ministers. But the true child of God gets a little beyond the minister, and finds the Lord. This is what godly ministers desire and aim at; for this they pray. Moses and Elias vanish in the beams of Jesus. We want our hearers to see no man but Jesus only. Honour ministers who are faithful God's people should; love them, as well as esteem them, if made a blessing to their souls, they must; idolize them they should not; but get a little beyond, and then find and delight in the most sweet Lord Jesus.

"*I found him whom my soul loveth.*" Now he is again sweetly in the arms of faith; now the toil of seeking fruitlessly, as it once seemed, is over; and now the sweet reward of diligent persevering seeking is through his grace obtained: "I found him whom my soul loveth."

"*I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.*"

"I held him." By what force is this? The power of weakness and strong desire in combination. Had the spouse felt self-confident in her own strength the Beloved would have soon slipped, if I may so express it, away; had she not been very desirous to retain him she would soon have let him go; but as it was, she held him by the hands of a sweet spiritual believing; for the blessed Spirit of Jesus is at work here, causing the child of God thus to hold Jesus. So it was with Jacob of old: "I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me." So it is here. O how prized is Jesus when he comes again after some lengthened absence, vain seekings for him, and sad sinnings away of his sweet and sacred presence. And how real is his presence! What a demonstration of the Spirit and of power. Talk of infidelity! Why, the meanest believer in Jesus, by the power of the Spirit, has such an evidence

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of the reality of things unseen as surpasses all the powers of reason. It was not only Paul who saw a light above the brightness of the sun. God in Christ shines into the heart with a self-evidencing divine light, and the believer cries, overpowered by the glory, "My Lord and my God." Here he is present to the spiritual senses of the believer; invisible to natural sense, but present to the believing heart, which now sweetly embraces him and says, "O! Do not depart from me." "I held him, and would not let him go." O the tears and entreaties! "Tarry, my Lord, with me. Be not as a sojourner, a wayfaring man, to this poor soul, who tarries but for a night. Abide with me. The evening shadows are around my soul. O do abide with me, to soothe my sorrows, heal my wounds, and drive away my fear."

But now that the Beloved is with the believing heart the child of God wants more of him, and to carry him about with her. Where she goes she would have Jesus go with her. So she adds: "*Until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me.*" Where is this? The mother's house is the church. It is a figurative expression. But, then, the church may be itself considered, as we have seen already, in two points of view; that which is external and visible, the outward means of grace, ordinances, professors of godliness; and that which is more inward, the grace of the means, the divine secret in the word, the spiritual beauty and depths of the ordinances, the real children of God as distinguished from the mere professors. Well, then, the spouse here wants not only to take Jesus into her mother's house, to possess, as we may say, a sort of outer court Jesus, which contents professors generally. O no! "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." There is Jesus as known after the Spirit, Jesus in his truth and sweetness, Jesus as within the veil. So says the child of God here: "Into my mother's house, and into the chamber," the secret place, the spiritual place, "of her that conceived me." As though she said, "O! I want now to get away from the mere outsides of things; the word in the letter, the ordinance in its form only, professors destitute of the power of godliness, and to go into, and abide in, the secret places of spiritual religion, and in these places possess my blessed Lord Jesus. O! I would take him into these chambers; he, indeed, himself leading me by his Spirit into them. There I would dwell; there I would possess him; there in undisturbed sweetness I would keep possession of my Beloved."

And hence she also cries: "*I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes, and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, till he please.*" This is through a holy fear of losing the sweet presence of Christ after thus regaining him. The spouse had desired to bring Christ, as we have seen, into her mother's house,—into means, into the communion with the children of God, into intercourse with them in public or more privately. She wants also the true children of God to share in her blessedness, to possess the same sweet Christ as she does.

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She, indeed, limits this desire to those truly capable of enjoying him, those in the secret also, in the chamber of her that conceived them. True blessedness in Christ is always diffusive. It loves to spread its sweetness and consolations around amongst the dear blood-bought people of God; but then it trembles also through painful experience lest the sweetness, instead of being communicated, should be lost, and Christ wantoned away by any vain and trifling conversation, or unseemly conduct. Hence the solemn charge to the very children of God themselves, not to stir up or awake her love till he please.

O the sweetness of Christ to the spiritual mind! O the desire to retain him;—the desire to communicate him to others,—but fear of losing him; lest by sin, or folly, or trifling, he should be driven away ere he please.

THOU SHALT NOT BE FORGOTTEN OF HIM.

My dear Friend,—I received yours, and was very glad to hear the dear Lord had favoured you in soul matters. One of old said, "Thy visitation hath preserved my spirit;" and so we prove full often, when, as you say, our religion appears dried up and gone out. Then it is the work of God alone to revive his work in our poor souls. The Lord may for a time leave us to try us, as he did Hezekiah; but he will never forsake the work of his own hands. Job felt sure of this. (xiv. 15.) So did Paul. (Phil. i. 6.) And so do we in respect of others whom we know to be His; and sometimes in respect of ourselves, though we often stand in doubt. As the poet says:

> "If a glimpse of hope appears,
> Soon 'tis lost in doubts and fears."

Yet what a mercy to be favoured with a glimpse now and again, as a token that the Lord has not forgotten us. How true it is, "None can keep alive his own soul." I sensibly feel this even while I am writing this line to you. "My soul cleaveth to the dust. Quicken thou me, according to thy word."

I hope the Lord may be in your midst, and make his word a blessing to your souls. When helped into the inner court, try to make mention of a poor, unworthy, helpless worm.

But I must leave off, as I feel no moisture in which to dip my pen.

With Christian love to yourself and all the friends, and hoping the God of all grace may favour you and poor me with daily supplies from Jesus, the glorious Head of grace,

I remain, Yours in Gospel Bonds,

June 4, 1869. THOS. HULL.

DOES the Lord suffer temptation? It is that thou mayest not be puffed up. The Lord will let us down so that we may not glory in anything but Jesus Christ.—*G. Drake.*

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ALL GLORY TO GOD'S GRACE.

My dear Wife and Sister,—I address you as in Him, who was born of a Virgin, made under the law to redeem them who are brought to feel themselves to be under the law; and have the sentence of death in themselves, that they should not trust in themselves, but in the living God that raiseth the dead; in Him who not only had the sentence of death passed upon him, but the solemn execution of that sentence; who lingered in the prison of this world 33 years, suffering hunger, deprivation, persecution, temptation, stripes, scourgings, whippings, and abuses of every infernal kind from his prison-keepers, from wicked men, and the wicked devil; who gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them who plucked off the hair; who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as the dumb sheep before its shearers, so he opened not his mouth; whose holy body and soul were exposed to all the terrible trials of God's wrath due to his people, as sinners against him, which opened every pore of his body, squeezing therefrom blood and water; who had the nails driven into those holy feet which carried him from one prison cell to another; also into those holy precious hands which made the clay to open the blind man's eyes, which were laid on the dead and imparted life; which, when laid on the sick, effected certain cure, and which never did wrong; whose holy, loving, sympathetic heart was pierced with the spear; and who died the just for the unjust, that poor, vile, guilty, hell-deserving wretches might live for ever.

Grace unto thee and peace and love be multiplied. What an unspeakable mercy it is to be interested in the unsullied life and meritorious death of the Friend of sinners, Christ Jesus; to be healed by his stripes; raised by his fall; saved by his death, exalted by his humiliation; and glorified by and through his shame and disgrace, when mocked, spit upon, and crucified between two thieves as a malefactor, and accounted an impostor and blasphemer. All glory to that grace that counted us worthy to share in the benefits of that meritorious life and death which have communicated to us a new nature, whereby we are somewhat enabled to enter by faith into some of the excellences of the same; to the joy, peace, and consolation of our blood-washed, regenerated, and Spirit-taught souls.

But we are still in our prison, within the walls of corruption, putrefaction, sin, and death; which is a stench to us and prevents us from basking in the glorious sun-rays of salvation as we desire. The good that we would we cannot do on this account. Alas! alas! The plague is in the house, and the walls must be taken down before we can give full vent to those holy aspirations which dwell in our souls. "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I see God shall for Christ's sake. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." It is a truth, "with the mind I serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin." "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable

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gift." "There is therefore now no condemnation." Christ has died; who shall condemn? He has risen; who shall lay the charge? He is glorified; who shall annul our glorification? O Satan, thy death blow is struck. O sin, thy sting is extracted. O world, thou art overcome. O flesh, thou hast to pass a second time under the hands of the potter, and come forth like the glorious body of Christ that is this moment before that pure white throne as an earnest and first fruit of the forthcoming harvest.

Then cheer up, my dear spouse, saved by a Three-One God! Heaven is engaged to bring thee and me there as sure as there is a heaven; and I believe it would be all in a commotion if it could be possible for us to be thrust down to hell for one five minutes.

So I feel, so I write, in a very strange line of things. Such as I have, give I thee, with this prayer, God bless thee with a feeling interest in his Son. THY HUSBAND.

Westoning, Aug. 14, 1871.

A HOMELY YET STERLING EPISTLE.

Kind Friend or Friends,—I have duly received the book, Mr. Philpot's Life, and return you my sincere thanks for the same. Of course I cannot do less, yet it is only very poor pay. Thanks are soon said; but when felt they are both sweet and becoming from receivers of free gifts.

I never personally saw Mr. Philpot; but went twice to Manchester to hear him; but he did not come, being taken ill both times. Soon after I came to Preston I received a very nice letter from him, and once a rather sharp one; but he was led by a wrong scent in that, as I afterwards showed him. Most truly can I say, as a reviewer and editor, I never admired any one so much. I don't say I always saw with him in quite every little matter; but his match I have never seen. I have read him closely and long. I took in my first "Standard" in 1837, and I take it yet; nor can I see that it gets any worse; for as one Elisha dies another rises up from somewhere and will do to the end.

I have now three or four Memoirs of my chief men; that is ministers that I have received good from in days gone by, whose messages to me scent like the rose, though dead,—no, not dead; for what makes them sweet are the living truths, concerning whom it is said, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and of death." I have been reading over, once again, the life of my chief man within the last few days; I mean that of William Gadsby. Sir, he stands king of them all to the old *calico printer*. There is more in three inches of type of his sayings than in volumes of so-called modern divinity. O what a freshness and solemn power have I felt under a word or two of his! How

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true,—"The memory of the just is blessed." While reading I have smiled, I have sobbed, I have prayed, I have praised. I shall never be William Gadsby; yet I am in his steps, in his youth exactly. I mean his religious youth. Hundreds of times I have risen early to attend seven o'clock prayer meetings, and no breakfast and not much sight of a dinner, but those were good days.

I could say more, but subscribe myself,

Preston, Nov. 14, 1871. A Limping Beggar.

LETTER BY MR. TIPTAFT.

Dear Friend,—Your kind letter reached me at Allington. I had much preaching whilst in Wilts, and found a spirit of hearing. Last Friday night I preached at Chippenham. Mr. Alexander, one of the two deacons, died suddenly lately, and Mr. Turner, the other, the day after he attended his funeral, had a paralytic stroke, and has lost the use of his left hand and left foot. The church has given Mr. Mortimer a call to be their pastor.

I preached at Pewsey. There were many hearers, and I hope that I did not speak in vain. It seems that L. is not a favoured place for truth, considering its size. The Lord is a sovereign in all his ways and dealings. Some parts are much more favoured than others. It is a very great mercy to be in the narrow way in the midst of all the difficulties and trials by the way. There will be no lasting rest for a true Christian till he has finished his course.

How suddenly poor Mrs. B. has been taken away. Friend Doe, of South Moreton, dined here to-day. Seven weeks ago his wife died suddenly by his side in bed.

The friends here are much as usual; we have lost one since you were here. The church has been formed a little more than nine years, and we have lost nine members by death. How uncertain all things are! It is a very great mercy to be amongst the few that are prepared for death. Your trials and exercises of late have made you know that

"Every day new straits attend."

It is well when a man wishes to do right, if he did but know what that was. I feel unable to *give* you any advice. I hope the Lord may guide you. Prayer and patience you may know the value of; strife and contention are very unprofitable to the church of God. I am sorry to hear of the trials that have been at T. T. and M. were at A. the first Lord's day I was; but I had no conversation with them. We are not allowed to choose our own crosses, and we cannot tell what may be the end of a trial, or what good may spring from it.

"Like gold from the flame he'll bring thee at last,
To praise him for all through which thou hast pass'd."

Give my love to your wife and any inquiring friends.

Yours sincerely,

Abingdon, Feb. 6, 1852. Wm. Tiptaft.

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ALL IS WELL.

My dear Friend in the Faith of God's Elect, and in the Hope of Eternal Life,—God, who cannot lie, promised this eternal life before the world began, and hath in due times manifested his word through preaching which is committed unto faithful men, taught of the Holy Ghost (as Paul the aged was), and therefore able to teach others, according to the commandment of God our Saviour.

Grace be with you and yours.

Your last kind epistle came safely to hand, for which I am your debtor. I perceive that you have not escaped the path of tribulation. May the Lord keep you much in his fear, and make and keep you faithful, even unto death. We are living in a day wherein there are many unruly and vain talkers, whose mouths must (and one day will) be stopped. I and my wife were truly sorry to hear of the departure of our beloved friend Freeman; but at the same time were pleased indeed to read his dying testimony. Truly the Lord is visiting his Zion, and has been for some time past, with a rod, and her iniquities with stripes. Nevertheless his loving-kindness *shall not* depart from her. But, alas! How blind we are to his correcting hand; and many, I fear, who have faithful pastors in their midst are not careful how to use them; but the Lord is not slack concerning this thing, as some men count slackness.

O my dear friend, what has now come upon Old England, the land of Bibles, and birthplace of truly godly ministers! Is not the harvest *now* truly great, and have we not, as a guilty people, need of much prayer, that the Lord would graciously, mercifully, and sovereignly raise up more faithful servants and pastors after his own heart, and send them forth unto the harvest? And would it be out of place for the church below to set apart one day for the above solemn purpose?

I was truly thankful to see how the Lord opened the hearts of the dear friends of truth at Brighton to assist the widow and family of his faithful servant. Through unspeakable mercy, we are not left without a remnant of faithful ambassadors upon the walls of Zion, who are not afraid to preach the preaching which the God of Zion, through his precious coequal Son, by the Holy Ghost, bids them preach.

You asked me in your last if there was still a place open for the truth here, as you had not seen it announced on the cover of the "Standard" for some time. I have still a room open, where myself and a portion of my family with two or three others meet twice in the week; but as I get but little encouragement, and as the responsibility in reference to expenses rests with me, I must not go beyond my means and bring the truth in debt; which I have no wish to do. I much miss the preached word in this ancient and great professing city of between 80,000 and 40,000 inhabitants, one cathedral, 18 churches, and 11 dissenting places

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of worship; but I know not one pulpit where a Free-Grace Gospel is preached; and from what I know, I have to fear there is but a mere spark throughout the whole county, and that is in our mining districts,—a sad sign of the times. "Watchman, what of the night? Behold the days come, saith the Lord God, that I will send a famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord."

I do hope, my dear friend, that it is well with you and yours, and the friends at ——, and that peace is within her walls. As to my poor self, I think that the briefest way that I can scribble it is in Bunyan's words:

"The Christian is seldom long at ease;
For when one trouble's gone another doth him seize."

Through mercy, I am kept from being at ease in Zion; and I pray to the dear Lord that I ever may be; but

"With Christ in the vessel, I'll smile at the storm."

And I know all is well, and will end well, if the gracious and all-skilful Pilot is but at the helm.

Here I must conclude. I did not think of scribbling so much, and you will pardon, I know, my poor scrawl and blunders, as my heavy keys, doors, and gates have been on the rattle ever since I commenced.

Wishing you every new covenant blessing and mercy,

Yours sincerely, H. N. Hopewell.

Worcester Prison, Front Lodge, Nov. 29, 1871.

"*OPEN THOU MINE EYES*," *ETC.*

Ps. cxix. 18.

O Lord, when I thy word behold,
Its sacred truths to me unfold;
For I can never read aright
Without thy gracious help and light.

Open mine *eyes*, that I may see
The wondrous words declared by thee;
Open my *heart*, that I may feel
The wondrous love those words reveal.

How bright the promises do shine!
And yet I dare not call them mine
Until thy own almighty grace
Adapts them to my needy case.

Great peace have they that love thy law;
And I from thence would comfort draw.
I often read, and read again,
But often seem to read in vain.

O Lord, be pleased to give me sight,
That I may read with new delight;
O give me faith thy word to prize,
And make me to salvation wise.

W. W.

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DEAD, YET ALIVE.

My dear Friend,—You know very well what I mean when I say that for a man to preach the truth as it is in Christ Jesus the Lord, or even to know it clearly, he must of necessity be killed to himself. He may have been killed to the law, and is at a point that no works of the law can justify him; but does he know that no acts of faith or feelings of love and spirituality can be brought forth without the power of Christ resting on him?

Now when God first set my soul at liberty I could pray, or believe, or do anything else that was belonging to the worship of God; and I entertained the idea that this was what every child of God could do if he was not living in sin; so that if any one did not live up to their "privileges" I thought they must be living in sin. Now, though I had become dead to the law I had not become dead to myself; but in process of time my faith and love declined, until I had no *sensible* fear of God before my eyes, and for nine long years heaven had no charm nor hell any dread in my mind; and if but for a moment the thoughts of these things crossed the mind they were quickly put down. There was a sense of what had been enjoyed, but no hearty desire for its return. I knew I was a sinner, but no wish to confess it before God. I know the truth, but had not felt hunger nor thirst for it; nor yet for the God of the truth.

Now when God returned to me, for I did not first return to him, I began to feel a little of my destitution and distance from God. I began to feel an appetite for divine realities, and bowed the knees; but there was no God to be found. I searched for him in the word, but that was sealed. I listened for his voice in the word, but I was either deaf or the voice was dumb to me. Now if I could have restored my soul, or only have acted the smallest exercise of faith I would have done it. I felt sin a burden, and had to ask God to give me grace to confess it and forsake it; for I felt I could do neither, although it was a burden and a grief to my mind. I felt a little of what I had formerly experienced, and this was like salt to a wound. O how I longed to be restored to communion with God; but all was dark and forbidden here. I saw clearly my own helplessness to keep alive my own soul, and I died, indeed, to all hope of pleasing God; but as God was graciously pleased to work the will and the power in me, and when God shone in my heart with the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, I saw Christ as the entire life, hope, strength, and righteousness of the soul, and learned in truth that without him nothing could be done to please God, either in a law or gospel point of view, but as in Christ's grace and power.

Now if I were to exhort a *believer* to act faith or repentance, I should feel that it was an insult to God the Holy Spirit, who has taught me that faith and repentance are the gifts of God and the operation of the Spirit. All sin I am made to own as my own,

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but all grace as the gift of God. There is no excuse made for inability to please, but a sense of shame on account of the depth of the fall, yet a looking to God for continued help.

Red Hill, Surrey. J. HATTON.

Obituary.

Memoir of the late Mr. Joseph Parry, of Allington; with a Brief Account of the late Mrs. Parry, his Widow.

THOSE who have been favoured to read the letters of our late friend, Mr. Philpot, will have noticed the name of the subject of this short memoir amongst his correspondents. The high esteem in which Mr. Philpot held him must also have been perceived, and a desire probably awakened to know a little more about a correspondent so esteemed, and especially about his end upon earth. We shall now attempt to satisfy, in some degree, that desire, only wishing we had more materials, and that it could have been, had it so pleased the Lord, the pen of his intimate friend, Mr. Philpot, to have written this memoir. We do not wish to glorify the man; but we think his name, for the Lord's sake, was held in such deservedly high esteem by a large number of the Lord's people that there ought to be some further notice taken of his career and death than has hitherto been done. "The memory of the just"—in his case, as well as his friend and associate, Mr. Tuckwell—"is blessed;" and a short memorial may be to the glory of that rich grace on which his heart depended for all its blessedness.

Mr. Parry was born at Allington, Feb. 23rd, 1801. He went to school at Devizes, and was under the tuition there of the father of the well-known minister, Mr. Smart. He has told us of an interesting event whilst at school which makes us mention this. His master used to come to him and speak in a most affectionate way about eternal things, and this produced some impressions then upon his mind. On one occasion he told his master, who found him weeping, that he had been praying for a wise and understanding heart. But, as is commonly the case, these youthful impressions appear to have been very slight and transitory; such as probably most of us can remember, soon overpowered by the vanities of childhood and youth, and yet, perhaps, not without some checking influences upon our after conduct.

The real work seems to have begun afterwards, though in early life, upon the heart of our departed brother, when an inward conviction of the ruin of his state and condition by nature, and his need of the salvation of Christ became more prevalent and lasting. Of this period until about the year 1828 we can give no particulars, except that we believe from what we have heard from his own lips, that neither the preaching at Allington nor the religion of himself and others there had any great depth or pecu-

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liarity about it. In 1828 he had an inflammation of the lungs, and at this time the work seems to have been much increased and deepened, so as to produce a decided separation from the world, and standing for the truth as it is in Jesus.

In 1829 he was baptized, and we gather from his own letters that at this period his soul began to crave a more decided testimony from the Lord, and a fuller assurance of his interest and acceptance in the Beloved than he at that time possessed. This work of deepening went forward. Our friend evidently was brought under the influence of a more searching ministry. Mr. Warburton, Mr. Tiptaft, and Mr. Philpot preached at Allington (we name these good men not in any imaginary order of ministerial eminence, but as to the dates of their being raised up amongst us for the maintenance of God's precious truth) and in the neighbourhood; and the searching, honest ministry of these dear men of God, whose memory should be precious to the churches, no doubt had a great influence upon the honest, sincere mind of our beloved friend and brother, Mr. Parry. He evidently sank into a very low, distressed state of mind; and from the letters of Mr. Philpot we can date the beginning of the great sinkings and state of despondency into which he fell, going down deeper and deeper until the Lord was pleased to give him a full deliverance in the year 1846.

We will here give a quotation or two from the above letters, displaying that tenderness of feeling and Christian sympathy so sweetly manifested by Mr. Philpot to his real friends:

"I desire deeply to sympathize with you in your present distress. I believe you will find it hereafter to contain in it the root and seed of the best of blessings. I know that it is useless to try to comfort you, that being the Lord's prerogative. He alone can bring your soul out of prison, and, believe he will do it to the glory of his name. . . You have never been in such deep waters before; but when the Lord shall bring you out, your joys will rise as high." (Letter 27, to Mr. Parry. See also 28.)

We make the extract, and point to these letters and No. 30, as giving us a clear view of the painfully-afflicted state of mind into which our friend had fallen, and also as being a sweet testimony to his uprightness, honesty, and consistency of Christian character and conduct. This was no Antinomian, no careless walker, no abuser of the doctrines of grace upon whom God thus laid the heavy hand of soul trouble almost unto death. It was a good man who now had to cry and shout, and God seemed to shut out his prayer; whose bones waxed old because of his daily complaining; whose hope seemed removed as a tree, and who sank almost into the belly of hell, going down to the bottoms of the mountains. This is the man agonized with the fear of having been presumptuous, whose soul was filled with the sensations of the lost in hell, and who fell down and there seemed none to help him. The poor and the needy sought water, and at present there was none; but he was God's dear child all this time, and it was no presumption, but the tenderest Christian sympathy in

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Mr. Philpot which led him to write encouragingly to him, and tell him he firmly believed all would be well and end in sweeter blessing. As Mr. Fox said to the good despairing lady, so might Mr. Philpot have said to good despairing Mr. Parry: "My soul for yours but you will come forth from this trouble, and praise and bless God for it." But the dear man had to wait God's time. The work went on. Bodily illness too was superadded: "Ah!" some might say, "God is gone out against him." Satan doubtless did say it, and his own heart said it; but God said it not. God was with him and Jesus lent an unseen prop. "He shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord."

He goes for health to Malvern; he finds trouble and sorrow; sinks as into a horrible pit; agony of body seizes him; anguish of soul comes on; the pains of hell are felt; he turns him with Hezekiah to the silent wall; he cries to God. Now is come the time of love. Jesus speaks; the soul listens: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The time of the singing of birds has arrived. Love and blood, righteousness, pardon, and peace flow from the lips of the Son of God into the poor hell-deserving sinner's heart. He looked for hell, Christ gives him heaven. O the change! What tongue can describe it? From darkness into light, from death into life, from bonds into liberty, from hell into a felt heaven.

But we must let him speak here for himself; for who can do justice to these things like the person who has just experienced them? We turn to the "Gospel Standard" for 1847, March No., and refer to the letters. There are four of them, under the heading, "I was Brought Low and He Helped Me." Three are from the subject of this little account, one from dear Mr. Tiptaft, breathing the same sweet atmosphere of grace and gospel liberty. The first of these letters describes in some degree the writer's misery, and gives an extremely interesting account of an interview with some so-called Plymouth Brethren. It is very graphic, and almost provocative of a smile, as we hear the good people asking the poor burdened man, "Do you know the Lord?" and then delightedly exclaiming, "Here is one of the Lord's children;" but we cannot help suspecting the poor man's case would prove a nut rather too hard for the good people to crack.

But we pass from this to the second letter of the series. He writes:

"After I had been in bed about an hour, such a violent pain seized me in the lower part of my bowels that I surely thought it was inflammation, and die I must. The agony of my body and soul I can never describe, and I feared I should sink under its power. I lay in this condition for about two hours, begging and praying the Lord to spare me, and not to take me out of the world without some hope of my interest in his mercy. . . . 'O Lord, I am oppressed! Undertake for me! O do not take me out of the world without appearing for me. O Lord, how can I die unless thou art with me? Do speak one word to my soul's comfort. Do water my heart with some portion of thy own word, to cause me to hope in thy dear Son Jesus! . . . I was

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nearly in despair when the Lord condescended to apply these soft and sweet words to my heart: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"'"'Tis well with thee while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.'

'O my blessed Lord,' I said, 'thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest pit; thou hast heard the cry of the prisoner, and hast preserved him that was appointed to die.' My heart began to melt with contrition, love, and gratitude; a flood of tears began running down my face almost in torrents. If these could not have flowed, my heart seemed as if it would have burst in my body. 'O Lord,' I said, 'thou art my God, and I will praise thee. What shall I render unto thee, O Lord, for having revealed such great love to my soul as to assure me thou wilt never leave me nor forsake me? The Lord is my God; he has promised me never to leave me.' O the love and praise which my soul was again filled with! These words then dropped in with such sweetness that I never can describe to any one: 'If the Son make you free, then are ye free indeed.' 'O my blessed, glorious Jesus!' I cried. 'Through thy precious sufferings, through thy glorious holiness and matchless righteousness, I, a poor, guilty, filthy, vile, base, hell-deserving sinner, am made to be all fair and glorious in thy sight.' I felt myself to be holy in his holiness, and righteous in his righteousness. O the vital faith and the love I had in this most precious Jesus! I did forget my poverty, and remembered my misery no more. 'O blessed Saviour, I do not deserve it; I do not deserve it,' I kept saying. 'O, let me never sin against thee any more.'

"'Jesus, thou art my chiefest good,
For thou hast saved me by thy blood;
Such a cost can ne'er be lost.'"

But we must forbear. We should almost have liked to reintroduce the whole of this series of letters again, but must confine ourselves to the extracts made, commending the letters themselves to the perusal or reperusal of the readers of this periodical. They will, we believe, well repay the reader.

We might notice here what we gather from these letters, that our dear friend, during the time of his sinkings, had some glimpses of the Lord's countenance, and once in hearing Mr. Philpot was so sweetly encouraged that he half hoped the time of love was then come; but it was not so. He returned into deeper darkness and despondency until as noticed, when, withdrawn from all sound preaching at Malvern, he sank as into a horrible pit, and the Lord, in the sweet manner described, without any human agency, gave him his sweet and full deliverance.

How wonderfully the Lord manages things! The glory is alone his due. He works salvation in the midst of the earth; and he so governs matters that the glory shall be secured to himself and given to his own great name. "My glory will I not give unto another." We see it here. Even dear Mr. Philpot must not be allowed to boast in this case. His excellent and eminent gifts are not to do the work of deliverance. To put a due measure of honour upon one who was enabled by grace to honour God, Mr. Philpot shall instrumentally go so far; then at Malvern the Lord shall do the crowning part. Thus, "Solomon has a thousand,

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and those that keep the fruit thereof two hundred." This is as it should be. Bless the Lord's holy name, who doeth all things well. Now our friend is brought into a state of soul's experience into which he had never come before. The liberty with which Christ makes free is enjoyed in the heart and conscience. Peace with God and love to Jesus prevail in the heart. He is sealed by the Holy Spirit. He has not only come out of Egypt, but been brought again from Babylon; from the ends of the earth have songs risen unto Jesus. Glory to that righteous One. This is a standing in divine things not much known, we think, in these days, or much insisted upon, yet scriptural and sweet and good, We seem to discern in many cases a falling short of this; even in ministers there is a perceptible spirit of bondage accompanying much of a gospel sound from an ignorance of this experience. It is a great thing not only to have been at Babylon, but brought again therefrom unto Jesus, and to touch, not only no Egyptian, but no Babylonish unclean thing." (Isa. lii.) The goodly Babylonish garment may be in the tent as well as the other accursed thing.

But we are wandering.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH BANFIELD.—At Brighton, Sept. 20th, 1871, aged 81, Joseph Banfield.

For more than half a century he knew the Lord, and walked tenderly in his fear, and from time to time was favoured with sweet and blessed fellowship with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. Living thus was his very element, and nothing short of this would satisfy his soul. He would often say, "Nothing but a feeling religion will satisfy my soul either in reading, hearing, prayer, or meditation;" and often he would say to the friends who visited him, "The dear Lord has made himself very precious, by giving me such a promise, or from the verse of such a hymn, or in reading such a portion; and I have enjoyed such nearness, and held such blessed communion, I know not how to bless and praise him enough who hath wrought such wonders for such a worthless wretch, both in providence and grace. I cannot praise him as I would; I must have an eternity to do it in." His Bible and dear Hart's hymns were his daily companions, and he could often say the blessed truths contained in them he found to the joy and rejoicing of his soul. Also in reading the "Gospel Standard" he has received many blessings, especially from the obituaries.

Having a written account of his early days, I will transcribe extracts therefrom:

"For 28 years of my life I lived in a course of sin and wickedness, in which I may say with Bunyan, I was a ringleader amongst my companions. The time had now arrived when the Lord was pleased, in his infinite mercy, to stop me in my mad career, and snatch me as a brand from the burning. One Sunday morning I took a walk out with

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a neighbour, who had been in the habit of hearing a gospel minister. He was led to speak of the Spirit's work upon the heart, which was strange language to me; but it brought to my mind a book I had read some years before. I thought within myself, 'I will go home, and look for that book.' It proved to be John Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' In reading it the dear Lord was pleased to open my eyes, and lead me to see what an awful condition I was in. Now I began to forsake my old companions, and to come out from amongst them.

"About this time I had two solemn dreams, which made a deep impression upon my mind. Death and eternity were presented before me in an awful light, the thoughts of which made me shudder. A minister of the gospel, named Short, came to preach in the village; he was led to describe the state of man by nature, &c.; by which I was led to see more clearly my state as a fallen sinner, and I was brought under felt condemnation. Many people came from the neighbouring villages to hear Mr. Short. Some of them had been hearers of Mr. Huntington, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Jenkins; and, after speaking one to the other, I often wished I was like them. After this I used to walk to Brighton, a distance of six miles, to hear Mr. Sharp. I found his ministry very searching; but I was made willing to come to the light. I now began to sink very low in my feelings. Death and eternity were often presented to my mind, and I used to shake and tremble like an aspen leaf. The fear of death used to haunt me whenever I went from home. It was presented to me that some one was lying in ambush to shoot me, or that I should meet with a mad dog in the way. Again, if I had a little speck on my face, that it would turn to a cancer; or a little sore on my body, that it would turn to mortification, and death would ensue. O the sinkings of my poor mind!

"I now sought earnestly after a knowledge of my interest in Christ. Sometimes I got a little encouragement in hearing, sometimes in meditation; at another time a line of a hymn would be blessed to me. I remember one day walking over the Downs to Brighton; the Lord visited my soul and raised me up to a blessed hope in his mercy. On my return home I said to my dear wife, who had been witness to my many fears and sinkings, 'I am as sure of going to heaven when I die as though I were already there.'

"Thus I went on for some length of time, sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing.

"About this time Mr. H. Fowler preached at Mr. Sharp's. I well remember his discourse from this text: 'The word of God is quick and powerful,' &c. It was like a nail fastened in a sure place. He was led to describe the character of a mere professor, and said, 'You that can always sleep well, eat well, and drink well, I would not give much for your religion.'

"Not long after this I sank in deep waters. One night in particular, I went to bed bewailing my awful state as a sinner, and I was afraid to close my eyes, lest I should awake in hell; and I continued through the night restless, begging and praying till the morning; when these words came: 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as wool,' which gave me some relief and encouragement for the time. Another night, when I felt sinking into the pit, I was led earnestly to entreat the Lord to show me a token for good, hungering and thirsting for the true bread of heaven. In the morning these words came with a little sweetness: 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' How I longed, as Mr. Hart says,

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"'To lay hold on life by his death;
And fain would believe him,
And in my best room
Would gladly receive him,
But fear to presume.'

"The 14th of February, 1834, was a day to be remembered by me, as I was especially favoured. I was led to take a retrospective view of my past life from my infancy. As the psalmist says, 'I was cast upon thee from my mother's womb.' I had such a sight of my sinnership and the downward road I was running to destruction, which nothing but the goodness and mercy of the Lord prevented, a felt sense of which so overpowered my soul that my heart was broken to pieces. I was filled with love, joy, and peace, my soul praising the Lord for his goodness and mercy; and I could say with Peter, 'Lord, thou knowest that I love thee.' Thus I was blessed with sweet fellowship and communion with the Lord. My soul was now on the stretch for a full manifestation of the pardon of all my sins, through the precious atoning blood of Christ. Then, again, after these visits I used to sink very low, and wondered where the scene would end. . . .

"Once in the middle of the night I awoke, and the cold icy sweats seized me again, and my breath became so short that I thought every moment I should be snatched into eternity; and in my feelings I had no hope of salvation. I got out of bed (I scarcely know how), and opened the window. My breath seemed almost gone. My dear wife got up and was about calling the family together, thinking I was going to die. I felt if I had a thousand worlds I would have given them up for a real cry unto the Lord. At last I came to this conclusion with Esther: 'If I perish, I will cast myself at the feet of the dear Lord.' I did so, and he was pleased to speak these words to my soul: 'Because I live, ye shall live also.' This gave me encouragement, and I was enabled to get to bed again."

After this, affliction entered his family, and he was himself seized with a violent fever. For two days and nights he lay without closing his eyes, lest he should awake in hell. But one morning his captivity was turned.

"The set time was now come for the dear Lord to appear; first with these words: 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which can never be moved;' and then followed these words, as if written in letters of gold: 'Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, whose hope the Lord is.' O the blessing, the sweetness, and power that attended them! I lost my burden. My guilt was gone, my sins forgiven; and after 18 years' exercise, I could feelingly cry, 'Abba, Father! My Lord and my God!' I said, 'I shall never doubt any more. It is all made straight between God and my soul!' Then followed this precious portion: 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love!' Again: 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob.' Also: 'Thou shalt bring forth fruit in old age, to show that the Lord is upright.' Thus was my soul brought to rejoice in the Lord; and instead of the fear of death, I now longed to die, if it was the Lord's blessed will, fearing lest I should sin against him."

Now he could sing with Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord: "For he hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song. He is become my salvation," &c.

This blessed state of soul continued during his illness, which

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was for about twelve weeks. Being now decked with the garments of praise, and "his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," he was led on his wilderness journey; and it may truly be said of him spiritually, as was said of the Israelites literally, "I have led you forty years in the wilderness; your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy feet." His profession was not a dry, dead one; but was full of life and vigour, continually receiving out of the fountain-fulness thereof, and grace for grace.

We must now pass over years of trials and deliverances, sinkings and sweet Bethel visits; but we will briefly name one or two blessed visitations. He had one blessed visit during an illness a few years since, when the Lord graciously gave him these words: "I will never leave thee," although at the time with no great power. In the evening, when he was pleading the fulfilment of it, he was favoured to have such blessed fellowship with Christ in his sufferings, and to hold such divine and distinct communion with God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, that he exclaimed with holy ecstasy, "My precious Father! My dear Redeemer! My everlasting Comforter!" To use his own words, he called it the sealing of the Spirit.

During an illness in 1866, he became very deaf, and his voice very feeble. One of his daughters said to him, "You can hear *His* voice?" He said, "Yes; and I know it too. 'My sheep hear my voice,'" &c. The same night, after he was in bed, he felt a little revived, and said he thought he could hear a few words read. Mal. vi. was read, which he seemed to enjoy. He then attempted to speak a few words in prayer; but was interrupted by his cough. On wishing him good-night, he said, "I felt my heart a little warmed, and if I had had strength I could have spoken upon that precious promise, 'They that feared the Lord.' O! It is precious; I should like to die talking about it."

In the summer of 1869, he was exceedingly poorly, although not quite laid up. His mind, for the best part, was kept in peace, and stayed upon the Lord. He said to me, "I do want another kiss. I can say his mouth is most sweet." He referred to many of his old friends as having been, as dear Mr. Tiptaft used to say, "well laid in the grave," where he longed to be himself, but felt willing to stay a little longer, if the Lord's will. "I feel ravished at the thought of hearing his precious voice saying, 'Come up hither.' This morning, while reading Ps. lxiii.: 'O God, thou art my God,' I feared neither men nor devil." At another time he said, "I have been reading the 'Gospel Standard' for July; there are some nice pieces in it." He then spoke of the sweet account of good Mr. Kershaw. "It is worth thousands of worlds; yea, worlds cannot be compared with it.'

On May 23rd, in the present year, in reading Dr. Hawker's Morning Portion from these words: "Such a one as Paul the aged," he was greatly favoured, his cup overflowing, as he read down the portion. Whilst under the enjoyment of the same,

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"the dew wet upon the fleece," a dear friend came in. As he spoke, the fire kindled, and they rejoiced together. Ever afterwards, when speaking of it, he called it the anointing for his burial.

These lines of Hart's hymns ran through the whole of his pilgrimage, from beginning to end:

"The fear of the Lord is an unctuous light," &c.

He was able to get to chapel till within three weeks of his death. The last time he attended he was much favoured in hearing Mr. Pert, from these words: "Fear not, worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel."

The following account which we give, was read by his dear and esteemed friend, Mr. Freeman, after preaching his funeral sermon from these words: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," &c., the dear man little thinking he should so soon be called to experience the same blessedness.

"At the commencement of his last illness, he said, 'When people are going a long journey, there is great preparation made. I am about to go a long journey, and all the preparation I want is for the dear Lord to give me one more smile, and send his chariot of love and fetch me home!' One of his daughters said, 'You will shortly cross the river, dear father!' 'Yes,' he said; 'and I should like to send you word when I get there!'

"Sept. 9th.—He said, 'I've been thinking of dear old Jacob; after he had blessed his children he gathered up his feet into the bed and was gathered to his people; and this is all I have to do; and I can say with good old Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."' Again: '"Now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in thee." Not that I would be impatient; but I do not seem to have anything to stop for; for I have committed all into his hands.'

"Sept. 13th.—His mind still kept in perfect peace. His daughter read a Portion to him; after which he solemnly committed his family into the hands of the Lord, begging a blessing down to the fourth generation, saying, 'Lord, thou knowest it has been my desire that there might be a seed springing, as it were, from my own loins to serve thee to the end of time.'

"Sept. 16th.—Still dwelling upon his sweet theme, and longing to be gone:

"'Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then, O how pleasant the conqueror's song.'

'Do, dear Lord, stand by me the few days I have to remain! Bless, O bless his dear name! He has done wonders for me, whereof I ought to be glad.' At another time he wished to see two or three friends, to wish them good-bye. One of them said words to this effect: 'You can die upon the truths you have lived upon.' He replied, 'Yes; firm upon the Rock which never did nor ever will give way.' After the friends left the room he said that as he uttered the words, 'Firm upon the Rock,' he

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found sweet peace flow into his soul. At another time he said, 'I should like to sing,

"'Grace, 'tis a charming sound;'"

but his weakness was too great. Two of his granddaughters being present, he wished them to sing it to him, which they did; and although he could not join them with his voice, his animated countenance bespoke it was the very language of his soul."

Three days before his departure, he said to his daughter, "I have been begging of the Lord, now I am so near my end, to keep me from bringing a dishonour upon his name, and he has answered me with these words: 'I will keep that man in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee.'" He then added, "I should like to sing." One said to him:

"We shall be conquerors all ere long."

"Yes," he said,

"'And more than conquerors too.'"

Then he would say again, "Only give me one more kiss and take me home."

When taken for death, his medical man was called in. He said to him, "It will soon be over, Mr. Banfield." "Yes, I hope so," he replied. The doctor said, "It will not be hope much longer." He said, "No; I shall not need faith or hope much longer. It will soon be all *perfect joy*." After this his breathing became very difficult, and he could not converse, although conscious nearly to the last. It was evident his mind was still kept in perfect peace; and thus departed the aged saint. He

"Died in his Father's fond embrace,
And fled from earth to heaven."

Brighton, Nov. 17, 1871. B.

S. McCall.—It is with a heartfelt sorrow that I write the obituary of our lamented brother, Solomon McCall, who died, at his residence, near Eagle, Ontario, Canada, on the 23rd of October, 1871, in the 87th year of his age, after a painful illness of nearly six days, of inflammation of the stomach and bowels.

The subject of this notice was most exemplary in his deportment. He was so unassuming, so sincere, honest, and kind, that he was a general favourite amongst all his acquaintances, and those who knew him best esteemed him the most. But the end has come, and the remembrance of what he was only makes his loss the keener felt. He was strongly attached to the gospel doctrine of salvation by sovereign free grace, and loved to hear it preached in its purity. His reading was chiefly confined to the "Signs of the Times," the "Gospel Standard," "Philpot's Sermons," and the Bible. The day before his death, observing his cousin, Mr. D. T. McCall, reading "Philpot's Sermons," he requested him to read aloud, and listened attentively during the reading of a couple of sermons, and a number of chapters of the scriptures, at intervals, until his very last moments. On the

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following memorable night, sinking in deep waters, he was greatly distressed about his eternal welfare, earnestly pleading for mercy, and exclaiming with great fervency, "Turn me, Lord, and I shall be turned;" "Draw me, and I will run after thee;" "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" "Lord, remember me!" "The thief on the cross was saved at a late hour!" "Will he save a wretched sinner like me?" "He suffered more for man than man can suffer for him!" "O! If he would only have mercy on such a creeping worm of the dust, how I should praise his mighty name!" "Give me one prayer, Lord, that thou wilt hear; only one I ask!" "Bring me down to thy feet; break my stony heart and shine upon my soul this night!" "Give me, Lord, what man cannot give nor take away!" "O! If I could only lean in faith upon him for rest!" "If I had only faith as a grain of mustard seed!" "If I could only shed one tear for my sins!" When asked if he used to pray when well, "Ah, yes," he replied; "but I would soon forget!" "I was such an ignorant man all my life!" "I could not say that I had eternal life!" "Have mercy! Have mercy!" "Watch over me this night!" "O, be with me in my departing hour!" "Give me strength to raise my voice to thee as long as I live; for thou art strong, but I am weak!" "Last night, when you were going to read, that passage of scripture, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' sounded in my ears, and my mind was raised up; but now it is gone away from me!"

A short time before he expired, when asked if he knew that his hour had come, and if he had a hope that the Lord would take him to himself, he answered, "O yes, I do! I have hope." These were the last audible words he spoke.

Just a few minutes before he died, he looked around at one and then at another of those standing about his dying bed, and bade them a final farewell. Then folding his hands upon his breast, and steadfastly gazing heavenward, he gently passed away, as if falling asleep, without a groan or a struggle, or a movement of a muscle, to, as we confidently believe, "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and that passeth not away."

Eagle, Ontario, Nov. 30, 1871. E. McCall.

Elizabeth Ainscow.—On Oct. 28th, 1871, aged 54, Elizabeth Ainscow, a member at Zoar Chapel, Preston.

She was sister to the late Mrs. M'Kenzie, and was brought up in the Church of England; but when very young she was led to see that she was a great sinner; and living in a country village, near Preston, she used to go into the fields, and there implored the forgiveness of her sins. One day the passage, "Come, let us reason together," was applied so powerfully to her that she exclaimed, "What, Lord! Reason with *me*, a poor sinner like me?" She went home and told her mother (a God-fearing woman) what love she felt, and how the passage of scripture was applied to her heart. She was afterwards led to hear Mr. M'Kenzie preach, and was subsequently baptized by him.

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She was a kind friend to the cause at Zoar, and firmly established in the truths of the gospel. Latterly she had much bodily affliction; but she had a sweet confidence that she was a sinner saved by sovereign grace.

In her last illness she was visited by two of the members of the church, who said to her, "We were very desirous to see you again at Zoar." She said, "I am longing to go to chapel again." She expressed her love and attachment to God's people, and that she was resting on his everlasting love.

She suddenly got worse, and died the same evening. Our loss is her eternal gain. J. H.

ELIZABETH LEETE GEE.—On Dec. 14th, at the residence of her parents, Finchley New Road, South Hampstead, aged 35, Elizabeth Leete Gee, wife of Mr. Wright Gee, manager of the Manchester and County Bank, Wigan, and daughter of the publisher of this magazine.

She had for some time been in a delicate state of health, and the unfavourable symptoms were greatly increased after her last confinement. It was hoped that a change might, with the blessing of God, prove beneficial to her. She was, therefore, on a visit to her parents.

The last attack, inflammation, or probably peritonitis, was most acute, but brief. She lay during the day as in a stupor, scarcely speaking. Her husband, who had been telegraphed for, arrived just in time to hear her last word, "Yes!" with a smile, in answer to the question, "Is your mind at peace?" She soon afterwards passed away without a movement.

That this peace was well grounded,—"peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," those who best knew her in life can testify.

She was married by Mr. Philpot, in Gower Street chapel, April 25th, 1867, and will (D.V.) be interred where Mr. Gee's father was interred, at Brooklands, near Manchester, by Mr. Taylor, on the 19th. She has left two dear children, one under 3½ years, and the other under 5 months.

It is no exaggeration to say she was beloved by all who knew her.

Dec. 16, 1871.

LAY thy hand on thy pulse; it doth still beat, though faintly; there are in thee longings after God; there is a spiritual living creature in thee, like the mole under ground is working up towards the free air, heaving up the earth and breathes heavenward; and dost thou doubt thy state? Come, be ashamed to talk thus. Is thy latter end worse than the beginning? O, no. Justification once applied, where it sealeth it makes an end of, and seals up sins for ever, never to be taken off, which our sins shall never outdo. It shall never be said that sin imputed was too hard for Christ's righteousness imputed, or that it hath more interest with God against one than Christ's righteousness for one.—*Dr. Goodwin.* (See "The Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Works," published by R. Banks.)

ERRATA.—In the Dec. No., p. 494, 6th line from bottom, "Rom. ix. 1" should have been "Rom. vii. 1;" and p. 499, 18th line from bottom, "Israel" should have been "Isaiah."

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

THAT WHICH WE HAVE SEEN.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. COVELL AT CROYDON, ON SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 30TH, 1858.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."—1 JNO. i. 3.

GOD'S religion is a feeling one. There is something to be seen, felt, and tasted in it; and unless you and I are brought to see, taste, and feel the things that are recorded in God's word, we can have no fellowship with John and the rest who have gone before. As we are brought to see, taste, and feel, there is fellowship; and thus we walk together in the unity of the Spirit. As we can walk together with them in the unity of the Spirit, so we can unite in that song they sang here, which was, "By grace we are saved;" and are brought at last to sing, "Unto him that loved us, and hath washed us from our sins in his blood, to him be glory, might, majesty, and dominion." Looking right through God's word, this is plainly seen to be the language of their hearts: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the honour and glory."

Then where is it there is such a difference, and such diverse walking one from another? It springs from pride, because men have not been brought to feel what they are. They will, in every sect, all confess that they are nothing; but if they really believed it, then they could walk with sensible sinners; but while with their mouths they profess it, in heart they reject it. Now if you and I have been brought to see and feel what we are, and what grace hath wrought for us, we shall be able to walk together. If this is not the case, we may profess the same things with our mouths, but there will be no union. There will be a prejudice in thy mind, something rising up to keep thee and me apart. There will be some feeling of this kind working in thy heart, that thy way may be as right as mine, and better too than mine; and you will choose to walk alone. We find God told the prophet Isaiah, "Go, set a watchman, and let him declare what he seeth;" but it was in those days as it is now; men act and speak according to their own hearts. It is so with the generality of parsons, and so it is with the generality of people, for they are ready to

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conclude that they know all that is to be known; and that they see and understand all that God has said in his word. Thus they are like the Pharisees of old: "Are we blind also?" The Son of God said to them, "I am come into this world that those that see not might receive their sight, and that those which see (or fancy they can) might be made blind."

Now John, in the words of my text, tells us of things that are to be *seen* and *heard*, which bring the children of God on earth now to have fellowship with him, so there is a blessed fellowship with the saints, and with the Father and the Son. There is one thing that all God's elect are brought to see; that is, their own ignorance. Now that is a humbling position to be brought into; but if we have never been brought there, we are wise in our own conceits. If you have been brought to see your ignorance, it has brought you, child-like, to kneel before your Maker, and cry out in heart, "Teach thou me." If you have, O the fear and anxiety that have sprung up in your mind, lest through your ignorance you should mistake the way! You have been brought to cry out, "Lord, lead me by thy counsel; teach me the way wherein we should go." And this has made you take a low place. As it has made you take a low place, so you have walked as God has promised: "The meek I will guide in judgment, and the meek I will teach my way." My friends, it is a humbling thing to see and feel yourself to be a fool; but until you do, and sensibly feel it too, you will never be wise unto salvation. Paul tells us (notwithstanding all he learned at the feet of Gamaliel) all his persecution of the saints was through his ignorance. The word of God declares we are alienated from God through the ignorance that is in us. This keeps us from kneeling before the Lord, and prevents humility of mind. The Son of God declares, "Unless ye receive the kingdom of God as a little child, ye shall in no wise enter therein." Has God made a little child of you? Do you know what it is to have fellowship with David, when he says, "So foolish was I, and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee?" What! Has God made you see and feel what he declares, that God might manifest it to them that they might see themselves to be beasts? O what a mercy! Then you can say with Mr. Hart:

> "Gracious God, thy children keep;
> Jesus, guide thy silly sheep;
> Fix, O fix our fickle souls;
> Lord, direct us, we are fools."

"That which we have seen." If this you have seen, it has brought you to kneel before God in your feelings, and pray to be led of him. It has made you prize the good Spirit, who hath promised to guide into all truth; and it has made you prize Jesus Christ, who is the wisdom of God, who has also promised to guide us by his counsel, and afterward receive us to glory. The more you and I see our own ignorance, the more it will empty our hearts of what there is in them, and bring us to ask God to lead us. If we are brought here, God promises that we shall never

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miss; for these he will guide in judgment, and these he will teach his way.

"That which we have seen." They not only see this, which brings them to prize Jesus Christ, but they are brought, sooner or later, to see the end of all perfection; for God's commandment is exceeding broad. Till a man is brought to see the spirituality of God's law, O what striving, O what workings, O what vowings there will be in his mind, till God shows him that the law is spiritual but he is carnal, sold under sin. When the Lord, I trust, was pleased to show me the perfection there is in the law, it stopped me from saying what I had said many times in our church: "Lord, have mercy on me, and incline my heart to keep this law." When God showed me the perfection of it, the fear laid hold of me that I could never do it. The soul then understands that he has seen an end of all perfection. Thus his hope that he will be enabled to keep that law gives up the ghost. When he sees that, what holiness he sees, at times, in God, though it sinks him in fear, and makes him wish in his heart he had never been born. What Mr. Huntington says in one of his poems is true (seeing and feeling the righteousness of God in the law, and hope that we can fulfil it giving up the ghost, will bring this out of our hearts):

> "I envied the brutes which dissolve with the day,
> And reflected with wrath on the womb;
> The pains of the damn'd rack'd my mind with dismay,
> And I wish'd I could end in a tomb."

O sinner! If God has ever brought you to see the perfection there is in the law, this has come out of your heart: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" God shows us what a righteous law it is. It is a holy law; it demands what is right from us to God and our neighbour; yet while it commands us, it gives us no help, but curses us for non-obedience; and there it leaves us. God's servants have seen it; it has brought the same confession out of their hearts. When this was revealed to the prophet Isaiah, what does he say? "Woe is me! I am undone; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell among a people of unclean lips; and mine eyes have seen the Lord of hosts, the King in his beauty." He had had a solemn discovery of the majesty of God, and he had seen how the angelic host worshipped God, while they said, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth."

If God has brought you to see this, how it has stopped your mouth from boasting! If you get to heaven, how you feel you shall sing, "Salvation to God and the Lamb." You find when God appeared to Manoah and his wife, fear laid hold of their hearts. We have seen God, and shall die; so it was a sight of him that filled them with solemn fear. So John himself tells us: "When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead." When God came to convict Saul of Tarsus, he tells us in after day, when he stood before the Sanhedrim, "God told me I should go and be a witness of all things I had seen and heard;" and he said, "When the commandment came

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to me, sin revived, and I died." And this came out from Paul's heart as his hope of doing anything gave up the ghost: "What wilt thou have me to do?" As Paul saw the end of the commandment, so this brought him to praise Christ, the way, the truth, and the life; and as he saw there was no hope of being justified by the law, he says, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." So he says Christ is to be the only thing in the sinner's salvation, because God had showed him an end of all perfection, and that vain was his hope in anything he could do. And if God, poor sinner, has made thee see the length, breadth, height, and depth of that commandment, your hope in it has given up the ghost, and it has made you bless God for his unspeakable gift. It has made you feel and see that every soul that dies under the law is cursed by it, damned by it, and for ever shut up and held fast in the prison of hell; and, at times, you feel, "O if you could persuade sinners to flee from the wrath to come!" Paul knew the curse that would spring up to all eternity upon men and women living and dying under that law; therefore he says, "I ceased not to warn you with tears, day and night, for three years."

How the children of God pray that sinners may be saved with an everlasting salvation, though their prayers are often thrown back with scorn by those they would do good unto, and their prayers return into their own bosom. But the scorners will find this true, as they have thrown away counsel, and have not turned at reproof, God will mock at their calamity, and laugh when their fear cometh. I am speaking plain things from the word of God, which holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. You can have no fellowship with righteous David, holy Paul, John, or any of the saints, unless you know something of these things. Every man and woman taught of God knows what it is to have fellowship with these; and as they declare what the commandment is, and what the effect is, so they can feel the echo in their hearts, and say, "That is it!"

These are some of the things God's people see, and as they have a sight of these things, so they can see Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and there is no hope but what comes from the Son of God. This has stopped your mouth from boasting, and has made you feel, "If I get to heaven, Christ shall wear the crown." Those that are ignorant of these feelings will be talking about their works. If they confess they have no trust in them, they are more pleased with them than they are with Jesus Christ.

"That which we have seen." God gives them to see also the badness of their hearts. As a man sees the badness of his heart, O how it will keep him from trusting in it. Till a man sees the badness and wickedness of his heart, how he will be running to it, and placing some reliance on what it promises. If God gives him to see what is in his heart, he cannot believe any one in the place has got such a bad heart as he has. You could not believe that my heart is as bad as yours; you cannot believe it is so full

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of lightness, so bubbling up with evil; you cannot believe that any person you know, or that has to do with you, has such a bad heart as you have. You would be afraid to tell them what passes through your heart in one day. You think, if they say their heart is bad, you could tell them something that would astound them. This brings the soul to say, "Can ever God dwell here? This causes such misgivings: "Can God be in my heart? Has grace cleansed my heart?" And the poor thing cries out, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." If you have seen this, and thus learned by what God hath shown you, you can understand what God showed the prophet Ezekiel. He led him into the dark chambers; and the prophet cried out in astonishment. "Turn thee again, and I will show thee greater abominations than these." And the prophet cried out again. So the man has such a sight of what is in his heart that he is brought to esteem others better than himself. If you have not been led to see the evil there is in your heart, you feel something like this in your soul: "Stand by thyself; for I am holier than thou." "These are a generation," saith God, "that are pure in their own eyes, but they have not been washed from their filthiness." If God has given you to see what there is in your heart, this is your experience, at times: "Of sinners I am chief; of saints I am least." You can walk along with Paul, you see. You can understand what Peter meant when he cried out, "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man." Did he want the Son of God to leave him? No; but he had such a sight of what he was that he said, "Depart." You can understand what the poor woman felt when she said, "If I can but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole." You can understand what another poor woman felt when she said, "The dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from their master's table." You can understand what the centurion said, "Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof." This made them rejoice to feel that God had opened a fountain for sin and uncleanness, and that the Son of God received sinners, and ate with them.

"That which we have seen." O man, has God shown you something of these things? As it was with the poor man in the Gospel, so it is with God's people to this day. When the Son of God took the blind man, and anointed his eyes, and asked him what he saw, he said, "I see men as trees walking." Then he looked again, and saw clearly. The Pharisees asked him by what means he had received sight, and he said, "A man named Jesus anointed mine eyes with clay, and told me to look up, and I saw." Although they wanted to talk the man down, one thing he stuck to: "Whereas I was blind, now I see;" and here he stood fast.

Now I know this is what you have been brought to. Amidst all the sects and parties, one thing you come to, that you are a sinner before God. You see and feel you have got a bad heart, and there is no hope that you can be justified by the deeds of the law. This has brought you to anchor at the mouth of the Lord.

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It has opened your ears to hear, and made you willing to be led and instructed of God.

"That which we have seen." God's people not only see these things that cast them down, but they see some other things that make their hearts glad, and make them feel, "My heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise." And what they see brings them to have fellowship with the apostles and the Father and Son; and the Holy Ghost tells us that when he comes he will not only convince of sin, but he will take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. What does he show? He shows us that Jesus Christ is the end of the law. He walked it out in his life, and then came to the very end of it. How did he come to the end of it? This was the end of the law: "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." So the Son of God clasps the cross, and by his blood removed the curse from it. His death swallowed it up; and thus the cross sweetly opened up to us how God could be just, and justify the ungodly. As the soul sees Christ in his life and death putting away his sin, and hears him say, "It is finished," he sees the law has no dominion over him. Then he can make his boast in the Lord. Thus with Christ in his heart, the hope of glory, he can say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, who giveth me the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Poor thing, till you can feel this in your heart, you will not be able to say, "My heart is fixed." You will not understand what David says, "He brought me up out of the horrible pit and out of the miry clay, and set my feet on a rock, and established my goings." As the Holy Ghost points thee to him, there will be such sinkings till he anoints thine eyes to see thy sin drowned in his blood, for fear thou shouldst die without a sweet revelation of it. Paul tells us he knew what it was; for when he is writing to the Corinthians of the ways in which Christ was seen, he says, "Last of all he was seen of me." So says John in the chapter from which my text is taken: "What we have seen of the word of life declare we unto you, that ye may have fellowship with us." As the man sees this, he walks in sweet fellowship with the saints; so they walk together in sweet union. Therefore said the psalmist, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

"That which we have seen." We find that when old Simeon had a sweet view of Christ, he said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." Say you, "That is just what I want to see? O that I may see him!" Poor thing, if God the Holy Ghost has wrought these desires in thy heart, he will fulfil them; for he will satisfy the longing soul. What Mr. Hart says is a truth:

> "Blest soul that can say, Christ only I seek;
> Wait for him alway; be constant, though weak;
> The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
> And to him the weakest is dear as the strong."

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Bless his dear name, you cannot tell how soon he may come, nor can you tell when he will come; for when he came to the disciples and Thomas, the doors were shut where they were met together, for fear of the Jews, and he said to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and put it into the print of the nails, and thrust thy hand into my side, and be not faithless, but believing." And Thomas said, "My Lord and my God!" Poor thing, he may do it for thee to-day.

"That which we have seen." As the blessed Son of God discovers himself to his people,—if he has discovered himself to you, I will tell you what it has done; it has swallowed up your love and affections. We often hear people talk about loving the Lord Jesus; but you must see him to love him. The psalmist says, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard the voice of my supplication." If you have had a faith's view of the Lord Jesus Christ, it has engaged your heart, and you have been brought to feel, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." There is a preciousness you have seen in Jesus Christ that has blasted the world to you; and I will tell you what it has wrought in your heart. "How do you know," say you, "what it will do?" "As in water face answers to face, so the heart of man to man." You will never be satisfied till you are with him. You will not be satisfied till you are sitting at his feet, and feeling what it is to crown him Lord of all, and never, never sin. If you have seen him, I know what the sight has done. It has brought you after him; it has had such an effect on your soul that it has turned your back to the world. Now your feeling is, "I would see Jesus;" and unless you have some glimpse of him when you are in prayer, or reading his word, unless you see something of his goings in the sanctuary, you come away with your soul so perplexed. Poor thing, if you have seen him, as I just said, he hath so won your affections, so endeared himself to your heart, that he is dearer to you than your wife, children, reputation, and all that the world calls good and great. At times you esteem it an honour to be reproached for his name and cause. Therefore there is a blessed fellowship. Without this, when you are reading the Bible, what union can you have with Old and New Testament saints? What is your feeling when coming up to the house of God? "Lord, reveal thyself to me to-day." Without this, your religion is only coming and going; as God says, "They come as my people come; they sit as my people sit, and thou art to them as a very pleasant song, as one that can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." The word does not profit, because it is not mixed with faith. But as John says, "The anointing from above, which is given by the Holy Ghost, teaches us all things." And so we feel and prove

"God's religion's more than notion;
Something must be known and felt."

Amen.

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THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(*Continued from page* 30.)

CHAPTER III.

Verse 6. "*Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?*"

The wilderness is a well-known and commonly-used figure for this present evil world, and all that is in it and of it. The sins, temptations, cares, sorrows of this life are all embraced in this expression. This world is, in the estimate of God, a mere waste howling wilderness; this present life a wilderness state and condition to his people. Many pricking thorns, many entangling briers, are in their way, and with these they get pierced and entangled. They often see no way in which to go forward, find no pleasant fruits to satisfy them, and are surrounded with many dangers to frighten them. Their adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour; and the serpent sin, in their own bosoms and in the things they are connected with, fills them, especially at times, with sorrow and distress.

But here is one coming out of the wilderness, leaving it, as it were, behind; not merely slowly getting on through it, now caught in a brier, now bitten by some serpent, now terrified by some roaring beast of prey; now, that is to say, entangled by some ensnaring affection, or habit unadvisedly contracted and full of injuriousness; now feeling the venom and guilt of sin, and now fiercely harassed by Satan; but coming out from amongst these wilderness things, getting away from them.

Observe, too, in what direction; not by going from one part of the wilderness to another, but by mounting upwards and heavenwards, like pillars of smoke. "The path of life is upwards to the wise, that they may depart from hell beneath." It is no use going from one part of the world to another; in other words, mending and improving, by morality and education, poor, utterly ruined human nature. In this way a man will never really get beyond the wilderness. No! As it respects salvation and the things of God, there must be something far beyond all this; a new nature, a new creation, and a coming out of the wilderness by rising upwards from it.

Then, again, notice the figure: "Like pillars of smoke." The allusion is probably to the pillars of smoke ascending from the divine altars on a clear and calm day; not scattered and dispersed, not bent in any direction, but mounting up undisturbed into the clear sky. And not only thus unruffled, but *fragrant* pillars of smoke, perfumed like those ascending from the golden altar; where was burnt the incense, made by the command and direction of God, of various ingredient spices, stacte, onycha, and galbanum, with pure frankincense. So here the one beheld is fragrant with all the sweet perfumed graces of the Spirit.

Who, then, is this that thus, at the time of the vision, mounts

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upwards and heavenwards, not in the false exaltation of pride, but in the sweetness of the Spirit? The question is evidently intended to denote surprise. "Who can it be?" And the reason of the surprise is signified by the use of the feminine gender. We might, without this clue to the meaning of the Holy Spirit, have concluded that the words had a reference to the resurrection of Christ; but this is not the main idea. It is the church, the child of God indeed, here, in the fellowship of that resurrection, who is set before us; the one, in fact, all along in this Song, intended by the spouse. We have then something truly admirable. Here is a poor sinner, oftentimes entangled, sinking beneath sins and cares and sorrows, serpent-bitten, fearing all sorts of evils, and unable, in his own power, to rise above any of them, calmly mounting heavenward above them all, ascending up to God in mind and heart, in prayer and in praise. (Isa. xl. 31.)

The true and proper effect of grace, in every degree of it, is to humble; and the greater the degree the greater the humility.

"The more thy glories strike my eyes,
The humbler I shall lie;
Thus, while I sink, my joys shall rise
Immeasurably high."

This is unquestionably true. O! If grace will do anything for us, it will humble us into the dust of self-abasement before God. But whilst we say this, we must remind our readers that there is also truth in Mr. Hart's words about pride, of which he says:

"And makes e'en grace a snare."

The flesh will come in, and even abuse the grace of God in this way, feeding its abominable pride upon the very things which God, of his richest grace, bestows upon the vilest sinners. Still, as we have said, the proper working of grace is to humble; and so it is here.

The child of God is supposed to hear the question of unfeigned astonishment, coupled with admiration; and instead of being puffed up with it, as too often is the case with us through our vain, silly, weak, fleshly minds, proceeds to answer in a strain of the deepest self-abasement, giving all glory to the Lord.

Verse 7. *"Behold his bed, which is Solomon's."* As though she said, "O! You must not regard me with admiration, as though I, a poor, vile, hellward sinner in myself, was anything. My nature is of itself nothing but sin and wretchedness. I grovel, when left to myself, down below; pleased with earthly trifles, vexed almost to the death with earthly cares; and my rising at this time so sweetly and solemnly above them proceeds from the free grace of God, who has enabled me, vile me, to rest in the finished work of Christ and the blessed eternal truth of God. O! It is as the fruit of this sweet entering into rest by believing in Jesus that I possess at this time this calmness of spirit, this undisturbed peace, this heavenward mind and heavenly affection. My bosom indeed glows with the love of

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Christ, and is perfumed with the sweet graces of his Spirit. There reigns the Father's love, the Son's sweet grace, and the Spirit's consolation. But O! It is all of grace, free, unmerited, invincible grace."

"Behold his bed, which is Solomon's." But these words not only explain the present sweet frame of mind of the one using them, but are evidently designed to call attention to the things intended by the bed of Solomon, that others may be brought to repose in the same truths and share in the same gladness.

Love in Christ is most diffusive. Thus one says of the name of Christ:

"Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear."

And another:

"I long for a concert of heavenly praise,
To Jesus, my God, the Omnipotent Son."

O! We can enter into this. Do we not sometimes call upon the angels in heaven to join us in praising the great Redeemer, who loved us and died for us? Would we not, too, desire thousands of our poor fellow-sinners, rescued from Satan's power, to join in the sweet concert of praise to the Lamb? Still there must be submission to the sovereign good pleasure of God. Man's welfare must be subordinate to God's glory. Paul, in his love to his nation, could only say, I too, like Moses, could wish myself accursed from Christ for my brethren. He did not wish it; but he shows the deep sorrows and affection of his heart, which would, if not bridled by the fear of God and knowledge of his electing grace, lead him to vent his feelings in hasty expressions. But "all are not Israel who are of Israel." And so we must limit our desires by the truth and sovereign pleasure of God; as Paul again writes: "I do all for the elect's sake." "The election shall obtain it."

But here the enlarged heart of the child of God is very desirous that the inquirers shall come into the same blessedness, as John writes: "And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full."

Now then as such sweet results flow from reposing in this bed, and as the verse calls upon us to behold it, let us proceed more fully to consider these words; taking up the entire subject as given in verses 7 and 8, wherein we have the following things:

1. *Whose* bed it is we are called upon to behold.
2. The *bed* itself.
3. The *guards* of this bed.

1. *Whose* bed it is. It is Solomon's. Of course we well know that the Solomon of this Song is the Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the Solomon of the Old Testament Scriptures was a type. Many things, too, might be here written about the blessed Lord Jesus as typified by the literal Solomon; but in this place we

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only design to speak of one,—his *wisdom*. We know that Solomon, when bidden to ask what God should give him, led by the Holy Spirit, asked for a wise and understanding heart, and God granted his request; so that he was the wisest of mere men. And this wisdom of Solomon displayed itself in the wise ordering of everything in his kingdom and household. So when the Queen of Sheba, hearing of the reported wisdom of Solomon, came from the uttermost parts, and had seen the ordering of all things at the court, she retained no strength, and confessed that the half had not been told her.

But if such was the wisdom of Solomon the type, how infinitely superior is the wisdom of the Lord Jesus; and poor sinners, when they are drawn by the report of his greatness to his blessed feet, and have his glory as the Mediator unfolded to them, are completely yet sweetly overwhelmed, and cry, "The thousandth part was not told us."

But in what is this wisdom of the Lord Jesus, the only wise God, who is wisdom itself, being the Son of the Father in truth and love, displayed? Why, in so ordering everything in his kingdom with respect to his own people that they may enjoy in him a perfect peace with God. There was a great work indeed to be done. Infinite wisdom was required to perform it properly. Who could do it but the Son of God? Sin had made a breach between God and Man, and brought in an apparently endless strife. This could not, of course, affect the blessedness of God, or injure him: "If thou sinnest, what doest thou against him?" Man, the creature, can neither benefit God nor hurt him; but man could hurt himself; and endless strife with God must to man be endless ruin. But how can this strife be made to cease? Will God sacrifice his glory? This is impossible. God cannot lie or deny himself. Here, then, comes in the grace of God, the covenant of God, the Christ of God, the work of God; for the matter is far beyond the power of the creature. Christ, the greater than Solomon, must display his wisdom in this business, and undertake for poor sinners to fulfil his Father's will, and so order everything at his sweet throne of grace, and in his blessed courts, that every attribute and perfection of deity may be abundantly glorified, and yet the poor coming sinner be overwhelmed with the sweet riches of divine love and grace. A sceptre of righteousness must be the sceptre of his kingdom, but it is a golden one of grace through his own righteousness; not an iron one of mere stern justice. His throne is a pure white one, but sprinkled over with his blood. All is full of the richest glory, but all sweetly in harmony with a poor guilty coming sinner's peace. These marvels of reconciliation have been accomplished by this Wiser than Solomon.

2. Let us now consider his *bed*. This is his resting-place as Mediator. It is as the Head of the elect family of God we have to consider him. King of saints; that is, of sinners saved by grace. Here, then, was, as we have seen, the needs-be of a bed,

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some place in which Jesus, as their King, could rest, together with them, his poor sinful subjects.

But what a vast matter we are entering upon. This is not like the bed in Isaiah, which is too short for a man to stretch himself upon. No. Here all takes on the dimensions of infinity. What is the resting-place of the child of God, or of Christ, the Head of the elect, in union with his people? Why, it takes in the whole range of the truth of God. But to enter a little into particulars.

i. There are all the *perfections* of the Godhead, as is said in another figure: "His foundation is upon the holy hills." That is, Christ has laid the foundations of his city, the holy Jerusalem, deep in all the perfections of God. All these perfections, in harmony, support her prosperity. So in this bed all the perfections of the Godhead are in harmony with the rest of the child of God in Jesus. "I am thy God," says the great Jehovah to his people. This is indeed a rest. All God's love to delight, all his power to defend, all his wisdom to take counsel on behalf of, all his truth, his righteousness, his holiness, likewise are on the side of the child of God; as one sings:

"Justice is now for me,"

Or as Paul writes: "We also joy in God," being heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus. But how is this? Why,

ii. There is the *eternal covenant* of God. This a sweet place of rest. He will show the fearers of God his covenant, says David, giving them a sweet hope of rest. Here we have the Father electing, of his freest, most sovereign grace, irrespective of works good or bad, the people of the covenant, the citizens of this Zion; sending his Son to save them, and his Spirit to renew them, and receiving them in Jesus into his embraces as their Father. Yea, doing all this in the purpose of his mind from eternity; so that, in Rom. viii. 30, future things are put into the past tense: "He *called*," "He *justified*," "He *glorified*." Here the Son stands up for his foreknown seed, and undertakes for them to satisfy his Father's justice, honour his law, and do all necessary for the glorifying of God in their eternal peace. Here we have the Holy Spirit covenanting to carry on in the elect and redeemed the whole work of grace from the implanting of the mustard seed of grace, the first principles of the divine life, to the bringing of all the elect children through all dangers into eternal glory. This is indeed a rest.

iii. But then a covenant must have its conditions fulfilled; and to show the terrible conditions as it respects the Head of the covenant, it is called a testament, bringing in the idea of death: "For where a testament is there must also of necessity be the death of the testator." Therefore we have in this bed the *finished work* of Christ, which, having been accomplished in his holy life and suffering death, there is a rest, a sweet rest, a perfect rest, remaining for the children of God. All is finished. Nothing can be added to what Christ has done for the complete justification, sanctification, and acceptance in him of his people. They are

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accepted, made so in the Beloved. "He that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that his holy, let him be holy still." God in these great matters is everything, does everything. So he giveth his beloved ones sleep. (Ps. cxxvii. 2.) Jerusalem is built by God; therefore all is in harmony. All things here are of God. Man does nothing here. God is all; counselling for eternity; finishing a work of justifying righteousness in time, and thus clothing these flowers of the field in robes brighter than Solomon's, and working all in and by all, according to the good pleasure of his will. Here are no creature conditions and creature merits to mar the rest. The bed is Solomon's. God ordained it; Christ prepared it; the Spirit brings to repose in it. Man is herein a very nothing; God and Christ are all and in all. This is just as it should be, to secure God his own proper glory, to lay the creature, the sinner, low, and yet to give the poor, wretched, restless, self-despairing, ruined sinner the sweetest peace. O to rest in the Infinite, in God; the Father's boundless love; the Son's rich, free, full, and holy grace, his blood, his righteousness, his all; the Spirit's covenant-undertaking and almighty power! To say, "My God is mine; mine to provide for my wants, to keep me in safety, to comfort me in sorrows, to fill me with delight in his glory, to be all I want for time, and all I can possibly enjoy in eternity,"—O! This is rest! Behold, then, this resting-place of Christ: "His bed, which is Solomon's."

HYMN.

"The love of many shall wax cold."—MATT. XXIV. 12.

O! How cold, how dead, my frame!
Faith and love,—I sure have none!
Once I felt a heavenly flame;
Now it seems entirely gone.

Now a chilly winter reigns;
Frozen is my stubborn heart;
Bent, like Demas, on my gains,
Loth from sordid things to part.

What can melt this heart of snow,
Thaw the sluices of my love,
Make my bosom warmer glow,
Raise my grovelling thoughts above?

Lord, I own my sin and shame;
Mourn my inconsistency;
But I plead that precious name,—
Jesus,—all-prevailing plea!

Dark and blind, devoid of strength,
Fainting when I ought to fight;
Lord, to thee I'd look at length;
O! Look down and make all right.

Edinburgh. H.

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REMINISCENCES.

Dearly Beloved,—Thus I feel constrained to address you, and in this sweet strain, and in this way humbly to greet you with a holy kiss of charity. Wherefore? Well; whilst reading this morning the Review of the late Mr. Philpot's Letters, &c., in this month's "Standard," page 514, I felt the spirit of love, peace, and joy awakened in me, and that I must needs hasten thus to give vent to my feelings, and encourage you still to press on in the good work of the Lord, that he may be extolled and exalted before all flesh, that his truth and cause may be vindicated, and his redeemed helped, profited, blessed, strengthened, and encouraged thereby. "For the Lord"—*our most precious* Lord—"shall comfort Zion. He will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden,"—a very fair and fruitful land,—"and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody." (Isa. li. 3.) "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion. Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord." (Ps. cxlvii. 12; cl. 6.)

I would here add a few words relating to the late Mr. Philpot. About twenty-five years ago, I think, some controversy arose about the preceptive part of the Lord's word. I recollect there was much talk about the subject in this city; and just about that time the matter was either *specially* reviewed, or became so much a subject matter of observation that the editor, very sweetly, ably, and very distinctively, wrote on it in his Review. I was then only a babe in grace; consequently I had but little knowledge of law or gospel, so far as mere human knowledge goes; but when I came to read about the precept as it was handled by the editor (and I have always thought it was Mr. Philpot), my heart began to burn within me, and to say, "This is how I understand it. This is sweet. This is the truth, and the spirit of the truth too; all legal bands cut off, and Christ, the glorious, gracious, sweet, and blessed Redeemer being all in all. This is rightly dividing the truth."

Mr. Philpot's end was peaceful. A ray of heaven seemed to shine upon him and in his poor heart as he uttered the word "Beautiful!" We are told to "mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

Yours affectionately,

17, Clarence Road, Bristol, Dec. 17, 1871. GEORGE SPILL.

Mr. Editor,—I send you a letter by the late William Abbott, of Mayfield, giving an account of a death-bed scene. I have a reverence for the name, and for that which God in his infinite mercy made him,—a living shape, in his hand, of the late William Huntington. I hope, by God's grace, I am not a mere imitator of him, but a poor follower of those, whatever they may be ac-

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counted among men, that were made followers of them who, through faith and patience, are inheritors of the promises.

I would add, the late William Abbott was a minister known to Mr. Huntington, and one whose praise is in the churches.

Wishing you every gracious help you need, as servitor to the living family, I remain, Mr. Editor, Yours sincerely,

Tunbridge, Dec. 19, 1871. J. Row.

Dear Friends,—I was sorry that you were not present last evening to hear the discourse delivered at Frant, at the conclusion of which I spoke of the last moments of Thomas Carr; but it is not uncommon, on such occasions, for many to go out of curiosity, who neither know nor care about the power of godliness, and thus prevent those from hearing who have a regard for the deceased, and who would like to hear some account of their latter end.

You request me to tell you what I said at the conclusion of my discourse, which was what I heard spoken by Mr. C. in his dying condition. When I returned from Kent (being desirous of seeing him once more in the flesh), I went to Frant, and reached there about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and went directly to him. He seemed to be in a sort of doze; but soon opened his eyes; and as I perceived he laboured hard for breath, I said to him, "Master Carr, the battle will soon be over." He looked very earnestly at me, and replied, "The devil, the devil is gone, and this is the victory, even our faith. This is the victory;" repeating the words several times. He then spoke of grace, saying, "It is of grace, free grace; it is all of grace. This love is everlasting love. He has loved me with an everlasting love." Though he laboured hard for breath, at times, and had not power to speak, after lying awhile silent, he began to speak of the Redeemer and of redemption, and was favoured with a very powerful sense of the dying love of Christ; and had great strength of voice to speak of it, saying,

"'Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb!'

He has redeemed me by his precious blood; redeemed me, not with corruptible things; no, not corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ; he has redeemed my life from destruction; he has redeemed my soul from death." Then, speaking louder, he said, "He has redeemed my soul from hell."

There were several of his friends present at his bedside, and he told us he wished we could all praise his precious Redeemer; but said, "You cannot praise him enough." And then, looking at us with a heavenly countenance, he spoke aloud, and said, "I wish all your souls were as happy as mine." At another time he turned his eyes to me, and addressing me in particular as a minister, he said, "The Lord bless you! May the Lord bless you with faith; may the Lord bless you with hope!" Then, speaking louder, he said, "Bless you with love, with love, for the sake of his dear people."

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After this he addressed himself to his family, several at that time being in the room, saying, "And here are my dear children. Now I can resign you all up into the hands of my precious Redeemer and Saviour;" and he then put up a fervent prayer for them.

Sometimes he seemed as if he was in a sleep a considerable time, but was disturbed either by being choked with phlegm, or was somewhat convulsed; but as soon as able to speak, what he said savoured sweetly of the love of Christ.

In this state he lay on his last day from noon until he departed at 12 o'clock at night. I had left him about an hour. The psalmist says, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." It was not only peace, but redeeming love that caused him, as a conqueror over death, hell, and destruction, to triumph in Christ the Captain of salvation.

I observed at the conclusion (referring to my text which he wished me to speak from, Zech. iii. 2.) that when we considered what his life and conduct were before he was called by grace, what it was for twenty years in a profession of religion, and this his holy triumph in his end, we might, with the greatest propriety, say, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" And of this we sang after the sermon, from Mr. Hart's hymns, which he penned upon that portion of scripture.

Your respectful Friend and Servant in the Lord,

Jan. 12, 1835. WILLIAM ABBOT.

THE BODY SOWN AND THE BODY RAISED.

BY THE LATE W. GADSBY.

"It is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory."—1 COR. xv. 43.

THIS chapter clearly shows the resurrection of the dead, and arguments are brought forward to prove it which are of the greatest force. Paul brings forward the objections that an unbelieving mind would make against it; such, for instance, as, "How are the dead raised up? And with what body do they come?" His answer is, "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." All the ear is not sown, but merely a bare grain that dies, and then it is quickened, and brings forth fruit according to its nature. There are some who assert that in heaven the saints of God will differ from each other in glory as the stars; but there is no passage in scripture to prove such a statement. Our bodies are sown in corruption, they shall be raised in incorruption; and thus the body raised in incorruption will differ in glory from what it was when sown in corruption as the dimmest star differs from the brightest planet. God shall change it, and fashion it like unto his glorious body; the brightest minister will not shine one whit brighter than the humblest hearer. Hence we read, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars or ever and ever." Thus it does not appear that the ministers

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of the gospel, who have been the means of turning many to righteousness, will outshine those that be wise, or those whom they may have been the means, in the hand of God, of turning to righteousness; for these shall shine as the *brightness* of the firmament; not as the *dark* firmament, which needs the stars to light it; but as when the sun is up in his meridian splendour, emitting its beams of light on the firmament, and causing it to shine with a glorious brightness.

Again. "It does not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." And if all who die in Christ, all who are raised in incorruption, raised to glory, will be like Christ, there can be no difference; for Christ hath not many likenesses. Some people say there are large souls and small souls. Now just notice a babe; it grows and gradually increases in knowledge. Its intellectual faculties become enlarged; but its soul is no greater; otherwise when it gets old it droops with the body, and becomes as the soul of a little child once more. I believe that the soul of every child which dies in its infancy will shine as bright and be as great as that of Paul or any of the apostles; and I believe also that William Gadsby, vile and base as he is, will shine as bright as Paul too.

All men are in nature, of nature, and by nature corrupt. "Their throat is an open sepulchre." Now, a sepulchre is a place in which to deposit the dead, and is generally filled with a stench, proceeding from the corrupt bodies; and when it is opened it emits that horrid stench. So are we all by nature. O, what wickedness proceeds from our bodies! Our tongues,—what evil have they spoken! Our eyes,—what lustful, proud, and sinful acts have they committed! Let the glass tell what they have done! Our hands,—how have they been laid on that which is unholy, unclean! Our feet,—how have they run in the way of evil! And after all, our bodies must moulder away in the earth, be food for worms, and become a stench, a nuisance to the living.

But now let us look at the new man, which is Christ in us, and at the old man, which is sin in us. Both live in us. There is a difference between you living in sin, and sin living in you. Sin lives in a child of God, and plagues and harasses him continually; but he does not live in it. He hates it and abhors it. This body, which is by nature corrupt, is actually the seat of all the inventions of Satan. And O how many there are who spend their whole time in washing, dressing, and adorning it. They little think that at one time it will be raised, not in glory, but to their shame and confusion. The wrath of God shall come upon them, if grace prevent not, and they shall burn with unquenchable fire.

Again. "It is sown in dishonour." Our bodies are sown in sin. They are vile and polluted; but if changed by the regenerating grace of God, through Christ Jesus, we shall be raised in glory. And that glory who can describe?

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PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

My dear Friend,—I had thought to have been able to drop you a line last week, but could not possibly find time; and perhaps even now I may not be able to write anything which may be to your advantage.

I often think of you, and, at times, am enabled to remember you at the throne, knowing that you are prevented from meeting with the children of God for a season to worship him; but the mercy is, the Lord is everywhere present, a very present help also in time of trouble. I make no doubt but God's servant David greatly felt the miss of the worship of the Lord at his temple, when driven about by Saul; but the Lord was with David wheresoever he went. How wonderfully does he express his desire for the worship of the Lord in these words, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." And again, he seems to envy even the swallow and the sparrow, because they found a resting-place in the altar of the Lord. But how much better to have a desire thus for the worship and presence of the Lord (although prevented) than to have plenty of opportunity and no desire, no relish for the things of God. I believe you have reason to bless the Lord that this is not your case. How highly are the Lord's people favoured that at any time, by night or by day, they may pour out their hearts before the Lord, and he, like a tender parent, is ready to help, relieve, succour, defend, or give fresh strength and courage.

What have we not to be thankful for! The least hope is a mercy; anything short of the bottomless pit is more than we deserve; but when the Lord so far exceeds all our expectations as not only to give a hope, but, at times, a little comfortable assurance that we shall be with him for ever, how the heart then rejoices in the contemplation, as the poet sings:

"When I can read my title clear," &c.

But I almost anticipate your answer: "I wish I could read my title clear, and have the above assurance." The Lord says he will fulfil the desire of them that fear him, that he will hear their cry, and will save them. And again: "It has not entered the heart of man to conceive what he hath prepared for them that seek him, for them that wait for him, and them that love him;" for the substance of this precious promise is made to each character. I believe that here you may read your own case, as one that seeks him, and that continually; also as one that waits for a further manifestation of his mercy, and one that can say, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." If this be your case, it must be

"Well with thee while time endure,
And well when call'd to die."

The Lord bless you and keep you, and lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you peace.

Yours in Christian Love,

South Street, Lewes, Jan. 31, 1851. JOHN VINALL.

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CRUEL JEALOUSY.

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave."—Song viii. 6.

LORD, a question oft I find
Harassing my anxious mind:
"Can it, Jesus, can it be,
That thou lovest one like me?

"Well I know a chosen race
Shall be gladden'd by thy grace;
Well I know that love divine
On thy heritage shall shine.

"Passing fallen angels by,
Ruin'd man could fix thine eye;
Laying hold of Abraham's seed,
Love to man could make thee bleed.

"But my heart finds questionings here,
Wanting proofs more bright and clear;
Wast thou number'd, Lord, with me
When made sin on Calvary?

"Can so vile a wretch be found
With thee in life's bundle bound?
Wast thou one in death with me?
Am I one in life with thee?

"Sense of folly, baseness, sin,
Causes doubts to work within;
Oft I fear there cannot be
Grace like this bestow'd on me.

"'Tis thy special glorious love
Cruel jealous fears will move;
Thoughts of love so sweet, so great,
Killing questionings create.

"Shine, then, Lord, and shine again;
Let the sense of love remain
On my heart by night and day
Chasing doubts and fears away.

"This sweet remedy I find
Can the best compose my mind;
This in spite of guilt and sin
Gives assured peace within.

"This, when doubts of love divine
Would o'erwhelm this heart of mine,
Shall self-evidencing prove,—
I am loved with special love."

MINIMUS.

THE Christian is indeed a mystery, for he feels himself to be vile, yet he is living to God's glory.—*G. Drake.*

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AGAIN I SAY UNTO YOU, WATCH.

My very dear Friend and beloved Sister in the Faith and Hope of the Gospel of Christ,—The contents of your very acceptable epistle rejoiced my heart, containing, as it did, such evident proof of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the Lord toward you in the path of tribulation. It is in vain to look for the milk and honey of the word, unless our cup has in it some bitters. The consolations by Christ are to abound where afflictions have abounded: Those who mourn are to be comforted, and upon those who sit in darkness the light is to shine. Sorrow or "heaviness in the heart maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad." "How sweet," says one of old, "are thy words unto my taste; yea, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." And again: "A word spoken in season is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." And says our dear Lord by the prophet Isaiah: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." And does not our dear Shepherd declare that his sheep hear and know his voice, and that they follow him, and that he gives them eternal life, and that they shall never perish? O my dear friend, how can we sufficiently estimate the favour of life, eternal life; a salvation from eternal death and misery, and an entrance into an eternal state of increasing, but never-ceasing bliss and blessedness? What a vain thing is this world! How unsatisfactory and fleeting are all things here below! Our choicest earthly comforts, as one says, come from the Lord, and go at his command. May we have that wisdom and grace bestowed upon us that shall enable us to make Christ our all in all.

It is because the creature in one way and another gets such hold of our hearts that when it pleases our wise God and Father to send a worm to eat up our gourd, we are so much grieved and troubled. Nor do we know how deep a place a creature has in our hearts until we are apprehensive of its being taken away. Nevertheless, we have a God full of compassion, who knoweth our frame and remembereth we are dust; and says that, "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." While we are in this house of our pilgrimage, every day will bring to light more of our sinfulness, weakness, and helplessness. Once I did hope things would get better; but I cannot say so now, believing and feeling that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing, and expecting to prove that that which is born of the flesh is flesh; so that a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit. By this painful, though needful and profitable lesson are we brought to renounce self in all its shapes and forms, knowing that the carnal mind is enmity toward God, and is not of itself subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. It is, my dear sister, a great favour to be led into some understanding of that scripture: "What shall we see in the Shulamite? As it were the company of two armies," explained by the apostle in his

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epistle to the Galatians as "the flesh lusting" (or fighting) "against the Spirit" (or new nature), "and the Spirit against the flesh;" and he adds, "These are contrary the one to the other, so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Nor have we any scriptural ground to expect in this life a long cessation from a conflict, seeing that it is by this means the work of God is carried on, as says Hezekiah: "O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." Alas! There are in our day multitudes of professors of Christianity,—yes, and not only free-willers, but advocates of free grace,—who are evidently at ease in Zion, sunk down into a worldly spirit, and resting their hope for eternity upon a dead assurance, built upon the mere letter of truth. We may see them, it is true, at a place of worship on a Lord's day; but where are they in their spirit and conversation in the world? Many of them giving, by their base conduct, opportunity to the enemies of the gospel to blaspheme.

O may the Lord grant us a tender conscience. May that which is a fountain of life be in us, and springing up, that we may thereby be preserved from falling into the snares of death, of which there are so many. It matters but little what a man professes unless he practises the same. I know, too, that however circumspect a believer is enabled to walk before men, he will always have enough sin and guilt to cover him with shame before God. Hence his plea, his only plea, is the righteousness and the blood of the great High Priest. In him and in his work alone all his hope centres, and he can, at times, say:

> "Other refuge have I none;
> Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
> Leave, ah! Leave me not alone;
> Still support and comfort me."

The signs of the times are very portentous. The shadows of the evening are coming fast on. The sun is going down, and, as a consequence, the prince of darkness is busily engaged in spreading error and heresy abroad. The man of sin is making his last effort for dominion; and how far he may be permitted to go is not for me to say; but that a term of distress and trouble is in reserve for the true church, before his final overthrow, I think is certain. Nor need this belief beget in those that fear God and keep his commandments any terror or unnecessary alarm. The enemy is a chained enemy, and cannot move one inch forward against the cause of God and truth but as it pleases the great Shepherd of the sheep to suffer him. Nor would the Lord allow him to have power at all, were it not ultimately for his own glory and the good of his church. How manifest has this been in the past history of the church. See how that servant of the devil, Pharaoh, king of Egypt, endeavoured by murder to stop the increase of the nation; and when God frustrated his purpose in this, he afterwards afflicted them with cruel bondage, laying such burdens upon them as made them sigh and groan unto the Lord; so that the Lord said, "I have seen, I have seen the

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affliction of my people that are in Egypt, and have heard their groanings, and am come down to deliver them." And you know how the Lord accomplished this, by delivering his people and destroying their enemies. So in a similar manner shall Antichrist be destroyed. "Whom," says the apostle, "the Lord shall destroy by the breath of his mouth" (his word), "and by the brightness of his coming"—not, as some affirm, coming to reign personally upon earth, but coming in the power of the Spirit in the word of the gospel. "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God, to the pulling down of strongholds, casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

We are doubtless in the midst or even near the end of what are termed the last days, when perilous times are to come, when men are giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy. "And of your own selves," it is said, "shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. But watch thou in all things."

May it please the great Head of the church to grant unto his few faithful servants and people a prayerful, watchful spirit. When the anxious and curious disciples wished to know what should be the sign of his coming and of the end of the world, he did not satisfy them, but bade watch and pray alway, that they might be accounted worthy to escape all those things that are coming upon the earth, and to stand before the Son of man. It is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." May this be our happy privilege:

> "They that in the Lord confide,
> And shelter in his wounded side,
> Shall see the danger overpast,
> Stand every storm, and live at last."

But I must come to a close. I did not, when I began to write, anticipate entering as I have done into the state of Zion.

I was very glad to learn that your dear little boy was better, and that there is a prospect of a complete restoration. Should it please the Lord to lengthen his days, may he grant him grace that he spend them to his glory. No doubt you know what it is to cry to God on behalf of your beloved offspring. Go on, dear friend; you are at full liberty to do this, in submission to the Lord's will. I never did like that Antinomian spirit manifested by some professors towards those who are theirs by nature's ties. I have often said, they know or feel very little of salvation themselves.

Through mercy my own health of body is tolerably good. Also I am glad to say the Lord has been pleased to restore Mrs. Knill to her usual measure of that invaluable blessing. We do not value common mercies until we are deprived of them. How every useful lesson must be learnt by experience, and that, too, an

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experience attended with much suffering; such is the obstinacy and ignorance of our state naturally.

And now may the dear Lord enable you to trust in him at all times, and to pour out before him all your troubles, and bless you with answers of peace. This is the desire of

Yours very sincerely,

Oakham, Dec. 10, 1866. ROBERT KNILL.

MUTUAL SUFFERING AND REJOICING.

"Whether one member suffers, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it."—1 COR. XII. 26.

THE following letters, or rather extracts from letters, refer primarily to an individual case; but we are persuaded that by many of our readers, especially those who, in the dispensations of the Lord in his providence, have had to endure bereavements, they will be read with interest and profit. We would gladly have given extracts from more letters, equally good; but our printer warned us; and we fear we have, as it is, taken up too much space.

"My dear Friend,—How true it is 'that man is born to trouble,' and that 'few and evil are our days.' How the good Lord has cut away the strings that were likely to hold you here, and speaks to you by them. 'Behold, I come quickly,' that your heart may respond in the sweet feeling, 'Come, Lord Jesus! For what wait I for? Truly my hope is even in thee.'

"As to your dear wife, it were almost cruel to wish to keep her here in such continual pain and sickness. O the blessed change, to be swallowed up in life and love! O! The child of God has got the best of it; and now she reaps a harvest of joy, and of the blessedness of it there will be no end. You may mourn, but she rejoices. I trust you may see and feel a Father's hand in it; and this will enable you to say, 'Not my will, but thine be done!' O what a mercy it is when our will is swallowed up in his! How true we find it, that every good gift is from above! We can see what is right and good; but we cannot reach it. All our strength is in him; and the Lord is pleased to make us know it. May he be pleased to help you at this time, that you may feel the Lord is good and a stronghold in the day of trouble, and have another token for good that the Lord loves and cares for you; for sometimes it is by terrible things in righteousness he answers us; and so we prove that all things, dark as well as light, work together for good.

"Accept of my best wishes and sympathy in this trial, and may you have to say, 'I was brought low; but the Lord helped me.'

"Yours truly,

"Croydon, Dec. 27, 1871." "F. COVELL.

"My dear Friend,—In a short space of time a beloved and only daughter and a most affectionate and beloved wife have been taken from you. This is trial upon trial, and that the most severe of all domestic afflictions. I do sympathize with you in your present distress. You are not long out of my thoughts. I have felt in your case what it was to weep with them that weep, and to mourn with them that mourn. My soul has had many cries on your behalf. O that the dear Lord would condescend to hear them! He it is that can give comfort in the deepest distress, from him flow rivers of divine pleasure that fill heaven with joy; and when these living waters run into a renewed heart exercised with many cutting afflictions, it lifts up the soul above them all, takes it out of self, and conforms the mind unto the will of God. This was David's consolation: 'Although my house be not so with God, yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure; for this is all my salvation and all my desire.' He viewed this world an empty bubble, as indeed it is. Everything in it is changeable and changing, so that there is nothing sure in it; at any moment we may have the dearest comfort taken from us. Your loss, I have no doubt, is the gain of your dear ones; so you cannot sorrow as for them that have no hope. What a mercy your dear

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wife, who was for many years the subject of great affliction, indeed scarcely ever free from pain, is now in that place where the weary are for ever at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling. She is bathing her weary soul in seas of heavenly rest. The Lord grant and indulge you with sweet communion with him. This will reconcile the mind to all things.

"In trials, if left to ourselves and carnal reason, we are ready to think God deals hardly with us; and almost every trial comes at the wrong time and in the wrong way. None come right. Any other would have been preferable to the one in which we are. I have sometimes thought that if the Lord had put the subject of my trials to me, and asked me of what nature they should be, I should have been, like David, in a great strait, not knowing what to choose, but to fall into his hands, for he is ever merciful.

"You will have the prayers of many of the Lord's people, who, I am persuaded, feel deeply for you, and 'the effectual constant prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' The Lord strengthen you and support you by laying underneath the everlasting arms, and succouring your soul in the midst of your adversity.

"This is the prayer of your affectionate Friend, "J. WARBURTON.

"Southill, Jan. 1, 1872."

"My dear Friend,—I do indeed sympathize with you and dear Mrs. Gadsby in this sad bereavement. It came upon me quite unexpectedly, as I had no idea danger was apprehended; at any rate, that there was imminent danger. What a mercy for you both to remember that this is no mark against you as children of God; for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Doubtless this will be a solemn reflecting time to your souls, and probably a busy accusing time with Satan. He has, too, always some matter to work upon; for what poor creatures we are at our best, and in our best things. Moreover, he can and will make black white if permitted; but then truth and falsehood do not alter. God's eternal truth remains the same; and though we poor creatures may so sadly fail even when attempting to defend it, yet God knows our hearts, and accepts our desires to maintain his glory as in Jesus. I write this because Satan may say, and many, perhaps, will be inclined to say it likewise, 'O, this is a judgment!' But we must say, 'To the law and to the testimony.' "G. HAZLERIGG.

"Leicester, Dec. 15, 1871."

"I cannot help writing a few lines of sympathy, though hardly knowing how to attempt to offer consolation in your trouble. This is a severe stroke —the loss of a daughter and a wife, both so dear, in so short a space of time. But then there are really sweet consolations mingling in with these afflictive dispensations; to have a good hope that both are gone to an eternal rest. This is, indeed, a blessing. Your dear wife's end, too, after all her troubles and all her fears, was so sweet you could hardly have expected so much to fall from her lips. What a blessed expression: 'Glorious brightness!' Then what a change, from such an afflicted body to such a bright inheritance. Besides, who can tell what pain and agony of body, or what prostration of the mental powers, your dear wife's departure has saved her from? Well, her end was peace, and those left behind will soon have to follow. This world is a sinful and therefore a dying world. Happy those who are brought to see its vanity, and seek a rest in Christ, and to whom there remaineth a rest above, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled in God and Christ for ever.

"As to your dear wife, her gentleness, tenderness, kindness, were most winning. No one who knew her could help esteeming and loving her. I particularly remember one visit I paid her a few years ago when very ill. We had some real spiritual conversation together; and ended by a little near access to the throne of grace in prayer, and I left with the persuasion that your dear wife, though timid and doubting, had the root of the matter in her, and would come forth to the light. "Yours in deep Sympathy,

"Dec. 26, 1871." "G. HAZLERIGG.

"My dear afflicted Friend,—Earnestly is my poor heart led out to God in supplication for you in this crushing affliction. I doubt not the dear Lord

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is supporting, and will support, you through the great and sore trial. 'The Lord is a sure hiding-place in every storm, and a covert from the tempest,'

"'When tempests blow and billows rise.'

The Lord 'hath his way in the whirlwind.' May he more than make up your heavy loss by the precious manifestations of himself to you under the mighty operation of the blessed Spirit, leading you safely through all the dark and gloomy dispensation, giving you sweet submission to his blessed will. Very deeply do we feel for you, and send our united condolence and sympathy, and beg of the Lord for you those spiritual consolations he has promised to his afflicted children, turning the shadow of death into the morning of life and peace. Verily it shall be well with you in the issue, although very painful in the present.

"Yours, dear afflicted Friend, with sincere Christian Sympathy,

"Lutterworth, Jan. 1, 1872." ——— "R. De Fraine.

"My dear Friend,—I deeply feel for you in your affliction and great loss, and would, if I could, write you a most kind, sympathizing, effectual letter, to comfort you in your distress; but take a few words from me as expressing much; that is, my heart feeling more than my words express. The Lord bless you, and give you the grace, strength, and wisdom you need to enable you to do as James hath it: 'My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience,' &c. You will never in this life be able to forget the trials which attended you at the ending of the year 1871. I felt the more for you on account of your loss of wife and daughter taking place at such a time, when, by exposing error and pleading for truth, you were so exposed to the hard thoughts and words of some, weak in judgment, and who possess so small a measure of grace that they call almost all heavy visible trials which come on some brethren judgments from God for their sin, and look at their own little trials with so much self-pity as if they had thought that themselves had no sin. It is a mercy for those who know and mark themselves well enough as to confess to God that they call for his corrections daily, being daily faulty, if not in word or deed, yet in heart sinning often every day; and although sometimes their affliction may be called scourging, yet are they by the Holy Spirit enabled to read lines of unchangeable love therein. Such have learned to distinguish between 'judgments prepared for scorners and stripes for the back of fools' (Prov. xix. 29), and the wisdom of God directing all his people's sorrows, afflictions, and bereavements in love to their souls, and for his glory and their good. Saith the scriptures: 'And ye have forgotten' (or 'Have ye forgotten?') 'the exhortation which speaketh unto you as unto children, My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him.' And so on.

"May God give more grace both to you and me to bear up under our heavy trials with Christian-like behaviour. "Yours sincerely,

"Cornelius Cowley.

"32, Southampton Street, Pentonville Road, N., Jan. 2, 1872."

"My dear Friend,—I was sorry to hear of your sudden and weighty bereavement. It is an extraordinary trial, and requires no ordinary strength to bear up under it. The death of a beloved daughter and of a dear wife occurring so soon after each other has a loud and solemn voice in it. Two such heavy blows are enough to make your poor heart stoop. I remember speaking of the best things to your late dear partner after the morning service at Gower Street. There was a humble tone in her spirit, showing freedom from presumption. We talked about 'worm Jacob!' The worm, feeling such fear I believe she possessed. Being of a meek and quiet spirit, she was not so forward as some in speaking of the things of God. From what you know of her bodily sufferings, you could hardly desire the Lord to protract her life below. He doeth all things well.

"Praying the ever-blessed Comforter to pour into your bleeding heart the oil and wine of his grace and love, so that you may say, 'Thy will be done,'

"I remain, my dear Friend, yours sympathizingly,

"Tetbury, Dec. 30, 1871." "F. Farvis.

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"My dear Friend,—I have just heard from a friend that you have lost by death your only daughter. Alas! Alas! How uncertain are all our earthly comforts and precarious all our earthly relations! 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Sure I am the Lord loved Moses and Aaron; yet he would not suffer them to go into the land of Palestine. He loved Job, and yet took every atom of property from him, and slew every son and daughter he had, and left his friends to judge him a hypocrite and his wife to tempt him to curse God and commit suicide. The grief of the patriarch at his beloved and beautiful Rachel being taken from him in the flower of her age, and the wondrous providence that sent Joseph down to Egypt, and forced Benjamin from him also, were great trials; but who will say these were judgments? They were sent in love, and 'we know,' says the apostle, 'that all things work together for good to them that love God, and are the called according to his purpose.'

"I once saw her at Mr. K.'s, at Liverpool, and she seemed to be a very amiable young lady. No doubt it will be a painful bereavement to her young husband; still, my dear friend, had she died upon the gallows or in a convict settlement, or in a prison, or in a lunatic asylum, or in a worse place, or in a fanatical delusion, what an addition of the burden and pain would it have been to your wounded heart! Yet any of these states might have been hers for any power you had to order it otherwise!

"One foe may rob us of our property; death may rob us of our dear wives, children, husbands, ministers, and friends; men may vilify us and rob us of our good name, impugn our motives, and angrily and unjustly insult us; but none can take away our 'covenant God in Christ Jesus.' 'This God' (who can bless in every condition, prostrate every foe, bridle every devil, sustain in every conflict, and fill us unutterably full of praise and glory) 'is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.' The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and the comfort of the Holy Ghost, be with you. "Yours in unaffected Sympathy, "THE COLLIER.

"13, Lofthouse Terrace, Carlton Street, Dec. 18, 1871."

"My dear Friend,—I do not know how to give expression to the sympathy that is felt by myself and brethren at Zoar for you in the multiplied sorrows that you are called to bear. We are sure your grief is very great. Nature mourns over the loss of those so dear, so near allied; and the redeemed spirit mourns over sin that brought death and sorrow into the world.

"'Half from your side,—the dearest half, is torn;
The rest lies bleeding, and only lives to mourn.'

May the Lord help you to mourn under these bereaving dispensations of his hand, with submission to his holy will, and pour into your soul, by his grace and Spirit, the consoling streams of the tender sympathy and love of the Man who has had the most extensive acquaintance with grief and sorrow that earth or heaven ever witnessed,—who is God over all, blessed for evermore, whose pity is joined with power. You well know the letter of all the consolation and truth that the dearest friends on earth can write or speak; but now you deeply need grace and power divine to be 'reconciled to God,' while it is being verified in your experience, Isa. xlii. 16: 'I will lead them in paths that they have not known.'

"How striking and consoling, dear afflicted friend, if truth is the contrast that exists between every human tie and connexion and those which bind the soul to God and his redeemed church. Earthly ties must all be broken, but the bond that unites us to the great Jehovah as his children, and the partakers of his life and grace in the Person of his dear equal Son, can never be broken by death, or any outward circumstance.

"On behalf of my brethren, accept of our sincere but very feeble testimony of our sympathy and union toward you, as the dear friend of the truths we love and uphold at Zoar; may they be your support and comfort when called to die. "I am, dear afflicted Friend, yours affectionately in the Lord,

"29, Commercial Street, London, Dec. 30, 1871." "D. P. GLADWIN.

"My dear Friend,— * * * I trust it is the eternal gain of the dear departed ones. I felt a drawing to your beloved wife in the few words she

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spoke to me at the opening of the A. P. F. Asylum at Hornsey Rise. May the God of Jacob afford you the consolation you may stand in need of, and give you feelingly to say with Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I have remembered you before the Lord both publicly and privately, and trust this dispensation will work for your soul's good, and ultimately be found amongst the 'all things!' The Lord doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve his children for nought; but he has an end to answer, although his way may be in the sea, and his paths in the mighty waters.

"My dear wife unites with me in Christian love and sympathy, trusting you find underneath the everlasting arms.

"Yours to serve in the Gospel of Peace,

"42, Holford Square, Dec. 30, 1871." "E. VINALL.

"My dear Sir,—I did not know, when I wrote, that you had suffered from such a loss, and will, no doubt, for a time continue to suffer. However, I know the Lord can, and I hope he will, make all grace to abound towards you. He it is alone who can support and comfort under such a bereavement, and ultimately heal the wound his own hand hath inflicted! I know, if he gives you to realize two things, namely, an unctuous sense of your interest in the covenant love of the Holy Trinity, and a sweet, heart-realized persuasion that, in all your afflictions he is afflicted, and if the Angel of his presence visits you, then how blessedly will you join with the man whose patience is recorded in the book of God: 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' O how sweet indeed, when the Holy Ghost enables a poor bruised reed to feel 'tis the hand of a loving God, Father, Redeemer, and All in All, that has mingled the cup he has now put into your hand. Drink it, my dear friend; the Lord the Spirit help you to do so, and O may you be enabled to realize that

"'The bitter is sweet, the medicine is food;'

and, though the wine is red, that there are no dregs in the cup! The Lord give thee much access to a throne of grace, and enable thee to lie as clay in the hand of the potter, and when he hath tried thee sufficiently by this (now apparent) frowning providence, may you become more fitted 'to strengthen the hands which hang down, and to confirm the feeble knees,' instrumentally. Saith the apostle, 'We comfort you with the same comfort we are comforted of God.' May you also prove that you are encouraged from the reflection that many are bearing you on their minds at a throne of grace, and are unitedly entreating the great Head of the church to sanctify this event to your present and eternal welfare, and that it may result in the profiting of the flock of slaughter. What a vain perishing world it is, and how evidently is the dear Shepherd gathering his sheep from the fold on earth to that fold near which no wolf can ever approach again. You have remembered the Lord's poor, by giving them to share in your bounty and liberality, and I hope you will receive the blessing of such; and that their prayers may ascend on your behalf. So prays yours sympathetically,

"Downham, Ely, Cambridgeshire, Dec. 24, 1871." "D. PEGG.

"My dear Brother,—Sorrow upon sorrow! The Lord sustain you! One said, 'Himself hath done it. I will go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.' He also concluded that God was about to make an end of him; but he found that in God's dealings with him the life of his spirit was exercised. May the dear Lord recover your strength of spirit, and make you to live before him. But words will do you no good at present; for your *speeches* and *feelings* also may be just now as one that is desperate. (Job vi. 26.) May God, even our Jesus, calm your spirit, and enable you to lie in his hands. You know he is the Potter and we are the clay, and you admit he cannot do wrong. This is a day of adversity to you. May you not faint. Others have had *blows* from the Almighty as you have. God removed from Ezekiel the desire of his eyes as suddenly as he did yours. My dear daughter and wife were both taken from me in a month's time, though in different years. He brought you and me and ours into being when he pleased, and he

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will remove us and ours in his own time. May the affliction lead you to prove more than ever that your conversation is in heaven, that you are looking for the Saviour. Do not think you are going to die. The Lord has work for you to do yet. Remember, you are not your own. Peace from our God to you.

"Yours most truly,
"A. B. TAYLOR.

"Moss Cottage, Alkrington, Middleton, Manchester."

"My dear Mr. Gadsby,—I have thought you would, in this your season of deep sorrow, get such a flood of letters as would lay upon your already loaded shoulders only a heavier burden. This has kept me from writing; but I feel I must at length say one word of sympathy to you and poor dear Mrs. Gadsby at this time of sore trial. I hope your health is not suffering, and that you are enabled to submit to the Lord's will.

"'He cannot do but what is right,
And must be righteous still.'

"When you told me that poor Mrs. Gee and her children were staying with you, I imagined what a pleasant meeting it would be at Christmas when the husband met his whole family again. It never entered my mind that such a different meeting was in reserve.

"How uncertain is life! How soon our time will come! O may we be of those who die well and live evermore. May this prove to be a sanctified trial to all the bereaved ones. Yours has been made 'the house of mourning.' May it prove that God has made it better than the house of feasting.

"Yours sincerely,
"Clifton, Shefford, Beds, Dec. 27, 1871." "S. SEARS.

My dear Friend,— * * * It has been the means of bringing a blessing to my soul. I was thinking of sending you a few lines by way of condolence in your sad bereavement, when these words came to my mind:

"'The fictious power of chance
And fortune I defy;
My life's minutest circumstance
Is subject to his eye!'

"And then I had such a view, how that God, in his Trinity of Persons, had so settled the affairs of his church in Christ that nothing should ever disturb or disinherit her of the blessings of salvation; for he has confirmed by an oath and sealed it with the blood of Immanuel. I got my hymn book and read the hymn; and when I came to the last verse, which reads:

"'Whose wisdom, love, and truth, and power
Engage to make me blest,'

I felt such a melting sensation, my eyes overflowed with tears and my heart filled with gratitude and thankfulness, and as soon as I could speak I said, 'What, Lord! Thy wisdom, love, truth, and power engaged to make *me* blest?' Then I am blest indeed! What a choice drop of honey from the Rock Christ! My faith immediately centred in Christ, and I began to say, 'His mouth is most sweet; he is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O ye daughters of Jerusalem.' Some would call this enthusiasm or fanaticism; but, if it is, let me be an enthusiast as long as I live and to all eternity.

"Yours truly,
"Dunham, Dec. 26, 1871." "GEO. MORTON.

"My dear Friend,—I am truly sorry to hear of the death of your dear wife. I am sure the stroke is another severe one, which you must feel weighty upon your poor mind, and very trying to a poor weak tabernacle. I do pray for you, as well as I can, for the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to be with you, and give you supporting grace, and enable you to kiss the rod and him that appointed it; for our God, who is the same now as with our forefathers, cannot do wrong; yet the heart feels; and the eyes flowing with tears is not forbidden by our Lord. No. Jesus wept on the death of Lazarus. But there is joy mingled with sorrow; joy because the Lord had need of the precious

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soul to leave a weak tabernacle to be with him at home in the land of peace and eternal rest; so there is not sorrowing like those who have no hope. No, no. She was a seeking, looking, longing, praying soul for years. Though trembling and fearing she had no right to hope in the Lord, yet she could not help hoping in him sometimes. Now she had a little joy and peace, and then much sorrow and sinking; but all her prayers for so many years are answered in the sweet enjoyment of her Lord's presence, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. The Lord give you a sweet foretaste of it while looking over the cold tabernacle and at the grave in the committing of it to the house appointed for all living. 'Dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.' You and myself must soon follow. I much feel this mud-wall cottage shake, but cannot always say, 'I long to see it fall.'

"Yours in truth,

"Cheltenham, Dec. 27, 1871." "G. GORTON.

"My dear Friend,—I truly and deeply sympathize with you in your deep and heavy affliction and bereavement, and feel I can experimentally enter into your deep and cutting grief. I have had three losses by death as sudden as yours, and three taken out of time into eternity in my family without a moment's warning; so that I feel I can deeply sympathize with you. One was an only brother, 37 years of age, without any change of heart. O the scenes of suffering I passed through in my mind from the carnal working of my heart; none but the Lord and myself know. It was in this heavy trial that that hymn (621) of your dear father's was so blessed to my soul; for I felt he had been there before me; especially verses 5, 6, 7. Also 682, the whole of it. O what love I felt to that dear man I had never seen, and who was then in glory.

"I do try to beg the dear Lord may support you. None else can; and that he may grant you *bowing* grace, and bow down his ear to your prayer. O that you may prove him a present help in time of need, and that as thy day so thy strength may be.

"I remain, dear Friend, yours sincerely,

"Magham Down, Hailsham, Dec. 19, 1871." "WILLIAM VINE.

"Dear and esteemed Friend,—This day I have heard of the death of your beloved partner in life, and of a daughter; and in sending these few lines it is to express my sorrow on that account, and my deep sympathy with you in this heavy trial; for heavy it must be. You have need of great support, and that the Lord will undoubtedly grant according to his own promise in Deut. xxxiii. 25.

"'The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'

"You will, with the Lord's blessing, find this bereavement very beneficial to your soul; and I believe that you will find your greatest favours follow your greatest trials. The Lord's people, as you know, have ever been a poor, tried, tempted, afflicted, people, and the greater the grace and faith, the greater the trials. The Lord himself speaks well of his servant Job, that he was a perfect man and upright, and that he feared God and eschewed evil; and yet he was pleased to permit the enemy to try him in such a way as to cause even his friends to think he could not be the Lord's. But they had never been so afflicted; and hence poor Job says, 'If your soul were in my soul's stead, I could heap up words against you;' but, however, his deep afflictions were sanctified. He was enabled to trust in the Lord, though the Lord seemed to be slaying him entirely; and out he comes at last from the fiery trial like gold from the flame, with a humble acknowledgment of his vileness and of God's greatness; and the Lord made Job's friends, who had been riding over his head, to come as it were and worship before Job's feet, and to know that God loved him. Thus the end of a thing is better than the beginning. May much more good come out of this heavy loss than what you can venture to expect. It was a feeling of regard for you that prompted me to write

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these few hasty lines. I wish you much, very much, of the Lord's presence, which will sweeten these bitter waters.

"I remain, yours in sincerity and truth,

"Eastbourne, Dec. 27, 1871." "H. BRADFORD.

"My dear esteemed Friend,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with your soul, to comfort your sorrowful heart under your present bereavement! Your kind letter came to hand. We had talked much about you, and wondered whether you were at home or not. I feel deeply for you. A few years ago the Lord took away my first wife and my only son, 32 years of age, and he left three children. It was a heavy blow for me; but I have lived long enough to thank the dear Lord for taking them both to himself; for the poor mother had been afflicted up and down for about 30 years. And, dear friend, you may live to see the day when your soul may be able to thank the Lord for taking your wife and daughter out of this world of suffering, although it is a great loss to you. Well might you say in yours to me, 'What a mercy it is to have such a blessed Refuge!' What a comfort it is to your soul to have that beautiful psalm working in your heart: 'God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble.' Over 20 years ago the Lord made that psalm most precious to my soul, in a time of great need; and the sweet contents of it often spring up within my heart now; and my soul is led back to the time when these words came with such power, when both body and soul were in the furnace: 'Be still, and know that I am God!' None but those who have had an application of the word and promise can enter into the sweetness, savour, and power of the truth of God. And what a support there is in it when the soul by faith can suck the sweetness out of it. We then can join David and say that it is 'sweeter than honey or the honeycomb.' How every verse in that forty-sixth psalm tells! And what a weight there is in it all! Notwithstanding all the storms and swelling tides that we meet with in the way, 'There is a river, the streams whereof make our souls glad, so that we can glory in tribulation.' Our united love to you. "Yours affectionately,

"Godmanchester." "T. GODWIN.

Dear Friend,—Not till I got to Gower St. Chapel this morning was I at all aware of your great loss. I am, indeed, grieved for you, and can from my heart sympathize with you in this cutting trial. How keen must be the stroke! The Lord alone can sustain you and give you resignation to his sovereign will in this deep affliction. The Lord does nothing wrong; but how distressing to our flesh are some of his doings. How hard it is to submit to those crosses, those painful things we have to pass through. But the Lord can work submission in our hearts, and give us to see and feel, yea, and acknowledge too, that all these trying things are working together for our good and his glory. My kindest sympathy and love for poor Mrs. Gadsby. May the Lord be better to her than ten daughters. A mother's love is strong, but the love of Jesus is stronger still. May she sweetly feel the power of a Saviour's love shed abroad in her heart by the power of the Holy Ghost. This would make all things well. From the child on which he has placed his fond affections he never for a moment withdraws, neither in time nor in eternity. O the tender yearnings, the pitiful yearning of loving parents in times of pain and affliction of their beloved offspring! But may we not learn a lesson here? 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' How precious have those words been to me more than once. It has not been my lot to have a large family, but I have lost one out of two, and the second was brought just to the gates of the grave; but the Lord restored him; so that I have tasted those family trials, and the Lord has, I believe, sanctified them to my good. May the Lord give you both grace to be still, yea, to be patient in tribulation. That would be resembling the meek and lowly Jesus. What a becoming spirit for a Christian is the spirit of his Lord.

"It is not in nature to rejoice in such seasons. There is a time to weep, a time to be sorrowful, a time of trial; and the Lord has called you to this time of weeping, sorrow, and trial. But do not forget Jesus kindly weeps with his

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weeping ones. He accompanies his sorrowing members in every path of trial. He never leaves nor forsakes, however much his hand may *seem* to go out against them. May you find him near to support, to sustain, to comfort, and make up every loss. May you find his promise true: 'As thy day thy strength shall be.'

"That this and every other affliction you may be called to pass through may be sanctified to your present and future good, is the desire of your sympathizing friend, "J. GRAY.

"30, Alfred Place, Bedford Square. Dec. 17, 1871."

"My dear Friend,—I presume, according to Miss Kennett's note, that you are by this at Malvern. I felt glad that you had decided to leave home, as I quite think, apart from your health, which no doubt requires the change, it is very desirable that you should break away from persons, scenes, associations, and duties which just at the present would only tend to make your heavy affliction the more poignant. I sincerely trust the Lord will support you, and enable you by his inward voice to bow to his sovereign will. It is, indeed, a dying world, and it is only a little bit of time that we have allotted to us to live. We know this from the word of God, and yet when, according to that word, death comes and snatches from our embrace those we most tenderly love, we are ready to think our afflictions strange, and wonder why the Lord should deal so with us. How much has the painful dispensation of the Lord in his providence in your family led me to think of the uncertainty of everything in my own; and I can truly say I have much felt the need of grace to bring me to live more in the real spirit of that solemn scripture, 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31. When I think of the past year, and how often Mrs. Hemington and myself, in the course of it, have met and conversed with dear Mrs. Gadsby, it seems as though it *could not be* that such meetings can never be again in our mortal life; but so it is, and in a little time our relations and friends will have to say the same of us. Neither you nor I have strong bodies. So far from that, we hardly know a day, at least I do not, but pain and weakness remind us of our mortality.

"I have been most unwell since I left London; so much so as almost to be brought to the conclusion of abandoning the thought of really making London the place of my settlement. Through the goodness of God, I am a little better to-day, but far from feeling equal to my duties.

"May the Lord very sensibly support and comfort you in your afflictions. Mrs. Hemington unites with me in kind Christian regards and much felt sympathy. "Yours very sincerely,

"Devises." "C. HEMINGTON.

"My dear Friend,—You have had many trials and afflictions, and have been supported and delivered; but your accumulated trials are such as you never experienced before; and you can say even now, 'Hitherto the Lord hath helped me!' I feel for your poor mind and body. What heavenly support, wisdom, and grace you require to bear you up, or you must sink under your combined sorrows. How lonely you must feel, and you will feel this more keenly when you return home, to find no companion but servants, no one to speak to on going to bed, during the night, or in the morning, nor throughout the day; no one to give you a warm reception on arriving, or a loving 'God speed' on leaving. May you find your companion God; may his word be found meat unto you, and may you eat it, that it may be the joy and rejoicing of your heart. Your pathway has for some years been a painful one; may your last days be your best days, enjoying more fellowship with the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ. What a mercy to have a God to go to in trouble, and especially to prove him a *present help* in trouble. I have been enabled to bless God even for his afflictive dispensations. David blessed the Lord for his afflictions, saying, 'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.' We never hear him blessing God for being rich or noble. Paul gloried in his infirmities, that the power of God might rest upon him. Paul's temptations brought the Lord to his support, declaring, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' The Lord appear for you in the bush. You know Moses had to go

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to the back side of the desert to see that great sight. The bush was burning but was not destroyed. The Lord bless you. Amen.

"Yours affectionately, "JOHN FORSTER.

"5, Acacia Villas, Oakfield Road, West Croydon."

"My dear Friend,—It is truly an unspeakable mercy when, in the midst of painful and trying losses, whether of health, wealth, or near and dear friends, the sovereign, rich, and free grace of a covenant-making, covenant-keeping God maintains our faith and hope in himself, and thereby keeps us from an unbelieving, murmuring, and rebellious spirit.

"I sincerely hope, dear friend, you are privileged to realize and enjoy *that* mercy, and thereby constrained and enabled to say,

"*He never takes away my all;*
Himself he gives me still."

"You have, at least, cause for joy and gratitude in the sweet assurance that your loss is the eternal gain of your late dear wife and daughter; and that you have not, therefore, like many others, to mourn as those who have no hope.

"May the Lord still be with you, to supply your needs, direct your steps, and, through his sweet manifested presence and blessing, reconcile you to, and support you under, the double bereavement you have recently sustained.

"So prays, dear Friend, yours very sincerely in the Truth,

"A. SMITH."

"My dear Friend,—We were solemnly struck on reading the painful intelligence conveyed in your letter of this morning—Mrs. L. is in tears. We do sincerely sympathise with you in the sudden bereavement of your dear daughter, so unexpectedly taken from you. What a proof of the uncertainty of life. We may truly say, 'In the midst of life we are in death.' My heart's desire and prayer to God for you is that you may be enabled to say, in this your deep affliction, and with humble submission to the all-wise Disposer of all events, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' Her answer to the question must indeed be a consoling thought. Her last end 'peace.' O that this dispensation may speak to all of us, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' The Lord mercifully sanctify the bereavement to you all, and grant you the consolations of his Holy Spirit. How often do we say in speaking of the Lord's dealings,

"'He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind.'

O that we may not only say this, but feel it in our hearts. His judgments are unsearchable, his ways past finding out. All things work together for good to them that love God. My heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Gadsby and yourself. "F. LANGMAN.

"46, Chalk Farm Road, London, Dec. 15th, 1871."

"My dear Friend,—I called at your house on Saturday evening last, but found you were at Malvern. I was very sorry to hear from Miss Kennett that you were so poorly when you left. I do earnestly hope the Lord will bless the means used for your restoration, and that he will keep your mind stayed on him, and save you from despondency, helping you to say, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.' 'Therefore cast not away your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward.' I once had a sweet lift in affliction from these words: 'What son is he whom the father chasteneth not? For whom he loveth he chasteneth; and if ye be without chastisement, of which all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.' Thus we are not to despise the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when we are rebuked of him. May your God, who has blessed you in so many ways, now give you strength to endure his rod and see that it is in a Father's hand.

"The happy death of Mrs. Gadsby was a great comfort to me. I had long hoped that at eventide it would be light, and God's faithful promise thus clearly fulfilled is exceedingly strengthening to the faith and hope of

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those who remain. Cheer up, then, afflicted brother. In a little time we shall go to her, but she will not return to us. Our dear Lord has told us how strait and troublous is the path; but he has promised us strength equal to our day; and has, moreover, said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' I know it is his own Spirit's special work to apply his word with comfort to the heart. May he give it you in large measure, and bring you forth from the furnace purified and more fitted for the Master's use.

"34, Princess Terrace, Primrose Hill." "B. MOORE.

"My dear Bereaved, Tribulated, and Tried Friend,—The loss of your dear wife must have probed deeply into the wound you had so shortly before in the departure of the daughter of your bosom's affection. We deeply sympathize, and would condole with you in those heavy strokes thus dispensed by Him who doeth all his righteous pleasure, according to his own eternal will. May your soul, by the all-supporting power and grace, love and mercy, of the gracious Three-in-One Jehovah, bow submissively to his will, and be enabled to feel as clay in his dear hands. Flesh, doubtless, must and will feel it very cutting and distressing. Poor dear Jacob must have felt the loss of his dear Rachel while journeying homeward. But ah, dear man! She must be taken away from his bosom, though so beloved. And now he is gone, and ere long you and I shall be called away too. And to where? Well, at times, my feeble soul says,

"'"Twill not be long ere I shall see
The face of Him that died for me,
And rose to justify.'

And when thus favoured, I feel a longing that all the appointed surges and billows may soon pass over; and doubtless you have, at times, similar longings and desires. The Lord is determined his dear people shall not find a rest in this world. May your soul feel that 'underneath are the everlasting arms.' Then you can sing with dear Medley:

"'My Jesus hath done all things well.'

* * * You have not forgotten his good to you in the Wilderness of the Temptation, have you? I have not forgotten the blessed time I had in reading the visitation. O that you may feel dissolved in thinking over the sorrows of His holy soul, what he endured for such sinners as we are! And thus he suffered that he might be a sympathetic Brother, and know feelingly what his dear bride feels. O the mysteries of the love of Christ, in every way suited for sinners and to sinners! Wishing you all that grace and mercy you must need to succour both body and soul, flowing from Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, through the dear Jesus, "Yours sincerely, in Love,

"Sheerness, Jan. 2, 1872." "JOHN BENNETT.

"My dear Friend,—God has promised strength equal to the day, and he is as good as his word, which I trust you will prove. * * * May he who has taken your wife from you grant you his presence instead of hers, and exchange permanent love for love removed Then you will be richly compensated for the breach made upon you. I pray that he may do so, that you may be held up to contend for vital experimental religion as revealed and witnessed unto by a Triune God. "Yours in the Truth,

"Holmethorpe Villa, Red Hill, Surrey, Jan. 1, 1872." "J. HATTON.

"My dear Mr. Gadsby,—I feel quite unable to say anything to you that could either diminish your sorrow or add anything to what you already know or feel as to the divine will and wisdom in bringing over you these repeated strokes you have been lately called to bear. There is this, however, relieves me, which I am desirous of doing, and that is to give my humble testimony of my Christian esteem, with that of many others, to your personal character and sympathy in your afflictions at the present time. Although your sorrows may be like unto many others under similar circumstances, yet I am sure, in proportion as a Christian man is enabled by divine grace to be in any measure of any public service to the church of God, he will feel, when called to suffer the common dispensations of provi-

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dence, that he is not in ordinary or common circumstances. Your affliction has some intimate relation to all with whom you are related by pen and press. We, who are a part of that great whole, sympathize with those by whom we have been served, and feel, I am sure, greatly concerned in your deep affliction. * * * It will be but another instance of that great truth which some of us have had painfully but blessedly to prove, that when God calls us to bear such trials as we never had before, he gives us also such grace as we never had before. May this be your rich though deep experience, for Jesus' sake. "Yours in the Truth, "C. GORDELIER.

"4, Norfolk Terrace, Daraley Road, Hackney, N.E., Jan, 3, 1872."

"My dear Mr. Gadsby,—I cannot find words to express how deeply and sincerely I and all my family sympathize with you in your painful afflictions. May the gracious Lord support your mind and give you strength of body in this time of great sorrow, * * * I am glad to hear the Lord blesses you with his presence. It is an answer to the prayers of your friends that you might be blessed and comforted in your sorrow. "Yours sincerely,

"Croydon." "S. L. PHILPOT.

"My dear Friend,—I really do not know how to write to you, or to express my sorrow for you on this your most bitter loss. I know so well all your dearest wife was to you, your comforter and dear companion for so many, many years. It must and will be such a solace to you to remember how you have nursed her and comforted her during her long season of suffering. Only the Lord himself can sustain under such a trial as the loss of your only daughter and beloved wife. May you be so supported and quieted in your sad and lonely hours. I know so well what it is to part with my dearest one, and to feel that it was a thousand times worse than I could have supposed; and the very weakness and illness that you have so long watched over makes it the harder to bear. You will feel as if you had nothing now to do. That was our feeling for months after our dear one's death. I can only add our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and praying that you may be supported and helped by Almighty power,

"I am, my dear Friend, affectionately yours,

"30, Egremont Place, Brighton, Dec. 29, 1871." "E. BROWN.

"My dear Mr. Gadsby,—I do sympathize with you in the very heavy trouble you are now called to pass through. I trust you will be able to say and to *feel* that the 'Judge of all the earth' must do right. It must be a very great consolation to you to know that your dear wife is now in glory and free from all trouble and sorrow.'

"May the Lord sanctify the bereavements to your own soul's good. And with kind Christian regards, believe me to remain, my dear Mr. Gadsby,

"Yours sincerely,

"269, Mare Street, Hackney, Dec. 30, 1871." "ANN PEPLEY.

My dear Friend,—I beg most tenderly and affectionately to sympathize with you under your bereaving dispensations. May the dear Lord sustain, and graciously support your poor mind under the trial! I find some of your enemies in London have had the unkindness and harshness to say, as I was informed the other day in passing through London, that it was a judgment upon you. Now I was both grieved and sorry to hear that any person professing godliness could or would make such a statement. But you are not the first that 'has been wounded in the house of his friends.' It would be well for all such busybodies not to meddle with things too high for them. God's ways are often to us very mysterious, and past finding out by worms of the earth; therefore it is well to be careful what we say in reference to God's dealing with his children, either as it regards his judgments or his mercies; for who can tell but these bereavements may be the greatest mercy that ever befel you? May the Lord, my friend, enable you to bear reproach as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and give you the grace of patience to wait and watch his hand. Bereavements are the lot of every family; therefore

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yours is no unusual thing. It is what must take place in both your case and mine, and that of every other family. Those who have not yet come to it must do so, sooner or later. "Yours, in the Love of the Gospel,

"Siddal, Halifax, Yorkshire, Jan. 4, 1872." "DAVID SMITH.

* * * "She was a blessing to all; and I am sure a large circle of friends will mourn her loss, myself being amongst the number. Yet I believe it is to her a most blessed change. Two years ago, while sitting with Mr. Kershaw in the bedroom, I felt a strong impulse come over my mind to write a few lines to dear Mrs. Gadsby, which I believed much pleased her; for she told me in her reply that mine came as a bright spot in the darkness that seemed to surround her. She entered a little into the state of her mind, and added, 'if the dear Lord would only give her the sweet assurance of an interest in Jesus, how she should long to be delivered from a poor afflicted body and sinful heart.' I gather from one short sentence in yours that she was favoured with this blessed peace, and 'sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.'

"'O glorious hour, and blest abode,
Now to be near and like her God.'

"Rochdale, Dec. 27." "LYDIA KERSHAW.

Obituary.

Memoir of the late Mr. Joseph Parry, of Allington; with a Brief Account of the late Mrs. Parry, his Widow.

(*Concluded from page* 41.)

OUR dear friend seems after this to have been kept in a more even place, and to have been able, in some good degree, to maintain his interest in Christ. The work of the Holy Spirit in a gracious experience does something for a man. Christ's people inherit substance. We do not mean that the assurance of our friend was the high unassaulted assurance, as Dr. Owen styles it, of the unexercised man. No! It was the tender, tried, holy assurance of the man spiritually taught and governed. Through what the Lord had done for him, being maintained ordinarily in the power of it by the Holy Spirit, he was enabled to hold his own with some good success against the temptations of Satan, infirmities of the flesh, workings of indwelling sin, and trials of mind, body, and circumstance which came upon him. Thus he walked with God, but walked humbly. The presumptuous assurance of the flesh, the accompaniment of notions of grace in an untender conscience, and the sweet, gentle, tried, godly assurance of the Holy Spirit, are as different one from the other as hell from heaven.

But we will now give a series of extracts from some letters received by us from our dear friend, which will display his state of mind better than our words can do:

"Allington, Aug. 21st, 1862.

"My dear Friend, if you will allow me to call you so,—I often think of you with affection, and I hope gratitude for past kindness in visiting us. The time is drawing near when we hope again to have the pleasure of seeing you, and hearing your voice with the message of mercy and peace through a blessed Redeemer. He invites the basest of sinners to come and reason with him, however long and black the tale of sin, woe, and misery he may have to relate; and the Lord an-

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swers him with a single sentence: 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, &c., yet, washed in the fountain of my blood, thou shalt be whiter than snow.' I hope I have known this feelingly. And what could I say against myself then? Why, in spite of all, I should not be saved. Neither law, sin, nor death eternal can seize or afflict this man. He is whiter than snow, and the law is none the worse for him. * * *

"I suppose you have read in the papers, or heard of the awful calamity that has taken place amongst my son's flock of sheep, the small-pox. He has already lost 400, and great fears prevailed at one time that the whole flock would go. I can assure you it has been a most trying and anxious time with us all, not knowing where it would end. I find it a great exercise of faith when I lay down to rest to be enabled to say in faith, 'I will lay me down in peace,' &c., and also, 'The Lord is on my side; I will not fear,' &c. There has been a great deal of prayer going on, I assure you; and I sometimes hope my heart has been lifted up to the Lord that he would stay his hand. I felt it most acutely at first, as a trying calamity under the opposing hand of God, knowing that no affliction springs from the dust. O! It was to me a heavy stroke. My prayer now is that some good may spring out of this painful dispensation of God's providence. If I am not deceived, I have felt prayer go up out of my heart to the Lord that the plague may be stayed, and I have been watching and waiting for an answer; and do trust it is now in some measure abated. O! May this trial be sanctified to the good of my poor son's soul! I have lately felt a greater desire than common that the Lord would call him out of the world, separate him from ungodly men, and bring him to walk in the strait and narrow path.

"How uncertain is everything here below! Who can tell what lies hid under these thick clouds? How I hope the Lord will turn his heart towards the one thing needful. I do trust my heart is sometimes poured out before him, and that I can show before him my troubles."

We trust that the readers of this memoir will excuse the introduction of the far too flattering expressions of our friend concerning the one to whom he wrote. These extracts are not given for the glory of one so little worthy of such esteem and respect, but to illustrate the extraordinary humility of him who could sincerely make use of such a self-abasing language. We proceed to give portions of a letter received in 1864:

"And now, my dear friend, how are you getting on in heavenly and divine things? If you are crying out, 'My leanness, my leanness!' what ought some of us poor grovelling creatures to cry but, 'Unclean, unclean!' What a trying spot it is to be in for those who have in reality by the Eternal Spirit received the Lord Jesus into their hearts as their all-sufficient Saviour, who have been blessed with sweet communion, and have felt the precious blood applied to cleanse them from all their crimson sins, to have it all withheld or withdrawn from them for a season. I think no one can feel it so much as those who have been highly favoured. * * * I hope the Lord is still working by and in you as he has done in time past, as your only Captain, Lord, and Master. * * * O how sweet it is when we can go to him for wisdom, righteousness, and strength. And if he say, 'According to thy faith, be it done unto thee,' or bid us 'stand still and see the salvation of the Lord!' O to understand his voice, to be led to himself, to be fed with his own body and with his own blood, this is the all in all to our poor hungry souls. 'Who is a God like unto our God, pardoning iniquity?' And I do humbly

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hope he sometimes sweetly makes it known by our feeling it richly flow into our poor souls."

"1865.

* * * "Really, how our time flies! How quickly a year rolls away! Truly with us the end of all things is at hand! We shall soon be called out of time to stand before the God we profess to love and serve. What a mercy it will be not to be only professors but sincere servers of him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts. I was thinking over these things one night last week on my bed, and these words fell with solemnity and weight on my spirit: 'He will judge the world in righteousness,' and you cannot think how sweet the thought was that I worshipped in and through the very Person who would be my Judge. I communed with him on my bed as my Friend who certainly had known me and regarded me for many years, who had comforted my heart in times of trouble; we had been on terms of friendship for many years, and I had known it both by painful and sweet experience. I felt he had sweetly assured me, in times of great trouble and distress, that he would never leave me nor forsake me. Can it then ever be that he will leave me at last to sink into that place which my sins have merited? No! Impossible. O that I could live nearer to him, learn more of his secrets, glorify him more in my body and spirit, which I hope are his, and whose, as I have some grounds for believing, I am. O, is it not a wonderful mercy for you and me, my dear Sir, that we possess a measure of that grace which a dear God in covenant has bestowed upon his people?"

We next give an extract from a letter dated Sept. 11th, 1867, containing a very sweet account of the death of his friend, relation, and brother deacon, Mr. Tuckwell. The account is so sweet that though an obituary has already appeared from the pen of Mr. Philpot, this letter will, we think, be read with pleasure:

"My dear Friend,—I suppose you may have heard of the solemn bereavement myself and the little church and people at Allington have sustained in the death of our very dear and highly-esteemed friend and brother in the Lord, J. C. Tuckwell. If so, I cannot refrain from communicating it to you again, knowing as I well do that you take an interest in and feel a sympathy with the Lord's poor and afflicted people. In as few words as possible I will relate what I saw and heard from him. Of late he has been gradually ripening, I believe, for his heavenly inheritance, where he has now for ever entered. It was my privilege to be with him and see his peaceful end. Sweet peace in Jesus he enjoyed. I took him by the hand a little before his departure, and said to him, 'Dear uncle, I once more take your hand to say, Farewell!

"'A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And you will bid adieu to pain!'

He replied, with such a heavenly smile on his countenance, looking up in my face, 'Yes, yes!' And in five minutes after breathed his last. He was not worse than usual the day before, and in the evening was at our house, and related to us a dream he had had the night before. It was that the last great day was come, and he heard such a loud crash, pointing out to us the direction it came from, and, said he, '*I was so happy*, and hoped that you and I' (meaning myself), 'should go together.' It is a great trial to me, he will be so missed. No other member can fill his place. I do beg the Lord to reconcile me in measure to this very heavy affliction, and lead my affections up to that right hand where I hope to meet him again. * * * My life appears

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sometimes to hang upon a thread. I hope the Lord may grant me a little of that peace promised to his mournful disciples:

"'Joys to which the world's a stranger!'"

"July 19th, 1870.

"My dear Friend,—I feel very unworthy to address you in this way, still, through the mercy of a precious Saviour's love, hoping we are one in him, I take the liberty. I am glad to tell you we have found since you left us some marked evidences that the Lord's blessing has been visible upon some poor sinners' hearts under your ministrations during the short stay with us. I am satisfied the Lord's hand was in the visit, and that it was according to his gracious will it was made a blessing. You are greatly blessed and very mercifully dealt with in many ways; yet not left without some difficulties, disappointments, and trials, like the rest of us. * * * O that I could trust a covenant and promise-keeping God more than I do. I know that I do not properly trust him and throw my cares and burdens upon him; and for want of faith how many anxious hours, weeks, and even months do I bring upon myself. Our great adversary is stronger than we poor worms, and seldom are we alive to his wiles." * * *

We now come to the last of our series of letters, by means of which we have hoped to give a view of our dear friend's Christian character and experience subsequent to the remarkable deliverance at Malvern in 1846, and we think they portray very clearly our brother's Christianity. The letter we now give was written at the beginning of the year in which his earthly pilgrimage ended. His partner in life had been for some time evidently sinking, though very gradually, from the exhaustion of nature consequent upon advanced years. To see her thus decaying before his eyes filled our friend's heart with much sorrow and many forebodings, and, as his letter indicates, he could not bear to think of losing her. But how short-sighted are we poor worms! How many unnecessary anxieties trouble us! How difficult to let the God of our to-morrow take care of it for us! How we place to-morrow's cares, real or imaginary, upon to-day's shoulders, and sink beneath the burden. Our friend was taken first, and his partner in life survived him until the 17th of November in the same year, and then quietly, and in the enjoyment of peace with God, breathed her last, and joined her husband in singing the praises of him whom they had served and loved upon earth. We may truly say in their case, with a slight variation, what David wrote of Saul and Jonathan: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not *long* divided."

"Jan. 4th, 1871.

"My dear Friend,— * * * What almighty grace it must have been that brought us from death to life, from darkness to light. He quickens whom he will, and all our attempts to do it ourselves are vain and fruitless, except his power and grace are put forth. I do hope I can tell you sincerely there are times when my soul goes out in living faith, and ventures on a living Christ to draw comfort and peace from his blessed fountain fulness; and when he is pleased just to give one smile, how I can praise him.

"As you may expect, I have still an afflicted body, and my poor wife gets more feeble; but through mercy we can both keep up through the day. My wife cannot go to chapel, which is a trial to her; but we

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must have something to remind us of our state. You can imagine what a trial the thought of losing her is to me. I try to pray to the Lord to continue her a little longer to tread her weary way with me. Still I know not what the Lord's will is concerning her. In my right mind I feel that all is ordered in his infinite wisdom who cannot err, and shall work for our good and his glory. She is an honest, meek, and quiet woman, and the Lord has promised 'the meek will he teach his way,' 'the meek will he guide in judgment.'"

Not long after writing this last letter, our friend was taken with that illness which ended his mortal life. It was in the first week in March that it began; the complaint being a recurrence of his old malady, but in an aggravated form. He suffered excruciating agony of body, and this continued with very little intermission until death terminated his sufferings on, as stated in the "Gospel Standard," the 17th of May, 1871.

During the earlier part of his illness he was much and sensibly supported and blessed by the Lord. Two hymns were made especially sweet to him:

"Jerusalem, my happy home;"

more particularly the lines:

"With Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day."

And Berridge's sweet hymn:

"If Jesus kindly say;"

and the lines:

"I long to lay me down and die,
And find eternal rest."

But during a part of his illness he fell into much trouble of soul. His mind was very dark, and much severe temptation was upon him. Satan, no doubt, acted upon him through the weakness and suffering of his body, tempting him to wonder why he suffered so much, and even to blaspheme the Lord. But the Lord kept his conscience very tender; so that he was instantly checked as to murmuring, and not allowed to speak against God. Still, through this very tenderness, he was afraid that the temptation was the same as if he had thoroughly yielded to it; and thus from the tenderness of his conscience Satan gained a power of harassing his mind with fiery darts of accusation. But the Lord did not leave him, and after he had been enabled to mention these temptations to another, the force of them seemed to abate, and he regained much of his usual state of mind and good confidence toward God.

We must now pass on to his last days, Mr. Porter, the minister of Allington, having furnished us with accounts of interviews with him. He often said in the midst of much agony how light were all his pains compared with what his sins deserved. He expressed himself very grateful for the least help afforded him, and thanked the Lord that he had so many blessings though many were denied them, who, in his estimation, deserved them far more than he did. As his afflictions abounded, the enemy thrust sore at him; and he once said to his minister that the enemy disputed every inch

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of the way of his spiritual life. He many times expressed his need of patience and resignation, and, at times, they were most blessedly and conspicuously granted to him. It was very blessed to hear him speak of the favours and blessings the Lord had bestowed upon him; but his soul passed through many changes, and yet he proved in the midst of them all that the Lord's loving-kindness changeth not. He often expressed a great desire to be gone, longing to lay down the body of sin and death. He told his minister how the Lord favoured him in the beginning of his illness by applying Isa. xliii. 2 to his mind. He repeated the verse, and said, "I have some deep waters to pass through."

A few days before his death the Lord favoured him much and supported him most blessedly; and when his minister entered the room he said, "My dear friend, I have been feeling this morning if I never saw you again I shall die in love with you. I thank God I am sensible this morning, and comfortable in my soul. I long to be gone. Pray the Lord to give me patience." His minister then read and prayed with him, and their fellowship, we believe, was sweet; the psalm read and the prayer being suitable. He then said many kind and encouraging things to his minister, giving him good and wise counsel, and his blessing.

We may say here that it was the firm belief of Mr. Parry that Mr. Porter was providentially sent amongst them at Allington to take the pastorate over the people; and, therefore, like a father in Christ, having minister and people upon his heart, he spoke to, counselled, and blessed him. He spoke on another occasion in the same kind and loving way, and it must be very sweet to Mr. Porter to remember these things, and encourage him in his service to the Lord amongst that people. On the 12th of May, when his minister went into his room, he said, "My dear friend, I shall die loving you. I cannot say much, I am so weak. You can do me no good; you can only look upon me. Now take my hand and say, 'Good bye;' for I am going. He did not say much after this. The pain was gone, and he looked very happy, and remained so until his departure in the night of May 16th.

Thus departed this life, in the peace of God, our well-taught, experienced, and deeply-tried friend and brother in Christ, Mr. Parry. At his funeral the love and esteem in which he was held by members of the Lord's people, and indeed by others, on account of his honourable upright character, was clearly shown, many from various parts congregating upon that occasion. It was a solemn time, and many felt that not only a dear child of God, but a great supporter of the truth of God in those parts, had gone to his eternal rest.

Mrs. Parry, his widow, survived him just six months. There was a remarkable difference in their natural characters, and in the Lord's dealings with them. Mrs. Parry generally took a low place, and spoke of wanting that full assurance of interest in Christ which her husband, through great depths, had attained to. But

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she was a constant follower after the things of God; she waited, we believe, day and night for his full salvation and assured peace. She was honourable and consistent in her walk and conversation in the church and in the world. Indeed, seldom have two persons more sweetly and conspicuously adorned the doctrine of Christ than our dear departed friends.

About three years ago, Mrs. Parry received a great blessing under a sermon preached at Bottlesford from the words: "Draw me; we will run after thee. The king hath brought me into his chambers," &c. (Song i. 4.) The savour and sweetness of this never entirely left her, and was, at times, renewed. It was one of those sealing times of the soul, leaving a more permanent impression. The bodily health failed very gradually, but as nature decayed the life of God increased and brightened. The soul was brought into a sweet state of peace. She desired to depart and be with Jesus. The hope of this life seemed quite spent since her husband's death, and she longed to leave this world, and enter into rest. Toplady's hymn was sweet to her:

"When languor and disease invade;"

especially the lines which seemed to express her state:

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

Mrs. Parry breathed her last on Nov. 17th, 1871, and on the 24th was laid in the same grave as her husbund and a godly sister, Mrs. Cannings. Her end was peace.

We thus bring to a conclusion our memoir of Mr. and Mrs. Parry. If we consider Mr. Parry's character, we cannot help admiring its many excellent features. There was a singular dignity coupled with great humility. He was one who could be loved, but certainly not one that any person would have felt inclined to take liberties with. He was singularly upright, and divested of those meannesses of character so disagreeable in some. His heart was large and generous. Indeed, we may almost use the word princely, not referring to means but to the will to be liberal. He was ever ready to forward the Lord's cause, sending ministers about the country to help the causes to which such assistance was desirable. He was a man of excellent judgment in divine things, both as it respects men and doctrines. His own religion had passed through fire and water. He had learnt truth in the school of Christ, and was not to be driven about by every wind of false doctrine. His experience, too, of professors and ministers was large. He had but little sympathy with men preaching high and dry Calvinistical doctrines, or equally dry experience, going along in the old beaten track, using the old hackneyed expressions, opening a text according to the most approved method, without originality, without unction, dew, or anything besides abundant self-confidence. For such persons and other ministerial pomposities, the subjects of Luther's litany: "From all great doctors, good Lord, deliver us," he had little reverence, and Allington pulpit was rigidly shut against them. But where he received he

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was a firm and loving friend, and we believe his judgment was much and properly regarded in all his neighbourhood.

He was a sympathizing friend to the Lord's poor, and a wise church officer. Indeed, we can truthfully say that we have met with few as noble-minded, upright, loving, Christian men as our dear friend Mr. Parry. His wife was, as he writes, a meek, quiet, gentle woman. And we do believe that their children, friends, and the church in those parts have suffered an immense loss. May the Lord grant, if his blessed will, the same grace to their children, and indeed to many more, and may their lives be equally honourable, and their deaths as peaceful and blessed.—G. H.

MARY SUSANNAH GADSBY.—On Dec. 25th, 1871, Mary Susannah Gadsby, born Jan. 23rd, 1810.

She was a granddaughter of the late Mr. Lavell, who was one of Mr. Huntington's people, and one of the principal and first supporters of Gower Street chapel. Her father was a member of the Establishment, and in her earlier years she generally attended church with the rest of the family, though she sometimes went to Gower Street with her grandfather and her aunt, the former Mrs. Clowes. She always spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Fowler, who was the first stated minister at Gower Street.

It may be saying a great deal; but I firmly believe that few persons ever less violated *openly* the commands of the Old Testament or the precepts of the New; yet she had a deep sense of her state as a sinner in the sight of God, of her utter unworthiness of the Lord's favour, and of her need of Christ as a Saviour. So deep indeed was this sense of her unworthiness, and so afraid was she of taking, if I may use the term, what all her friends could see clearly belonged to her, that though often blessed with a good hope and though she often had cheering passages of scripture applied to her heart and sermons suited to her case, she went on timidly fearing to the last.

The first passage which was ever applied to her heart was Ps. xlvi. 1; of which I shall speak presently. But she received her first great relief when hearing my father, one Tuesday night, at Manchester. She went home, sobbing all the way from chapel.

It is well known that for years she had to endure intense suffering, and almost perpetual vomitings, caused by an ulcerated stomach. During the latter part of 1870 and the first eight months of 1871, however, her health had been better than it had been for years. At the latter period her sickness returned upon her with increased severity and frequency. The cause of this I abstain from mentioning here.

Had her health been no worse than it was during the time I have mentioned, she might, to all human appearance, have better borne up under the shock of our daughter's death; but she was already so reduced that it seemed impossible for her weak frame to bear any more. She was only down stairs twice after that event, and then only for a short time.

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She often said how much she enjoyed the conversation of the Lord's people, and wished she could have such an assurance as some of them spoke of. Invariably, when I took home a rough copy of the "Gospel Standard,"—that "trashy twopenny pamphlet," as a minister, who is supported by some who profess the truths it advocates, called it,—the first thing she turned to was the Obituary; and often did I see the silent tear in her eye, as she read of the sweet and happy death of some therein recorded.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 17th, on our return from chapel, Mr. Gee (our son-in-law) and I found her literally "bathed in tears." "My dear," she said to me, "I must tell you that I have become reconciled to dear Elizabeth's death. I have had that passage given to me, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'" "My dear," I replied, "I have no doubt whatever that our child died in the Lord." "I did not hear her answer," she said, "to your question, or I should have been better satisfied." Poor dear! She might well not hear it, for she was kneeling by the bedside with her head covered with her hands. Rev. xiv. was then read to her, at her request.

While I was at the chapel, she requested Miss K., her companion, to read Ps. xlvi., saying, "I call that my psalm, especially the first verse. It was given to me many years ago, when I attended church. I had had a severe trial; and it seemed as though some one behind me spoke the words in my ear. They are following me to-day. O! What should I do if the Lord did not support me? O that at eventide it may be light!" She sat up in bed and found several hymns which had been much blessed to her. Amongst these were 410, 797, 873, 947, 958.

"Give me Christ, or else I die!"
"I'll not despair, for who can tell?"
"O for a closer walk with God!"

She said, "At first I could not say, 'Thy will be done;' but I just begin to realize that hymn:

"'My Jesus hath done all things well.'"

After her daughter's death, when asked by her sisters about getting mourning, she said, "O! Do not trouble me; I shall not want it."

On Sunday, Dec. 24th, a physician being sent for (though previously she had had the best advice that could be obtained), she said, "It is of no use. Only one Physician can do me good." "O! How thankful I ought to feel that I have so many kind friends, and so many comforts! I hope God will give you patience to bear with me; it will not be for long." Those who were with her can testify that though her sufferings were great, she bore them with the greatest patience. During the whole of that night she was scarcely half an hour without vomiting. Take what she would, it was all the same.

It being evident on Christmas morning that her end was near, her sisters were sent for; but only two, Mrs. Pegg and Mrs. Absolon, arrived in time to see her alive. Learning that my

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son William's children were down stairs, they having come to the house with their parents in the hope of spending a happy day, she desired to see them; but she was too far gone to notice tthem.

To her son-in-law, who was assisting in rubbing her arms, which were excruciatingly doubled up by cramp, she said, "'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.'" Also, "These words have been sweetly applied to my mind: 'At eventide it shall be light.'" To the nurse she said, "I am going to a glorious happy home. It will soon be over." Then raising her eyes with a heavenly smile, as though she saw something, which no doubt she did, she exclaimed, "Glorious brightness!—Beautiful sunshine!—I shall soon be with my dear child!"

Having had for a short time to leave the room, when I returned she said, "He told me—some time ago—at eventide—it should be light." "And is it so?" I asked, "Have you now found rest?" "O yes!" she replied. "The arms of—everlasting love—are underneath." I said, "My dear, how you are suffering!" "*I* suffering," she exclaimed, evidently having her mind and faith directed to the sufferings of her Redeemer. "I do not pray to be restored," she said; "but I do pray that I may have patience." When her brother-in-law, Mr. Pegg, died, she said, "O! I do pray that I may not be left a widow!" And to this, strange as it may seem to some, I added my hearty "Amen;" for I well knew her tenderness, and wished she might be spared *that* suffering. And graciously has that prayer been answered.

Several times she asked after her son Alfred, he also having come up for Christmas, but having had to go to Bouverie Street. When he arrived, she said, "Bless you; *bless* you! Don't smoke, Alfred; don't smoke! You don't, do you?" "No, mother," he replied; "I do not." "That's right," she said; "that's right!" Poor dear! She knew to what smoking too often leads, and to what temptations commercial travellers are subjected.

After this she seemed to be altogether unconscious; but upon Mrs. A. saying, "It is John who has hold of your hand," "O yes!" she said. "*Bless* him!" I then said, "The Lord told Paul his grace should be sufficient for him; and Paul found it so. Do *you* find it so?" "O yes!" she replied. "All's right! All's right!" Shortly afterwards she breathed out the word, "Peace!" and her happy spirit took its flight; that face which had been so often distorted by agonizing pains beaming with sunshine—a heavenly glory.

She was interred on Dec. 30th, by Mr. Taylor, in my grave at the feet of my dear father, in the cemetery, Rusholme Road, Manchester. At the grave Mr. T. said, "This is the body of a true believer. I have known her as a believer for nearly thirty years, and that knowledge has increased as I have seen her year after year, though she was always one of the timid ones."

I may add that she loved my father with a most devoted love.

Many kind inquiries having been made as to my own health, I may state that, though well supported in my mind, my nerves

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were so shaken, and having, too, a return of my Jerusalem complaint, I became so weak and low in body that my doctor advised me to leave home,—to leave scenes, and sympathizers, and all, for a place of quietness. On Jan. 4th, therefore, I left for Malvern. Ps. xlvi., especially verses 1, 7, and 10, were greatly blessed to me immediately after my dear wife's departure, and continued with me; and this before I knew that she had spoken of that psalm to Miss K. When I knew this, it only made the psalm the more precious.

The air at Malvern was too keen. I was confined to my room for five days by one of my old attacks—inflammation of the chest. The doctor there ordered me home, and I returned on the 13th.

Surely no man living has more abundant cause to bless God than I have. I bless him that, by his sovereign free grace, I am what I am. I bless him that he gave me a good wife; I bless him that he preserved her for my good, and the good of others, for upwards of thirty-six years; and, with the deepest humility of heart, I can bless him that, in answer to our prayers, he hath taken her first away; so that, in all sincerity of soul, I can say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I mourn, but my mourning is far away overcome by my rejoicing. I feel lonely; but I have not been left quite alone a single hour. While confined to my room, my poor body so sore all over that the slightest pressure was painful, and my cough so perpetual that it seemed to strain every muscle in my frame, my soul magnified the Lord, and my spirit truly rejoiced in God my Saviour. For several days, every psalm, every chapter, everyletter I read, seemed to be full of blessing. Ps. xlvi. never left me for a moment; and Ps. lxxxvi., ciii., &c., were mine, every word. O! How I blessed God for lxxxvi. 10, 13. Verses 14, 17, made me feel truly solemn.

Again. I bless God that he prospered my way in providence, as hundreds of old pilgrims, orphans, cripples, and others have been benefited thereby. I bless God that he put it into my heart to commence the "Gospel Standard;" and I am sure that thousands of dear souls will join me in that expression of blessing. I bless him that he has kept me firm to the truths set forth in its first No., and not afraid, as I have given proof of late, to defend them, though the ignorance of those truths, in some of their bearings at least, of a few persons who are amongst us, has caused such persons to be displeased with me. Some there may be, and doubtless are, who are not candid enough publicly to declare their true sentiments, keeping them on the background from time to time; but may God keep me too frank and honest for that. Three years and a half ago I gave up an earthly paradise for the sake of the truth and a good conscience. I bless God that he has prolonged my life to the present moment, and that he has made some use of me, as I trust he has, spiritually and temporally, for the good of his people.

What my time may yet be here I know not; but I most de-

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vently pray that, come my end when it may, I may be found to the last having earnestly contended for the truth of God, and that I may be enabled unwaveringly to say, "I have fought the fight,"—with sin and my own heart especially, "I have kept the faith,"—taught and given to me, I trust, by the blessed Spirit; "henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." O that I could always feel like this, as I do while I am now writing, and as I *have* felt ever since the departure of my dear wife! Hymn 525 I feel to be mine also; and I desire that verse 8 may be put on my tomb:

"For *me* Christ bore the wrath of God;
For *me* he in the winepress trod;
He magnified the law for me,
And I for ever am set free."

O! How I have looked at the case of Ezekiel, and derived increased comfort therefrom! The Lord, without assigning any reason whatever, took away his wife at "a stroke" (xxiv. 16); yet he was neither to mourn nor weep, nor yet to shed tears. Was it not cruel thus to take away "the desire of his eyes?" Ah, no! As Mr. Taylor said at the grave of my dear child, "Such a bereavement as this might look like a robbery; but it is not so." "Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight." Beyond this we cannot go, and to this divine sovereignty, both in providence and grace, I would ever bow. May my reader, if it be the Lord's sovereign will, feel as I feel at this moment. I have never before experienced anything like it since 1847, when in the Wilderness of the Temptation; and then it was only for a short time. *Now* for more than three weeks I have had almost uninterrupted happiness, sometimes even ecstasies of joy; and feel that I could now shout aloud, "Glory, honour, praise, and power, be unto the Lamb for ever. Jesus Christ is my Redeemer. HALLELUJAH!"

Jan. 18, 1872. J. GADSBY.

ELIZABETH LEETE GEE.—On Dec. 14th, 1871, aged 85, Elizabeth Leete Gee.

The meagre account which was given last month of my daughter has called forth expressions of regret, and a desire to have further particulars.

It may be that some who have never once had their thoughts directed to the certainty of death and the uncertainty of everything else here may read this brief account. May the reading thereof be the means, if the Lord's blessed will, of opening their hearts and showing them where they are, and what they are, as sinners, before a heart-searching God; and then of leading them to Christ as their only Saviour.

As far back as I can remember, my dear father was in the habit of having all his family, children and grandchildren to the very youngest, at his house on Christmas day, my dear mother's birthday. After his decease I adopted the plan, and uniformly carried it out, except when abroad. Last year it was arranged that

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my daughter, being unwell, should come up with her two children and nurse before the time, and that her husband should come for her on Dec. 23rd, all returning together after Christmas day.

My daughter's birthday was on Dec. 6th; and we had on that day several of her dear friends,—Miss Oakshott, Miss Philpot, and others, to spend that day with her.

Never, says the nurse, did she before see any one so delighted at the prospect of seeing her parents as my daughter was; and never, surely, were parents more pleased to see their child. But O! How short-lived were to be these mutual pleasures! "Go with her," said the doctor at Wigan to the nurse, "for she is a delicate creature;" and this was, indeed, true. She suffered acutely from a pain in the stomach, which we thought arose from indigestion; but it would appear that it arose from an old ulcer, which caused a vomiting of blood some years ago. She had medical advice; but on Dec. 12th, on my return from chapel, I found her much worse, and called in another doctor, who did not then seem to anticipate anything very serious; but the next evening, seeing no improvement, I sent for a physician. He at once saw the danger, and desired me immediately to telegraph for her husband. I need not dwell upon this. The telegraph offices were closed, and her husband did not arrive until about 6 o'clock on the 14th, evening. She had been through the day in a kind of stupor, the effect probably of the medicines, and scarcely noticed anything; but two of her aunt's, Mrs. P. and Mrs. A., and her cousins, calling to see her, she said to them, "O! How kind of you to come to see me!" and she embraced them and kissed them. They said to her, "Lizzie, dear, you are very poorly." She smiled, and said, "Better soon!" She felt she should soon be in a better world. She knew her husband and me when we went to her bedside. We spoke to her of her knowledge of herself as a sinner and of the preciousness of Christ as a Saviour; being well persuaded that not only was her heart right in the sight of God, but that her judgment was also sound in the truths of the gospel. She lay the whole time without moving. Mr. Gee engaged in prayer; and I then said to her, "My dear child, is your mind at peace?" She smiled, and said, or rather whispered, "Yes!" And soon afterwards her happy spirit departed.

That this peace, as was said last month, was well grounded,—"peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," those who best knew her in life can testify. A dear friend, the widow of one of the dearest friends I ever had in my life, writes as follows:

"From a little child, I remember her as being so kind and pleasant, so honest and straightforward. She was a great favourite with my dear husband. How often I have heard him say how much he liked Miss Gadsby, and found her so kind in visiting at your house; and how many will bear witness to the same. I have a particular remembrance of one walk I took with her alone from Cowley Hall to Uxbridge, and had a conversation on many weighty matters. I have thought of that walk, and the impression it left on my mind. That word has been very precious to me since last Sunday night: 'My grace is sufficient

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for thee;' sufficient for life and sufficient for death, and for all the trials we have to go through. I am sure you and dear Mrs. Gadsby do truly need grace at this time to bow to the stroke and to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' My prayer to God is that you may be supported and sustained."

I take the liberty of giving also the following:

"I can set my seal to what is said about your daughter's kindness and regard for those that feared the Lord, having experienced it in your house in former years; and I noticed in her a sterling worth of character and underlying seriousness too, which would not misbecome some who profess more than she in those days did. "G. HAZLERIGG."

The immediate cause of her death was perforation, or probably peritonitis; that is, the ulcer having eaten through the lining of the stomach.

She was strictly conscientious. I do not believe she ever told an untruth in her life.

It is no exaggeration to say she was beloved by all who really knew her. Indeed, the letters I have received, bearing testimony to this fact, are most numerous. Her kindness to the poor was quite up to her means; indeed, sometimes beyond her means, as she would deny herself the purchasing of some article of dress that she might have the more to give; and she was always delighted when she heard I had sent a trifle to some poor minister, or given liberally at some collection or to some "charity." Her name will be familiar to many as the Honorary Secretary to the Special Fund for the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, when, in conjunction with Mr. Philpot, who highly esteemed her, about £1,100 was raised. She was married April 25th, 1867, by Mr. Philpot. One minister writes as follows:

"I have a most affectionate remembrance of the departed. You may have forgotten the circumstance; but I remember it well. Some years ago, when I was in London, to the best of my recollection you and Mrs. G. were from home. She asked me about Mrs. S. in the usual way; Mrs. S. at that time was very ill. I thought no more about it. Not so with my departed friend; she laid her plan, and a few days after my return I had a note and a sovereign, which she had obtained from you for Mrs. S. I felt deeply touched with her kind consideration, and I trust she found mercy with Him who has promised not to forget a cup of cold water given to a disciple in the name of the Lord.

"Ramsgate." "R. SHARPE.

She was interred by Mr. Taylor, on Dec. 19th, in the cemetery at Sale, Cheshire, near to the grave of Mr. Gee's father.

This world is sometimes called "the land of the living;" but that is certainly a mistake. It is the land of the dying. As a good American senator once said, when on his deathbed, "I am leaving the land of the dying and going to the land of the living." O that we could always view it in the same light! Solomon, or rather the Lord by Solomon, said, "There is a time to be born and a time to die." Is it not singular he did not say there is a time to live? It was as though there was *not* a time to live, only a step between our birth and our death.

"The moment we begin to live We all begin to die."

J. GADSBY.

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

MARCH, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37. 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

FINISHING OUR COURSE WITH JOY.

A SERMON PREACHED AT HOPE CHAPEL, ROCHDALE, MARCH 3RD, 1867, BY MR. KERSHAW, ON THE OCCASION OF HIS COMPLETING THE 50TH YEAR AS THE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

My dear and esteemed Friends,—You are aware that it is now 50 years since I became the pastor of the church of Jesus Christ worshipping within these walls. Though so long ago, I have a lively remembrance of all the circumstances of importance connected with that memorable day. The text the Lord laid upon my mind to preach from on that occasion was a prayer of David's, and it was also my earnest, fervent desire, as recorded in Ps. cxviii. 25: "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." When I look back at the past, I have abundant reason, with David, to say, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Bless the Lord, peace and prosperity have attended us, both temporally and spiritually, of which I hope to speak more particularly on another occasion. On the present opportunity I feel it my privilege to call your attention to a portion of the word of God which has long been on my mind to speak from at this time. You will find it in Acts xx. 24: "But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." The middle clause of the verse more especially is what has been most upon my mind: "So that I might finish my course with joy."

The whole verse contains great and precious truth, both in doctrine, experience, and practice, sufficient for many sermons; so, by way of introduction, with the help of the Lord, we will briefly notice the preceding part of the verse: "But none of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto myself." Kept by the power and grace of God, none of the severe persecutions and afflictions Paul had been called to endure for conscience or for his Master's sake moved him from the truth as it had been made manifest in his soul by the power of the Holy Ghost; but, through grace, he rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for

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the sake of him "who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself," that dear Lord whom he so furiously persecuted in the persons of his poor saints, he who had stopped him in his mad career when he was running headlong to everlasting misery and destruction. Again, when some concerning whom he had hoped well, and who for a time did run well, turned aside to error and others into open sin, he was sorely grieved, and wept for the reproach they brought upon themselves and the cause of God and truth, as was the case with some at Philippi. (See Phil. iii. 17–19.) But none of these painful things moved him from his attachment to his Lord and Master and his dear people, but made him the more earnestly pray that they might "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, and have their conversation in heaven, from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ."

My dear brethren, like Paul and many others of the Lord's ministers, I have had my sorrows on account of some who have caused me and the church much trouble; but, instead of being moved from my steadfastness, I saw the necessity of being able to stand more firmly in the evil day, and having done all to stand. I have seen the beauty, propriety, and seasonableness of the exhortation given by the apostle to the Corinthians: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.) The cry of my soul has long been, "Dear Lord, give thy poor unworthy servant grace to obey this exhortation."

The apostle adds, in the next clause of the verse: "Neither count I my life dear unto myself." We are not to conclude from these words that the apostle did not set a proper value upon his life as being the gift of God, and that he was careless and indifferent about it. His desire was that he might not live unto himself in the enjoyment of worldly ease and earthly honour, but with Moses choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. He lived in the blessed persuasion of what he wrote to the church at Rome: "For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's." (iv. 8.) He knew that he was not his own, but was bought with the price of the precious blood of Christ, and his desire was to live so as to glorify God in his body and spirit, which are his; and, from the love he felt to his Lord and Master, he was willing to lay down his life for his sake. This is evident from his own words, as in Acts xxi. 13. When the prophet Agabus took Paul's girdle and bound his hands and feet, and said, "Thus saith the Holy Ghost, So shall the Jews at Jerusalem bind the man that owneth this girdle, and shall deliver him unto the Gentiles," the brethren hearing this begged and entreated the apostle, with many endearing arguments and tears of affection, lest they should be deprived of his valuable life and labours, not to go up

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to Jerusalem. But mark well, my friends, the apostle's answer, which proves to a demonstration that his Lord and Master's honour was dearer to him than his life: "What mean ye to weep, and to break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." And when he would not be persuaded, they ceased, saying, "The will of the Lord be done."

We now come to the apostle's earnest and fervent desire to finish his course with joy. And what a union do I feel with Paul! Truly we are brethren. It has long been my desire that God would give me grace, as he did his servant Paul, that I may fight a good fight and keep the faith till my Lord shall call me home to dwell with him in glory.

I. We will first make a few remarks upon *the course*.

II. The desirableness of *finishing our course with joy*.

I. Fallen man, dead in trespasses and sins, is walking according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. In the first three verses of Eph. ii. I see my own state and condition accurately described, the course I was pursuing in the broad and downward road which would have led me to destruction had it not been for the grace of God putting a stop to my sinful course:

"O to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be."

We apprehend that Paul had in view his course, both as a Christian and a minister of the blessed gospel. He looked back to the day of his effectual call by grace, when he had to leave his former friends and pursuits, and was made willing to serve him he had hated and despised, when he was enabled in the Lord's time to put on Christ by faith, and then made an open profession of the same by being baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity. He remembered his entrance on the work of the ministry, the many trials and sorrows that had beset his path, and the supports and consolations that he had received of the Lord to enable him to hold on and preach Christ as the new and living way that leads to eternal life; and his desire was to hold on to the end and finish his course with joy, as is evident from the language of our text: "That I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." He had the answer of a good conscience that he had served the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations which befel him by the lying in wait of the Jews, and how he had kept back nothing that was profitable, &c. (See verses 19, 20.) He could appeal to the elders at Ephesus that he had not shunned to declare unto them the whole counsel of God; for wherever he went he was enabled faithfully to preach repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ as inseparably connected with the enjoyment of salvation. He was

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also concerned to maintain a conscience void of offence, both towards God and man. He was ever desirous to cut off all occasion of the adversaries speaking reproachfully of God and truth, and to be an example to the believer in every good word and work, giving full proof that he was not coveting the fleece, but seeking to feed the flock of God which he hath purchased with his own blood, coveting no man's silver, or gold, or apparel, but working with his own hands that he might minister to his own necessities and to those of them who were with him.

My dear friends, pray that the Lord may make his ministers like Paul, with an eye single to his honour and glory, with a deep concern for the peace and prosperity of Zion, the furtherance of the gospel, and the gathering together of the children of God that are scattered abroad.

Paul's course had been a painful one to flesh and blood (see 2 Cor. xi. 23–28); yet he was not weary of his Master's service. He pressed forward, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of his faith, believing he should be more than a conqueror through Christ that loved him.

II. We now come to the second part, viz., the desirableness of *finishing our course with joy*. The Lord, before whom I now stand in this large and attentive congregation, is witness that I have many times upon my knees, in the course of my ministry, read the chapter from whence my text is taken, especially from verse 17 to the end, begging and beseeching the Lord that I might follow the example of Paul and all the apostles, so far as they followed him, who has given us an example that we should follow his steps. My desire has long been that I might not only preach the gospel, but live as it becometh the gospel, crying daily to the Lord, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe;" "Keep thou me by thy power, and I shall be kept." The prayer of David in Ps. xvii. 5 has often been pleaded by me before the Lord: "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not." Also the last clause of the prayer of Jabez: "And keep me from evil, that it may not grieve me," wound the minds of the brethren, and open the mouths of the enemies of God and truth, causing them to blaspheme. The Lord knows that I have many times told him that I would rather die than bring a reproach upon his cause. The late dear Wm. Tiptaft used to say, "It is a good thing to be well laid in the grave;" which is a sentence full of meaning and importance. He always used to pray that we might not sin cheap.

When I am led to look back and call to remembrance the way the Lord has led me in the wilderness, not only forty years, but sixty years,—for it is now that time since he put his fear into my heart,—the expression of my soul is, "Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue to this day." The language of dear John Newton, in one of his hymns, is often on my mind:

"Many days have pass'd since then,
Many changes I have seen,

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Yet have been upheld till now;
Who could hold me up but thou?"

How seasonable is the exhortation: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." The advice given in 1 Ki. xx. 11 is good: "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

I am now in my 75th year, and in the 54th of my ministry, and by the grace of God which has been given me have stood upon the walls of Zion with an unblemished reputation, often calling to mind the exhortation: "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord," (Isa. lii. 11.) I know that the Lord has given me favour in the eyes and hearts of many who love the doctrines of sovereign, discriminating grace which I have long preached, and which many say lead to sin; but, bless the Lord, they have thus far led me *from* sin and to desire holiness. But I would rejoice with trembling, knowing that, if left to myself, through the evils of my heart, the allurements of the world, and the temptations of Satan, I might in an unguarded hour do that which would be as the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment,—cause my name to stink, instead of being, as the wise man said, "better than precious ointment." I would be daily looking to the Lord for the fulfilment of that precious promise that I am often pleading before him: "He will keep the feet of his saints." The words of Paul to Timothy (2 Tim. iv. 18): "And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever, Amen," have been a great comfort to me of late.

In my younger days I did not think so much of the prayer of David in Ps. lxxi. 9 as I do now: "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth;" so that, as the outward man perisheth, I may be renewed by the grace of God in the inner man day by day, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, that my last days may be my best days, and that, like Paul, I may finish my course with joy, and hear the Lord say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." (Matt. xxv. 21.) That Paul finished his course with the felt joy of God's salvation in his soul is evident from his own words to Timothy (2 Tim. iv. 6–8): "For I am ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." The blessed anticipation of these things made him ready and willing to lay down his life for the sake of him who loved him and had done such great things for him, to show forth his honour and glory and his faithfulness and ability to succour and support in the time of trial for the comfort of others who might live after him, and the confounding of the enemies of God and truth. He believed that Jesus Christ, who had loved him and

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given himself for him, would grant him grace to enable him to endure to the end, and that when absent from the body he would be present with the Lord.

My dear friends, whatever joy a poor sinner may have in the prospect of death and eternity, if it does not arise from a view by faith, which is the gift of God, of his interest in the Person, work, and finished salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ, it will be like the hope of the hypocrite spoken of in the book of Job. It will perish at the giving up of the ghost. Beloved, how needful to examine ourselves as to the ground and foundation of our joy and rejoicing. Is Christ our "All and in all," in his glorious Person, as the God-man Mediator in the perfection of his obedience, as our law-fulfilling righteousness, in his great atoning sacrifice for our sins upon the cross, by which the curse of the law is for ever removed? Our blessed Jesus, having abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light by the gospel, swallowed up death in victory; which caused the apostle triumphantly to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." The desire of my soul is to die rejoicing that God's just and holy law, broken by me in thought, word, and deed, has been fulfilled for me by my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The language of Paul on this subject has long been sweet and precious to my soul. When writing to the Corinthians, he says, "But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, that he that glorieth may glory in the Lord." It also rejoiceth my heart to feel and see that all my sins were removed by Christ our spiritual scapegoat; so that when they are sought for they can never be found.

How desirable in the prospect of death to have the testimony of the blessed Spirit in our soul that we are delivered from the curse and condemnation of the law. I hope never to forget the time of my deliverance out of bondage, and being brought into the liberty wherewith Christ has made me free, the following portion of God's word being blessedly applied: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." I could then rejoice that my name was written in heaven in the Lamb's book of life, and say with Job, "My record is on high; and I know that my Redeemer liveth." It was Paul's joy that he "knew in whom he had believed;" and he had the happy persuasion that Jesus, in whom he believed to the saving of his soul, was "able to keep that which he had committed into his hand against that day." You know, my dear friends, I have often said amongst you that this blessed portion of the word of God enters into the vitality of true religion in the soul of a poor sinner. All my hope and trust are in the Lord, into whose hands, by the

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grace of God, I have committed my cause. I cannot find language to describe the comfort and support I have enjoyed from the following words:

"If I am found in Jesu's hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost."

I know that I lay dead in trespasses and sins, and that the Lord quickened my soul, which is an evidence of eternal life; and he hath solemnly declared that none to whom he gives it shall ever perish, neither shall they be plucked from his hands. Paul not only rejoiced in the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, but in his ever living to make intercession for them. Is it not, my dear friends, our joy that we poor sinners have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous? The following lines have often dropped into my soul with great power and sweetness:

"He lives, he lives, and sits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who shall divide us from his love,
Or what shall tempt us to despair?"

It is for our comfort he has said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is a great blessing to know we are "dead to the law," and that our spiritual "life is hid with Christ in God."

Whilst in this time-state we look, by faith, in the glass of God's word, and see our blessed Jesus enthroned in glory, with all power both in heaven and earth in his hands, as Head over all things to his body the church. His ministers, whose feet are "beautiful upon the mountains" of his precious truth, are to say unto Zion, "Thy God reigneth," and that he will see that all things shall work together for his honour and the good of all who love him and are the called according to his purpose. The following lines are the joy and comfort of my soul:

"Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
On Zion's heavenly hill,
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
And wears his priesthood still.

"He ever lives to intercede
Before his Father's face.
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
Nor doubt the Father's grace."

How many of you, my hearers, feel a response in your souls to the last two lines just cited? Had I as many souls to be saved as there are stars in the firmament, I would commit them all into my Redeemer's hands, who has engaged to present me faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy. I would not cast away the confidence I have in him for a thousand worlds. In him I have everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, which is as the anchor of my soul, sure and steadfast, which enters within the vail, where Christ the Forerunner is for us entered. Having, like Paul, committed the cause of my soul's salvation into Jesus's hands, I earnestly desire to finish my course

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with honour to his name, and that an abundant entrance may be ministered unto me into his everlasting kingdom.

My dear hearers, are you satisfied with the form of religion, a regular attendance upon the means of grace, a knowledge of the truth in the theory, without feeling any influence on your souls? I am greatly concerned about many of you who have been brought up amongst us, and are traditionally attached to me as a minister and the people that meet to worship the Lord in this chapel. My soul longs to see the word preached confirmed in your hearts by the power of the Holy Ghost, with signs following, such as a heartfelt, godly sorrow for sin, and a spiritual hungering and thirsting after Christ and his righteousness. Where there is no spiritual mourning over sin and longing for Christ and his salvation, there is no spiritual life in the soul. The grace of God planted in the heart is a well of living water, springing up into everlasting life. Bless the Lord, I have long felt the springing up of this living water within me, and well know it is his gift, as he said to the woman at Jacob's well (Jno. iv. 14); and I long to see it in others, and the love of Christ constraining them to say with David, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." I have reason to be thankful that the Lord has in some measure honoured his own truth spoken by me to the conversion of sinners to himself, turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, as many of you can testify who are now present, and who, by the grace of God, have given yourselves to us as a church in the fear of the Lord. We have experienced many refreshing times at our church meetings, in hearing poor sinners give a reason of the hope within them, with meekness and fear; and seeing, as Barnabas did, "the grace of God in them" (Acts xi. 23); and, like him, we have been glad. My soul has often been encouraged when portions of the word of God have been spoken of that I have preached from, which have been honoured of God, in convincing of sin, stripping and humbling the sinner, in comforting and encouraging the fearing, timid, doubting soul, the delivering of them out of bondage into the liberty of the gospel by an application of the precious blood of Christ by the power of the Spirit, and in establishing them in the truth as it is in Jesus. We can also call to remembrance the many blessed refreshing seasons we have enjoyed while attending to the ordinances of the Lord's house,—baptism and the supper of the Lord, when we have sung with melody in our hearts:

"With pleasure we behold
Immanuel's offspring come,
As sheep are gather'd to the fold,
And left no more to roam;"

and while sitting around the table of the Lord in commemoration of the solemn sufferings and awful death of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom our hope for heaven rests. Many times have we been greatly blessed while singing the hymn after supper:

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"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;"

especially verses 3, 4, and 5:

"While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
Lord, why was I a guest?

"'Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?'"

While singing these lines, my soul has often said with great humility and thankfulness, "Ah, Lord, if it had not been for thy almighty, efficacious, all-conquering, discriminating grace, I should rather have starved than come." With great joy, therefore, have I joined in singing the next verse:

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perish'd in our sin."

While I am speaking to you of these seasons, I think of many that have joined with us on these occasions who have been removed by death, who were very near and dear to us in the bonds of the gospel. They have finished their course with joy, and are now uniting with the spirits of just men made perfect in singing the everlasting song: "Salvation to God and the Lamb." My soul is ready to say,

"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
When I shall mount and dwell above,
And sit and sing amongst them there,
And view thy face, and praise and love?"

Time and the strength of my body tell me I must draw to a close. We have been spared many years together, and the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. According to the course of nature, my stay amongst you below cannot be very long; but my prayer is often to the Lord that you may be preserved faithful to the truth and the ordinances as they have been delivered unto us, and that when I have finished my course as a minister and under-shepherd amongst you, the great Head of the church will raise up one to go in and out amongst you of his own fitting and qualifying, of good report, and able to trace out the footsteps of the flock, setting before you the things that he himself hath seen, and looked upon, and handled of the word of life.

May the Lord bless what has been delivered to our souls' comfort, for his name's sake. Amen.

Your proud heart is striving to get you away from Christ. O what a blessing it is when you are able to look to Christ with a single eye! We die a lingering death to our own righteousness. O! What lessons we have to learn to be nothing! It always takes more to skin a man from self-righteousness than it does from outward sin. There is so much wanting to make us *little*.—*G. Drake.*

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THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(*Continued from page* 61.)

CHAPTER III.

3. We notice its *guards.*

Verses 7, 8. "*Threescore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel; they all hold swords, being expert in war. Every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.*"

But why all this? Was not Solomon a peaceable prince? Was not his reign a time of peace? Why all this sound of war when we come to the antitypical Solomon? The reason is given in the words: "Because of fear in the night." It has reference to the bed of God's truth as it is preached upon earth, in which all the sweet and blessed things we have noticed are set forth. The Lord Jesus says, "Sanctify them by thy truth. Thy word is truth." So then it is the word of truth, the gospel of the grace of God as it is upon earth, that has to be so guarded. But why? "Because of fear in the night." This time-state is as a night season; and the gospel of God's free grace, the bed as it is upon earth, for the use of his people down here, is constantly surrounded by enemies, and, therefore, constantly in danger. Satan wars incessantly against the truth of God, pouring out a flood of waters, of lies, as in Rev. xii., to sweep it away from the earth. To this end he uses men, erroneous preachers. If God will build his city the Samaritans will want to have a hand in it, that they may mar all. So if the devil can't overthrow by violence he will seek to be an assistant, and pull down by craft. When the great red dragon falls to the earth a beast rises possessed by the devil out of the sea. (Rev. xii. and xiii.) A crafty and ferocious devil then constantly endangers this bed of truth. And he has too easy an access, through the old nature, even to the child of God's heart; consequently it is no small thing for any man to hold the truth in the purity, life, and power of it. The devil is an old sorcerer, as Paul tells us, bewitching with his lies. And sometimes too much prevailing to their trouble amongst the godly. Then, too, he prevails by reason of the miserable levity of our spirits, through which we lightly regard the most important things, and suppose a little deviation, as we call it, from pure truth is only a trifle. If a man commits adultery or murder there is an outcry; but if he subverts God's truth and defiles the bed of Jesus, "O! He is a very good man, only ignorant." Now this indifference to soundness of doctrine aids the devil immensely in his warfare. He is wise enough to know that the overthrow of sound doctrine is the overthrow of everything; and if the bed has a lie put into it, Christ will never rest in such a defiled bed, or the conscience find true peace, or the heart real fruitfulness in it; therefore Satan's aim is against the truth. He fights against the King of Israel. He turns aside from a little virtue and morality and a fair show in the flesh of piety and so-called holiness, and fights against the pure truth of God. And here

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again he acts the serpent. "A little leaven leavens the whole lump." "So," says the devil, "these light-minded fools shall have a little doctrinal error inserted, and they will never notice it, especially if I appear as a very holy devil; and then it will work! And to do it the better I will see if I cannot get into my hand for a time some good man; and the greater the man the better for my purpose, if I can bring him to do my work inadvertently. There's Peter; he denied his master at Jerusalem for fear of a damsel; perhaps he'll aid me in subverting the truth at Antioch for fear of a multitude." Now then, with such a busy, crafty, plotting, powerful devil, there are fears for the truth upon earth in this night season, lest it be injured as to its integrity and its glory. Blessed be God then for guarding it; and surely it behoves God's people to pray that he will raise up a generation of valiant, faithful, wise men, qualified to fight for it even to the death.

But who are these valiant men? The ministers of Christ more particularly, whose office it is to preach the truth, and guard it with the greatest jealousy. Observe their place *about* the bed of Solomon, a place of the greatest honour; in the very chamber of Solomon, and about his bed. Should they be careless of those who approach to it? Should they slumber? Should they prove cowards for fear of men, or traitors through respect of men? Ah! If this were the case, woe, not to the truth itself, this cannot alter; but to the pure display of it upon earth; and to the comforts and prosperity of God's people, and to the soldiers themselves placed professedly to guard, and faithless to betray.

But observe God's provision for a faithful body of guards. He takes them from the number of the true Israel; they are of the valiant of Israel. Men may send natural men to God's work; men may thrust themselves into it; but God only places around the bed of Christ gracious men, and men qualified by his grace to defend the truth as it is in Jesus: "Of the valiant of Israel." But whence do they get their valour? Why, as Gideon did, from the Lord Jesus: "And the Lord looked upon him," and said, "Go in this thy might." It was the might of the look of Jesus; this nerves the feeble arm for the fight. This makes the coward brave, this equips the soldier for his service. O the look of Jesus! This does it all! It is as Christ is with us, looks upon us, reveals his blood and love, we become qualified for his service, and the valiant of Israel. "They all hold swords." These valiant men are armed; well armed too. But what are these swords? The word of God, the sword of the Spirit. The word of God is not only a cordial for the fainting and a balm for the wounded, but a sword for warfare, to wound and to defend; a sharp two-edged sword, cutting against error on all sides. Some, indeed, of God's ministers are more conversant and at home in one branch of truth, some in another; thus here, each one is not all round, but all together are about, the bed of Solomon; also some are more expert in stating and defending the truth than their brethren;

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still they should be all furnished with the word of God in a spiritual understanding of it, and be in some good degree expert in war. If this is not the case, they certainly are not well adapted to the work set before them of guarding the bed of the Greater than Solomon.

Further, we see that ministers of God are not to be *over* tenderhearted. That is to say, they must not, where the glory of God and Christ demands sharpness, hold back the sword from blood. Their work and office is to defend the bed of Solomon from all injurers or defilers. Now, then, in their work they must know no man's person, but cut right and left against errors and erroneous persons, and false characters too, who would invade the chamber of the King, intrude into that which is not theirs, and mar the resting-place of the conscience. In this work, also, they must expect to raise up many adversaries, and receive many blows and wounds. Hard speeches against them for their cruelty, for their being of a bad spirit, wounding the little ones, and so on, will be freely hurled against them; but they should count the cost; and if too weak-spirited to be able to stand these things, and, therefore, through an improper softness, unfit for the combat, they had better desist from attempting to stand about, and appearing to guard the bed which is Solomon's.

But, again, the minister is to be a man not fond of strife, or of a hard, contentious spirit, and always using the sword, whether there is any occasion for cutting work or not. And so here we have the sword on the thigh, ready for use, and the hand of the expert swordsman ready to use it when necessary, and instantaneously so using it when the bed of Christ is invaded. Otherwise he is contented to have it girded on the thigh, ready for use, and, as a man loving peace and following the Prince of peace, to leave it in the scabbard until the occasion calls for the drawing of it.

How admirable are these descriptions! We have in the first place the bed, which is Solomon's; that is the truth as it is in Jesus,—a glorious bed, for "his rest shall be glorious." But in this case it is more especially that truth as exhibited in the King's chamber of his church upon earth, and set forth in his pure word and ordinances. Being thus situated, it is in constant apparent danger through fears in the night season of this life; being continually sought to be injured by Satan, false teaching inspired by him, and the carnal mind; therefore it has to be vigilantly and bravely guarded by the valiant men, the ministers of God; whose office it is to stand about this bed as the guard of God's truth upon earth; having swords on their thighs, and hands on the hilts of their swords, ready to use them when the foe makes his appearance. These ministers, too, are to be valiant for the truth, and expert in defending it, lest the bed of Christ be invaded, and injured or defiled to the great dishonour of the King, the Lord Jesus, and affliction of his people's consciences. The ministers of Christ and the true ministry of the Spirit are here well represented to

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us. The ministers are watchmen for sight and vigilance; they are diligent in their business, going about the city; they are valiant for the truth as good soldiers of Jesus; and yet really of a true tenderness of heart, loving man and loving peace; men of peace from choice, men of war through compulsion, when God's truth is endangered. A similar view seems given us by the four living creatures, or beasts of our translation, in Rev. iv. There is the eagle for clearness of sight, the ox for patient laboriousness, the human face to show a sweet humanity of disposition, a love to man; but then there is also the lion for courage when the truth of God and the bed of Jesus are endangered. Here they are men; but they all hold swords, being expert in war: "Every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night."

Verses 9, 10. "*King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem.*"

We have endeavoured to look at the bed of Solomon, and we see clearly that it must be one in which God is all in all. It is a resting-place for those who are taught by the spirit of truth in accordance with the word of truth. But that word says, "All flesh is grass, and the goodliness thereof,"—that which has the fairest show in nature,—"is as the flower of grass." Again: "Man is like to vanity; yea, less than nothing and vanity." God stains in his word the pride of all human glory, pours contempt upon princes, strips man of all his fancied goodness, wisdom, righteousness, and strength; pronounces him as born like the wild ass's colt, with a heart harder than adamant, and also "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." So, then, says scripture, "He that trusts in his own heart is a fool;" and it cries aloud, "Cease ye from man, whose breath is in his nostrils; for wherein is he to be accounted of?" Thus human nature is the word of God abased to hell, man is by God therein shut under the law and its curse, under sin and under unbelief, quite powerless to help himself in the least degree.

Now, if the spirit of truth guides into all truth, as it is in the word of truth, he will teach the really God-taught vessel of mercy to set to his seal that all this is true. Hence there can result from such teaching nothing but a holy self-desperation, and utter renouncing of the creature's sufficiency; or, as Paul puts it, a sentence of death in a man's self, that he should not trust in himself. Now what sort of bed would that be to this really God-taught man which did not refer salvation entirely to the Lord, which hampered it with creature duty, doings, merits, or anything? Why, it would be a cross of restless despair, not a bed of rest to the troubled conscience, if all were not of God. This, then, we have seen, is the bed of Solomon, to be so sacredly guarded. This has to be fought for, bled for; and chiefly against those of the circumcision. Those persons who have never been themselves

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thoroughly slaughtered and killed to the law and self, but have some reserves of creature ability yet in them, are the greatest troublers of Israel.

But observe a contrast in this chapter. It begins with the spouse on the bed of ease and indolence; until this is left, the bed of Solomon is not sweetly reposed in. But after the fit of fleshly self-pleasing and indolence is shaken off by the power of grace, then at length the bed of Solomon is enjoyed, which is far better.

Again. Observe the connexion. Christ is inquired after in means, and found through the instrumentality of the watchmen, who also guarded the bed, and led the child of God as to conscience into the sweet peace of a true sound believing in Jesus. Now, had these watchmen been otherwise than wise and valiant men, had they not been vigilant and courageous to guard the truth, how would the spouse of Christ have fared? Would she have enjoyed a divine rest? She might have been lulled into carnal security, and thus sent back to her own bed again, or tempted, as the foolish Galatians, to lie in some legal, free-will, creature-glorifying and therefore for a time creature-pleasing bed; but she would have found at length that all this false work of faithless, truth-betraying watchmen ended in Castle Doubting and conscience restlessness. The poet says of mercy:

> "She led me on with placid pace
> To Jesus, as my hiding-place."

In this way, preaching and guarding the truth, mercy's ambassadors should lead the child of God into the mother's house, the chamber of secret religion and divine communion, and the bed of rest which is Solomon's, where God and Christ is all and in all.

Observe, too, the beauty of this bed. In a previous verse of this Song the spouse has spoken of the curtains of Solomon, the curtains (*i.e.*) in substance of this bed, the state bed in the King's house. But now arises a question, "What is the connexion between reposing in this bed and that which was set forth in a former verse concerning the spouse's coming up from the wilderness like pillars of perfumed smoke? Rest and motion do not seem to accord." In divine things no two things can agree better. The angels in heaven rest for ever in God and Christ, and yet they are perpetually serving God:

> "His worship no interval knows;
> Their fervour is still on the wing;
> And whilst they secure my repose,
> They chant to the praise of my King."

Thus sings Mr. Toplady; and the psalmist David writes: "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, which excel in strength, which do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his words." They listen, they rest, and they serve. They stand before God, rest in his love and have wings of love wherewith they fly on his errands. So with the children of God. They rest in Jesus, and rise by resting into the sweetest, most burning desires to serve him.

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They mount to heaven in the flames of his love when they rest in his fulness and the grace of the eternal covenant. They sing his praise, perceive his glory, and cry with Isaiah, "Here am I; send me." O how different is all this to the dreamy indolence of the drowsy professors of free grace. They talk about the grace of God and the bed of Jesus; but they rest not truly in it. They enter into the chamber, and rest in the bed theoretically and speculatively; but they repose not in it nor experience its sweetness and efficacy to give repose to the conscience and loving obedience to the heart. To them the bed is *not* green.

Now, to show the living, rising, practical power of the glorious truth of God as in Jesus, the divine virtue and efficacy of his glorious rest, the figure is rapidly changed; and, instead of a bed, we have the same divine truths set forth under the emblem of a *chariot*. The chariot of Jesus, instead of the bed of Jesus. Perhaps there is some little difference in what is meant by these two emblems; but it is very small. The bed may include, as we have seen, the whole range of the truth as it is revealed in the scriptures concerning the perfections, covenant, and saving work of God; the chariot may more particularly represent, as we think it does, the finished work of Christ. Still it is in Christ, through his finished work, that all the rest in God which the saint possesses is enjoyed; therefore the bed and chariot are pretty much the same, and he who rests in the bed will ride in the chariot; and if there is some difference in these things, the bed and chariot are at any rate in close connexion. So to put it, the child of God first goes into the sweet truth as it is in Christ, and lies down in conscience sweetly reposing in this eternity of love and freest grace; and then, at the King's bidding, steps forth, and rides and mounts upwards in his chariots of salvation, and ascends into the sweet enjoyment of the anticipated glories of God.

Let us now, then, consider more fully this chariot of the Lord Jesus: "King Solomon made himself a chariot."

Observe here, first of all, the maker of this chariot,—King Solomon, or the Lord Jesus. This, then, is evidently a representation of the finished work of Christ, that blessed work which gives at length perfect peace to the guilty, troubled soul; and diligently consider this truth, that Solomon made this chariot himself. He did not require or call for any assistance. It is not a chariot partly made by Christ, partly by the creature, so that he who rides in it amongst the children of men shall ascend partly into a heaven of praising God and partly of self-glorification. He made it, too, for himself; but this means as the King of Zion; for his glory as the King of poor redeemed sinners, who partake of all the sweet benefits of their King's salvation, and glory only in his precious name. When they ride with him in his chariot, they sound his praise. Their heart is with the Lord's heart in this matter. Therefore they go up into his chariot

"Self-abasing, grace-admiring,
Made unto salvation wise."

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But now observe the component parts of this chariot of salvation,—what things, so to speak, enter into it as essential to its perfection, greatness, and glory. There are five:

1. The *wood of Lebanon*. We know from scripture that Lebanon was famous for its cedars: "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted." "Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars." In both these cases certain high and glorious things and persons are intended, and the figures taken from the well-known cedars of Lebanon. But what is meant here by the wood of Lebanon? As we understand it, the righteousness of Christ. The cedar of Lebanon was lofty, upright, beautiful, perfumed, durable, and glorious; and all these qualities abound in the righteousness of Christ; by which we mean that obedience to the holy and just and good law of God which he, as made under the law, performed in his blessed, holy, perfect life for the sake of sinners. This obedience was a high obedience, so that it was said to magnify the law; being the obedience of the Creator in human nature, the highest of the high, for the creature. This obedience was an upright, exact obedience, without the smallest deviation from the divine, perfect rule of human rectitude. If judgment was laid to the line and righteousness to the plummet, here all was perfectly square and upright; so that Christ is called "that Just One." He fulfilled all righteousness. This obedience was a beautiful, lovely obedience. One of our poets, having a glimpse of this, expresses his longing desire to

* * * "trace the fair footsteps of Jesus his Lord,
And glory in him whom proud sinners abhorr'd."

The branch of the Lord was beautiful in the respect of righteousness; and so the spouse says, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight." Christ in his obedience is altogether lovely. This obedience has a sweet spiritual fragrance about it, like the perfume of the wood of Lebanon, delighting the spiritual senses of the children of God. It is durable; for Christ's righteousness is for ever, unsusceptible of the smallest decay or alteration; and it is glorious, infinitely glorious; for, to sum up all in one short sentence, it is the righteousness of God.

This most blessed, perfect, law-fulfilling, justice-satisfying righteousness of Christ, then, is one essential part of this chariot; and he who despises the imputed righteousness of Christ cannot really rest in his bed, or ride in his chariot; but rests, if at peace, in some delusive fancy of self-righteousness, and mounts, if mounting, on wings of presumption, not in the true chariot of Jesus.

2. The *pillars of silver*. This represents to us, as we conceive, the human nature of Christ. In order that the Son of God, who lay in his Father's bosom from eternity, a coequal, coeternal Person with the Father and Holy Spirit in the glorious Godhead, might fulfil all righteousness for his people, he must assume human nature in the womb of the virgin Mary, and be made of

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a woman, made under the law. Therefore, in due season, according to the eternal counsels and covenant of the blessed Three-in-One, the Son of God did take upon him that human nature. "Our wonderful Lover took flesh of our flesh." He was conceived in the womb of the virgin, and born at Bethlehem, according to the true word of prophecy. This human nature of the Son of God was proper human nature, "of," as the Creed truly says, "a reasonable soul, and human flesh subsisting." And it was spotless, innocent human nature; for, being miraculously conceived, there was neither the imputation of Adam's sin nor the taint of Adam's corruption. Thus he became a brother born for our adversity, a brother of the seed of David and Abraham, yet altogether without taint of sin. Well may we say again and again, "Blessed be God for Jesus Christ."

This, then, appears to us set forth by the pillars of silver. The incarnation of the Son of God being, of course, essential to the whole work of salvation, there could be no chariot without this; all falls to pieces without the pillars of silver, the pure and solid and precious truth concerning the human nature of Jesus.

3. The *bottom of gold*. But what could a mere man do? What could the most exalted of creatures do in the work of saving sinners? All a creature does is due from him as a part of his proper service to his Creator. He receives all from God, and owes the perpetual subjection of all to God. In God he lives, and moves, and has his being. He never can do anything beyond what it is his duty to do. It is impossible, then, for a mere creature to provide a righteousness for another; consequently we have now, in order to the perfection, yea existence, of this chariot, another glory in the Lord Jesus set before us. He is truly and properly man. He is also truly, properly, and essentially the Son of God. Son of man, and Son of God. He who took upon him human nature in due season was the Son of the Father in truth and love before the foundation of the world,—in eternity. Upon this grand essential truth all is bottomed. The pillars of silver would shake and be insufficient, the wood of Lebanon perish, unless there was the bottom of gold, or unless there was the grand, glorious foundation truth of the Godhead and eternal Sonship of the Lord Jesus. O what a chariot,—the Godhead, the manhood, and both united in one Christ! So that, though we distinguish the natures, we regard the unity of the Person, the pillars and the bottom united together; the pillars of silver, the bottom of gold; God and man, one Christ. O! Blessed again be God for Jesus Christ! Now the wood of Lebanon sends forth its fragrance, now the pillars of silver are firm indeed; great yet eternally sweet is the mystery of godliness,—God was manifest in the flesh.

Of all things this is one of the most difficult, to depend with unshaken confidence on the grace of Christ, when we feel nothing but sin and misery in ourselves.—*T. Charles.*

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LETTER FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Dear Brother in Christ,—Although personally unknown to you, I now take the liberty of addressing you on a subject purely spiritual, on which I kindly solicit from you a little brotherly advice and instruction, as I have every confidence in you that you will give me sound advice; such as I cannot obtain here.

Graham's Town has a population of 12,000 to 13,000 white inhabitants, and in it there are 10 places of worship, Wesleyans, Independents, Church of England, Roman Catholic, and so-called Baptists, one of which is open communion, and at present has no pastor, and the pulpit is supplied every Sunday with local *Wesleyan* preachers. The other does not profess to be open communionist, but admits persons to the Lord's supper who have never been baptized, and who utterly ignore the ordinance of baptism. This is the church of which I was a member; but as there were no Rules to guide the church, neither were there any Articles of Faith to be adhered to, I quietly withdrew from amongst them. The Articles of Faith and Rules for the guidance of the church which *you* publish they ignore (I mean the majority of the church), and say that the "Gospel Standard" contains dangerous doctrines, calculated to harden people in their sin. However, this I can truly say, that I have not heard more than one pure gospel sermon preached since I have been in this country; and gladly enough would I go 12 or 15 miles to hear such men as Smart, Godwin, Gorton, Cowley, Tiptaft, and others I was accustomed to hear in England. But, alas! There are no such men to be found in Graham's Town. I believe there are many of God's dear children in this town, who, for want of a thoroughly spiritually-taught teacher, scarcely ever enter a place of worship, as the preaching here is very much like that described by a brother in America in the Sept. No. of the "Gospel Standard." They tell us to do this, that, and the other,—what they cannot do themselves; neither have they any sympathy with me that am cast down on account of sin, soul trouble, worldly trials or temptations. And as to doubts and fears respecting their eternal safety, we are told to drive away such melancholy thoughts, and not dishonour God by doubting his precious promises. Well might Job say, "Miserable comforters are ye all."

In all denominations of this city the rich in this world are frequently visited, while the poor members of the church scarcely ever see the minister, except on Sundays. Professed Christians here go to balls and theatrical performances, dressed up like merry andrews, and say they can see no harm in it; and as to dress, I firmly believe that professing Christians try to exceed each other to see which can dress finest.

I must now come to the point. Regarding myself, I must tell you that the Bible and the "Gospel Standard" are my sole companions, and often afford me comfort and consolation in trouble; and were it not for the many lifts I get by the way in reading them, I should

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be oftener exclaiming, "I shall one day fall by the hands of Saul." But, thanks be to God who has preserved me by his grace to the present moment of my life, and has appeared for me many times at the last extremity, when all other refuge failed, and when I have been ready to say, "Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Doth his promise fail for evermore? And hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious?" No; bless his dear name, he waits to be gracious; and when he makes us to feel our need of him, then, and then only, can we feel his preciousness, and appreciate his mercy and goodness towards us. It has long been on my mind how, and in what way, I could do anything for the glory of God in this place. I have, during the past year, given away to various persons three copies of the "Gospel Standard." I have also lent to several parties other sound works which I have by me. I have also felt a secret power working in me to stand up and speak a few words in the Lord's name; but I shrink at the thought of such a solemn undertaking, fearing it should prove at last to be only the pride of my corrupt nature. However, when I am commissioned by the Almighty, I must and shall cheerfully take up the cross, and proclaim the riches of grace in Christ Jesus to his poor tried and tempted ones; as I feel convinced that none *preach* the gospel unless they are sent of God. No uncertain sounds will do for God's living family.

And now, dear brother, I have stated all the particulars respecting the Baptist churches here. I most humbly and respectfully beg that you will direct me how to proceed, as I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to do something for the glory of God and yet feeling very backward in doing so. Sometimes I am ready to give up all thoughts about religion, as I fear I am nothing but a hypocrite; but I cannot give it up, and I have hard work to keep on. However, I earnestly pray that if I am his I may be enabled, by his grace, to live to his glory, and adorn the doctrine of Christ in all things.

Graham's Town, Nov. 20, 1871. H. W.

[Our friend asks for advice upon two or three points. We can sympathize with him in his solitary path; but must unhesitatingly approve of his withdrawal from a connexion in which he would be involved in such unscriptural courses. We should, too, ourselves prefer sitting at home, and reading the Bible and sound authors, to attending a place of worship where the ministry gave an uncertain or erroneous sound; and have, indeed, found a great blessing in so doing. Are there not the elements of a prayer-meeting, in which good men's writings or sermons could be read? Could not such a meeting be originated? (Isa. lx. 22; Zec. iv. 10; Mat. xviii. 20.) As to our correspondent's preaching, we dare say nothing. Christ sends the true ministers, and qualifies them. He is also the "Wonderful Counsellor." Men who are fond of having a hand in things, and like the glory of minister-making, would perhaps say, "Go." We must confine ourselves to begging our friend to wait upon and for the Lord. The forward scribe said, "I will

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follow;" the backward man made excuses. When the word of God came to John, he went and preached it, not before. Luke iii. 2, 3; ix. 57.]

"*BEAUTIFUL SUNSHINE.*"

IN MEMORY OF THE DEPARTURE TO GLORY OF MRS. JOHN GADSBY, DEC., 1871.

WHILE here in this valley of darkness and tears,
How often the fogs do arise;
Dark clouds that hang lowly distress us with fears,
And shut out the light from the skies.

But "beautiful sunshine" again will be felt,
The saint now in glory express'd;
'Tis "beautiful sunshine" the heart that can melt,
When often by sorrow depress'd.

The saint now in glory was often in fear;
Her pinions of faith were not strong;
But yet she could say that the Saviour was dear,
And he was the first in her song.

'Mid deepest affliction, and sharpest of pain,
She trusted her covenant God;
And hope in the promise she found to sustain
While tasting his love in the rod.

And when she drew near to the opening grave,
And thought of old Jordan's deep flood,
The "beautiful sunshine" then lit up each wave,
And raised up her soul to her God.

The clay cottage fell in its weakness to dust;
The soul is released from its cell;
The feeblest of saints that in Jesus can trust
Is sure to be saved from hell.

The "beautiful sunshine" is love in full bliss,
In God's holy kingdom of light;
Was ever such wonderful mercy as this,
To give us poor sinners delight?

Take courage, ye feeble and ready to halt;
The "beautiful sunshine" is near;
For Justice will never charge you with a fault,
He charged on your Surety so dear.

Take courage, ye servants of Jesus in woe,
And fight for the truth of our God;
Your "Standard" must never be struck to the foe,
But rather be seal'd with your blood.

5, Devonshire Terrace, Thornton Heath. THOMAS WHITTLE.

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TRUE FAITH.

"Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JNO. v. 4.

FAITH is the gift of God. No man can possess a true and living faith until God is pleased to produce it in his heart. It is not merely an assent and consent to the letter of the word; for a man may believe with a natural faith everything that is written in the Bible, and yet be destitute of the faith of God's elect. True "faith standeth not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God;" it is not merely sentiment or opinion, but it is a divine assurance wrought in the heart of a poor sinner by almighty power. "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us." It "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence (or ground, or confidence) of things not seen;" and through the exercise of it we credit that which we cannot comprehend and do not perceive. Nay, faith often receives that which is quite contrary to what we feel and see. Thus it is above sense, and very often opposed to it. Yes, a poor sinner feels himself to be all sin, defilement, and pollution; but when the Lord enables him to receive, apply, and appropriate the precious atoning blood of the Saviour, he really knows, and that by blessed experience, that he is cleansed indeed. And though he feels and confesses with Paul, "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" and though he is thoroughly convinced of his utter destitution of all righteousness, being unable to speak a good word, think a good thought, or perform a good act; yet, when he is enabled by faith to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as the Lord his righteousness, his heart is persuaded and assured (notwithstanding all his fears) that he shall appear "without fault before the throne of God." Thus it is that the Lord enables his people to triumph over sin through believing in the Saviour. And this faith works by love to Jesus, and so exalts him in our esteem that we are brought to hate self and to value Jesus above every other object, in heaven or on earth. It enables us to triumph over self,—sinful self and righteous self. We desire to "put off the old man with his deeds, and to put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness;" and the effect of this is that mortification of which Paul speaks: "But if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." When the forgiveness of all trespasses flows into our hearts, through faith in the precious atoning blood of the Saviour, "who, of God, is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," then he is all our righteousness, all our holiness, and all our salvation. We have no other; we want no other. Professors are apt to put *the fruits of holiness* for holiness, and thus to ascribe some degree of excellence to the creature; but I do know that all genuine fruit, whether internal or external, can only spring from our union to Christ. He says, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me."

J. HOBBS.

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MERCY FOR MISERY; OR, COMFORT FOR TROUBLED MINDS.

BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MANIFOLD TEMPTATIONS OF THE AUTHOR HEREOF; AND LIKEWISE OF THE MANY SUPPORTS WHICH THE LORD WAS PLEASED TO GIVE TO HIM IN THE SPACE OF MANY YEARS TEMPTATION.—By A. T., 1742.

Christian Friends,—As it hath been the use of such as have had peculiar experience of God's goodness to them to declare it to others, especially to them that fear God, I, having received great measures of mercy, think it to be greatly my duty to make it known, and not to bury the goodness of God to me in the bank of the earth. David would not fail to do this. "Come," saith he, "hearken to me, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." Though I am sensible of my weakness, that I cannot give so perfect an account as I wish I could, but I will give as true an account as I am capable of; for I hope I only aim at the glory of God and the good of such poor souls as shall hear and read this, who, being under disorder of mind and trouble of conscience, may happily gather comfort by reading of it.

I would first acquaint my reader that almost from a child I had convictions of sin. Though I did not understand the depravity of my nature, yet I was convinced of swearing, lying, and evil language, and feared it myself, and was concerned for it in others; and if at any time I said or did that which I knew I should not, or had any blasphemous thought come in upon my mind, as many times it would, then I was for some time together troubled for it. I was much inclined to vanity, as we read that "childhood and youth is vanity." I cannot say I was much inclined to gross wickedness; but to foolish thoughts and vain actions I was much inclined, though still under uneasiness for that.

At length, when I was about 14 years of age, I went to service, and fell into a very carnal family, that, from the master to the meanest servant, there was little thing heard but what was bad; and there I learned a great deal of their language; for now I had none to tell me the danger, or any to stop me. I would advise all parents to take a care what family they put their children into.

At the end of the year I returned home to my father; and my friends wondered to see me so much altered for the worse; for I was now deeply tainted with vice, and began to show it to others. As I remember, at a certain time, coming home from church on the Lord's day, I expressed myself so that I heard a carnal woman say to her company, "That lad will make a main firebrand for hell." That struck me very hard, for at the same time I was afraid it would be so too; and to say the truth of it, there was scarcely a youth in the eye of reason more hopeless than I was.

Some time afterwards a neighbour lent me a book of Robert Russel's writing, where he showed the sin that is unpardonable. He laid it out so plainly that I found I had hope that I had not committed that sin; of which I was glad. There were two more

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searching and affecting sermons. One was, "The Accepted Time and Day of Salvation;" the other, "The End of Time and Beginning of Eternity." They made such work upon me that I began to put away my bad conversation, and, indeed, I was in great measure out of liking with it; for there was much comfort, and many endearing expressions, as well as terror, in those sermons. I also betook myself to prayer, as I was directed, as well as I could. This seemed to be a visible change to myself, as well as to others; yet, for all this, the axe was not laid close nor hard enough to the root of the tree; for though the boughs and branches were many of them broken off, yet the root of my corruptions began to revive, and my flesh began to get head again, so that I began to lay aside this good book. It is bad to let our hope of being in Christ to cause us to lay by our duty, and neglect the means of grace; for our hope in Christ is our only cordial to revive us under our fears and faintings, and give us no liberty to be loose and idle; for if we are left to neglect the means of grace, grace will certainly decay, and sin and corruption will revive again.

I cannot say that I joined with the profane; for I was still afraid of gross sins; so that at this time my life was not much reproveable in the eyes of the world; but yet I had secret reserves to the flesh, and my conscience told me I was not right in the sight of God, and that I was in danger of being lost if I should die in that condition. However, I kept on, but still in fear. I knew that all was not well between God and my soul; yet still put off from day to day, and from year to year; sometimes hot for heaven, and sometimes as much for flesh and sense. Thus, if I may so say, I was tossed between heaven and earth; but the love of sin that dwelt in my members chiefly led me captive. Indeed, I desired to be a Christian, but yet would fain carry the credit and delights of the world along with me; but this is not God's way. We cannot serve God and Mammon.

Now I began to be filled with dark and gloomy thoughts and apprehensions that greatly surprised me, so that I knew not whereabouts I was, and what to do I could not tell; for now sad and dreadful blasphemies began to pour in upon me; sad ones indeed, because they were against God and Christ; so that I could not think of God and Christ but some sad blasphemy would be flung in with it. I think I could scarcely look upon or think of anything, but that some sad blasphemy or other would be at the end of it. I began to be now greatly surprised indeed, for I was afraid that God in anger had cast me off, and let his justice seize upon me. I was afraid, by what I underwent, that my day of mercy was quite gone, and that I was sealed over to wrath long before, though it was not known to me till now. Now my heart began to ache indeed, and could have no rest at any time. I was like a vessel tossed in the midst of the seas in a dark and stormy night, without either guide or governor.

About two weeks before I was thus bad, I partook of the Lord's public ordinance, which I was for some years before convinced

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was my duty, but yet neglected it; and after that I was more troubled; for now I thought that I had sealed my own destruction, and made hell hotter than before; yet, for all this, I durst not repent or wish I had not partaken of it, but laboured to find if there was no help for me. I remembered the apostle termed some of the Corinthians and Galatians to be carnal, after they had partaken of the Lord's ordinance, and yet doth not pass the sentence of damnation. This afforded me a little comfort, though I could not get much, yet I was willing to hang by every twig which I could take hold of; for I found myself still sinking. O the crafty contrivance of Satan to take all advantages to baffle poor souls! I had strong desires to get out of this condition, but durst not take any carnal course to do it. I laboured and tried to find if some of the promises of God might not give me some hope, and so get comfort thence; for I could not take anything for comfort if I had it not from the Lord; but, alas! I could get but little comfort out of God's word, for that rather made my trouble worse for a great while. Then I remembered the words of David, who said, "Their sword shall enter into their own heart." I thought that that very word which was intended for life and comfort to God's children was become a sword and death to me. O! Now how did I fear that the Lord was turned against me; what would I now have given for any good ground of hope; for I feared my case was worse than what the Lord would suffer any of his to fall into. Could I have conceived that God had afflicted me in love, I could willingly have borne anything; but I feared that such a heart that I felt in me could never be a heart that God could love; but that it was a token of God's irreconcilable anger to me. Yet seeing myself over the mouth of ruin, I still strove to hang by some good word or other, and so stayed myself a little.

There was one scripture that struck me hard, and that was, that the fearful and unbelieving were to have their part amongst the abominable. Now I knew that I was full of fear and unbelief, and how to help it I did not know, which still made my burden heavier and heavier. And another passage where it is said, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." I feared that I was now fallen into his hands, and that there was no help for me. I now feared greatly that I had committed the unpardonable sin; for I considered a long life in sin, and most of the sins in light. I remembered, on a certain time, talking with ungodly men, I made something of a jest of religion; and this came now hard, with the remembrance of many other sins, upon me at that time; from all which I feared I had committed that sin. I strove hard to see if I could not find that I had not committed that sin, and I was sorry for all my sins, finding the sad consequences of them; and were it to do again, I thought I would not have done them. I thought thus as well as I could, till I began to hope I had not committed it. I cannot say that my hope was like the morning dew, for it did not stay so long with me as a morning dew; for that little hope I had was hard strove

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for, and I strove to keep it; so that I was always like one in a combat, and like to lose all hope. And suddenly a word, which I had not heard nor read a good while, came in upon me. The words were these: "Let not, therefore, go your confidence." I knew there were words to that purpose in the scriptures; and these words strengthened me a little to hold fast that hope that I had not committed that sin. Though, through mercy, the temptation did not come so powerfully as to put it out of question that I had committed it, yet it was so powerful as to leave me still in doubt whether I had not committed it; but was tossed between hope and fear a great while; but little hope, yet a great deal of fear; though, through mercy, enough to keep me from quite despairing. And though I many times used to seek comfort from that word which did before comfort me, yet many times could find none there. My trouble and disorder seemed to increase upon me so much that I knew not how to live, and was continually afraid to die. I found myself so deeply involved in darkness and horror, and so far off from peace, that I could not think nor believe that I could be ever brought to peace more. Then, again, I concluded that God knew how to do it, only I feared he would not. My fear was that God had forsaken me. I did not dare yield it so, though I feared it was so.

I often prayed, and cried to the Lord out of these great depths. I sometimes found comfort in prayer; yea, most times some; sometimes very little, and most times soon gone. On some certain times I have found myself more uneasy after prayer than before; then I feared that the Lord in anger gave me the contrary of what I prayed for, and that all I should get by praying would be but a distracted mind at last; and I was greatly afraid of it, finding myself so nigh to it. Then I remembered the words of our Lord: "If a son ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he for bread give him a stone?" &c. Then I thought if it were not man's way, who is evil, to give bad things to their children when they asked for good, how much less is it God's way, who is perfectly good, to give bad things to his children when they ask for good things. Though still I had a secret fear that God was not so good as to be good to me. Alas! I had so little and so weak a faith in the goodness of God to me that my love was but very little to him. I must say that I desired nothing so much as to love God, yet I could not do what I would. My heart was so desperately pressed with horror that I could not see nor feel that I did love him at all. And though these words that I last cited gave me some comfort at first coming, yet they soon abated; for it began to turn over in my mind that it was true the Lord did give good things to his own children, but how did I know that I was a child of God? Had I a child's heart, and a child's love? No; but rather the contrary. And if so, could I expect a child's gift? Here was a great question to be resolved; for my heart was so exceedingly bad, and I felt such an enmity in me, that I thought I could not possibly belong to God;

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and I thought, will God give such good things as I ask for to strangers, and much less to an enemy? It was mercy to pardon me and grace to make my heart new that I asked for, and this I feared I should miss of for want of being a child of God. Indeed it seemed to be a precious promise at first coming to me; but I soon was opposed in it; for that word "your heavenly Father," I could not clear up to myself, concluding I must first be sure that God was my Father before I could expect anything from him; and how could such a creature, in so poor a case as I was, assure myself of that?

Friends, we may perceive what subtilty there is in Satan to misconstrue words to our deceitful hearts, that we may not take hold of any word to our comfort, but turn it all to our grief. I did not consider the last words of that verse: "Those that ask him;" from whence I now conclude that it is certainly a child of God that continues to cry to God.

There was another scripture where I found that the Lord could and would give a new heart. This gave me some hope; for I was quite weary with my old heart; for I thought were it possible for me to go to heaven with my old heart, I could have no peace or pleasure there; and what to do I knew not; for I could not make my heart better. The badness of my heart was my trouble. I thought if I had but a better heart, then I could hope, and believe, and love; and then I could pray better; but as my heart is so bad, what will become of me?

I was now almost always like the troubled sea, one wave following another. I was full of horror and deep in despair, and nothing follows then but black and gloomy apprehensions, and I was so assaulted with blasphemy that it sank my heart so low that I could not go about my lawful employment for some weeks together. I did not know how to bear to be in any company, but kept by myself mostly, bemoaning my sad and hard lot; yet I did desire the company of good people, in hopes they might tell me something for my comfort. But, alas! It proved rather the contrary to me. Yet I desired praying Christians to remember my case at the footstool of mercy; but still afraid that the Lord would not hear their prayer, or that they were forbidden to pray for me. I often feared to pray for myself; but sometimes ventured, as though I ventured my life, fearing that the Lord would destroy me the sooner for my praying; for I feared I did but impose upon God, pressing him to forgive and save me against his will. I thought that the Lord threatened me from his footstool, and I feared that I should see or hear something that would fully determine that I was a castaway; so that I durst not many times look upwards towards heaven. And I would tell you with trembling that when I looked on anything of the works of God, I looked upon it with spite and hatred, which I feared was a copy of God's hating me. Though I was sorry for it and afraid of it, yet I could not help it.

(To be continued.)

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AUSTRALIA.

Before reading the following letters, we recommend our readers to refer to page 69, "G. S.," 1871:

To the Editor of the "Gospel Standard."

Dear Sir and Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ,—Feeling assured of the interest you have in the welfare of the living family of God, not only in your midst, but also in this distant and all other lands, I, with others of our kindred here, had a great rejoicing of heart in reading the account, in the Feb. No. (1871) of your periodical, of the Lord's dealings, and delivering grace manifested to a poor sinner in this land. I refer to Mary Peers, of Diamond Creek. I, therefore, took the first opportunity to write to her, being persuaded in my own mind that I could inform her respecting the chapel mentioned in her letter, also of the person who gave her the sermon referred to; and I was correct, and I enclose a letter to you which I received from her in reply.

You will see by her letter what a conflict she had with respect to coming amongst those who profess to know, love, and serve the Lord Jesus, and desire to adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour. You will also see how the Lord graciously delivered her from those fears, and especially blessed her; and it is the proclamation of God's tender care and wonderful deliverances that the God of all grace ever has worked, still does and ever will work out and accomplish for every poor sinner who in reality feels his need of him. Therefore, I with others of your constant readers will accept it as a favour bestowed upon us if you can find a little space in your widely-circulated work.

Being assured that you have no easy task to perform, may the Lord still bless you, and enable you to stand as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, seeing there is a fearful darkness in the land. I have nothing to commend myself to your notice, but that I am a poor sinner saved by grace. Neither time nor space will permit me to go into many of the exercises of my mind when brought to realize the spirituality of God's law, bringing me to a true knowledge of my state and standing as a lost and altogether undone sinner in the sight of God. I can truly say the law was my schoolmaster. My most urgent cry to the Lord was, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" I was then at Ballarat, in 1862. I was brought to the greatest extremity one Lord's day morning, when going to the house of God, on the very verge of despair. I leaned upon a fence and told the Lord that if he would he could deliver me from all my fears, and cleanse me from all unrighteousness. After which I proceeded to the house of the Lord, and I never can forget, on the first hymn being given out, I commenced to sing; but such a divine influence was realized in the words, I had to sit down and rejoice in God my Saviour. The hymn was one of Dr. Watts's:

"Come, we that love the Lord,' &c.

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As the church, at that time, was without a pastor, there was a sermon read of the late dear editor's of the "Standard," with the title, "Winter Afore Harvest;" through which I was greatly blessed, and could truly say:

"'Twas winter with my soul till he,
Bright morning Star, bade darkness flee."

I have felt and expressed that if the Lord should spare me to again visit my native land, there were two men above all others I should like to see; but now one has fallen asleep.

My name will not be strange to you, as while I resided at Ballarat I wrote to you for the "Gospel Standard" for myself and friends; and since I removed to Melbourne I continue, and hope to get an increase of subscribers this year.

I remain, yours for Jesus' sake,

Aug. 9, 1871. ——— HENRY YEO.

My dear Brother,—I rejoice that, through the long-suffering and tender mercies of our God to usward, I am once more able to address as brother a member of the visible church, a follower of our dear Lord. I once said, "I shall never be moved." I thought my mountain stood strong, and I could have said with Peter I would die for Christ rather than deny him. But the Lord had only to let go of me for a moment, and down I went. Now I hope great I is dead and buried; and my daily portion is, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe." But now keep to myself all the mercy that I have received I could not; and as my dear mother and sister and I had walked together to the house of God in former days, and I knew how pierced they had been at my fall, I knew that it would give them great joy to hear of the dear Lord's goodness towards me; so I wrote to them, little thinking that the Lord had such mercies in store for me through that letter as to incline the hearts of his children towards me so that I could come up to the house of the Lord, to worship him in the place where his honour dwelleth. I confess that at the thought of coming before the church I was rather timid; for I thought if I could not stand when I had Christian friends around me and a kind pastor always near and ready to instruct and exhort and advise, how should I be now when all around me look upon me as a poor ignorant, narrow-minded bigot? But the Lord was graciously pleased to set me at rest about it, by applying so sweetly to my mind 1 Jno. ii. 27, that I said, "It is enough, dear Lord. If thou promise to abide with me I am safe, and in thy name will I go to thy house and make mention of thy name and thine only; and if thou wilt go before me and incline the hearts of thy children to invite, then this people shall be my people." So you may guess, my dear brother, with what feelings of hope and fear I came on that Lord's day morning, fearing the blessing was too great, yet hoping in the promise that the Lord would meet me there. And, blessed for ever be his name, he did not disappoint me; for I felt it to be indeed the house of God and the very gate of heaven to my soul. I felt that although I had often hardened my heart in days of tempta-

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tion in the wilderness, yet the long-suffering and tender mercies of our God had allowed me, unworthy as I am, to enter into that rest at last, to rest in his love,—a rest from guilt, fear, and unbelief. Our dear pastor came up to Greensborough the next night; and he spoke so sweetly of the soul walking up and down in the name of the Lord that I could feelingly say it was good to be there. I mentioned to sister Jolly after service that I thought some good had been done that night; some seed sown that would spring up sooner or later; for there seemed to be a heavenly influence shed over the place. She said she felt the same, and we rejoiced in hope.

Who can tell what the Lord has to do here? His arm is not shortened nor his ear heavy. We will praise him for all that's past, and hope to trust him for all that's to come.

After being tossed about on the sea of affliction, temptation, and trouble, how sweet it is to feed in green pastures, beside the still waters! What a storehouse is that of our Father's! What glorious views we get when we are allowed to walk a little up the mountain! This has been my blessed privilege lately. Praise the Lord, all ye his saints. Let all that know the Lord, praise the Lord.

Do not, my dear brother, think that I expect to be always on the mountain. I know that the old enemy is not dead. And I know that he is only waiting an opportunity to cast his fiery darts more fiercely then ever; but at present he is chained, and I know that he cannot move without my Father's permission. What a mercy that though he may rage and roar and frighten the sheep, yet he may not devour. He cannot break through the everlasting arms of love and mercy that are around them. The everlasting safety of the church has always been a doctrine very sweet to me, even when, at times, I could not see clearly my own union; and now much more when, by precious faith, the gift of God, I can venture to hope that there is room for such an unpolished stone as I in that building that would not be complete without every stone, whether great or small. And when the top-stone shall be brought with shoutings of, "Grace, grace unto it," ah! Then we shall see the beauty of it! The skill of the Builder will then be seen. May you and I be found to have a name and a place in that building where our everlasting song will be, "To Him that hath loved us and washed us in his own blood, be glory and honour for ever and ever. Amen."

I hope you are walking up and down in the name of the Lord, viewing the promises, feeling possession of them in the name of the Lord; that you are able to turn out of doors that old enemy to our peace, Unbelief, who is very hard to keep out; but it is in the name of the Lord. David says, "They compassed me about like bees; but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them."

I shall be very glad if you will favour me with a few lines; for I read that "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Please to remember me to any inquiring friends. I am walking

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up and down in the name of the Lord. My love to all that love our Lord Jesus Christ.

I remain, ever yours in the Bonds of Christian Love,

Diamond Creek, June 20, 1871. MARY PEERS.

Dear Friend,—I rejoice that the "Standard" still gives a certain sound for the poor and needy in this day of spiritual dearth and death. It seemed to me a fearful foreboding when month after month brought tidings of one and another being taken who had been champions on Zion's walls. I thought, "Surely they are taken away from the evil to come, and who shall fill up the breaches, when there appears nothing but an endeavour to reconcile the professing church and the world, the pretending worship of God with the mammon of unrighteousness? I feel to stand alone in this land; but feel from day to day that I have no need to go into the world to see what is done there; for I feel all the seeds in my heart. I have long felt by painful experience the truth of the text that because iniquity shall abound the love of many shall wax cold.

About a month since I seemed to be assaulted by all the powers of darkness. After enjoying a good degree of light and liberty on Sunday, on the following Wednesday darkness and horror came upon me such as could be felt,—murmuring, rebellion, stubbornness, and unbelief. I no longer wonder at the stubbornness of Jonah; for I mentally told the Lord that it was better for me to die than to live; for all that I thought the Lord had done for me was wrong; and the consequence was that I went to bed at even, and into the bush in the morning alone without family prayer; for how could I formally ask favour of one with such feelings of rebellion? True, there were moments of groaning; but they were soon succeeded by, if possible, greater hardness of heart, until at last I seemed as though I would not be pleased or comforted; but on Saturday afternoon I felt a little softening of heart, which induced me in the evening to take up the July "Standard," when my eye caught the lines:

"My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine."

And O what light shone upon that glorious exchange! What soul-humbling and self-loathing! But some may say, "Did you not know that before?" Yes. I had known those very lines for many years, and the doctrine of reconciliation has been the staple of my ministry for six or seven years; but let some of the "why don't you believe" men be brought here for a little, and it will soon strip them of their duty-faith. But after light broke in it was all right, and I envied none who are always light and joysome. No! That word, "They have no changes, therefore they fear not God," applies to them; and however strange it may appear, the week after I had so much confidence that I took for a text 2 Cor. iii. 6, the opening up of which I have reason to believe was blessed to some of the Lord's tried people here.

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There have been some sweet pieces in the "Standard," but the piece in the Aug. No., (1871,) "A Reply to a Broken-hearted Sinner," is, I think, the crowning piece of all. I should like to say a word on that, but forbear.

May the Lord bless you and yours, and make you and your work a continued blessing. This is the desire and prayer of

Yours in the best Bonds of Love,

A South Australian Bushman.

I enclose you a likeness of Mr. Bryant, a man greatly beloved by many good old pilgrims here. The word is very much blessed as preached by him. He has great gift in handling the word, and is exceedingly tried by enemies to the truth and affliction of body. You can scarcely form an idea what a man suffers from professed friends when he is called out from amongst them to preach the truth through floods of opposition. When he preaches the truth, the Arminians quake under it; but the people of God rejoice in the power of it. Fancy yourself a preacher much liked amongst the General Baptists, as Mr. B. was, laid upon a bed of affliction, and while there taught the blessed doctrine of God's sovereignty with its various connexions. When you come before the people again, and declare these things to them, you would then see how far their love would extend. Some would leave you who a little time before would have plucked their eyes out for you, and some dear children of God, who had been thirsting for years after the truth, would flock from all quarters to hear it. Such is the state of things with us; and I bless, praise, and magnify the grace of God in manifesting his mercy to us in this fashion. Many testify they never heard the word with such power as now.

I do hope Mr. B. will be raised from his many afflictions to preach for a good while to come. The Lord does make use of earthen vessels; but the power and excellence are of God, and not of us. Yours in Love, S. Hand.

Melbourne, Australia, Oct. 9, 1871.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Would you please kindly inform me upon what terms or conditions a young man is admitted or received into your ministry?

Yours, J. M. M.

Answer.

A misconception pervades this inquiry. The writer evidently supposes the "Gospel Standard" churches to constitute a regularly organized body, and a section of the professing Christian world; but this is a mistake. The "Gospel Standard" churches are those which, as it respects the greater number of the members, hold the same truths as those advocated in this periodical, and amongst which, therefore, such ministers are received as in essential particulars proclaim these truths. This is no sect. The

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"Gospel Standard" aims at greater things than to be the banner of a mere sect. In it there are set forth, we trust, with such ability as the Lord may give, experimental, practical, and doctrinal truths, which shall profit any dear children of God who may from time to time be led to inspect its pages.

Having disabused our inquirer's mind of these false impressions, we will endeavour to enter a little more fully into his question, which we suppose to mean one or both of the following things:

1. Who would be received as a minister amongst those holding views in harmony with this periodical?

2. Whose name and engagements would be inserted on the wrapper in the list of supplies?

A short question may sometimes involve a great deal more than the inquirer imagines. So it is in this case. For the first of these two inquiries again divides itself into two parts, one having reference to the ministry generally, or preaching of the word; the other to the pastorate. So then this short question has resolved itself into three questions:

1. Who would be received amongst you as a minister or preacher of the word? We must reply very briefly. In the first place he must be a Christian. Taught of God, he must have experimentally entered by the door into the sheepfold; otherwise the Lord tells us he is a thief and a robber. He must have known experimentally the condemning power of the law, and felt he could not live at the burning mount; or we believe he will lead us to it, and not to Jesus. He must know the plague of his own heart; or we believe he will plague the hearts of those who know theirs, being serpent-bitten by sin. He must have been himself slaughtered as to the flesh; or we believe he will never feed properly the flock of slaughter. If his own beauty is not gone, he will not extol the Lord Jesus, the beauty of Israel, but will be a flesh-pleasing and creature-glorifying man. He must know something of the Lord Jesus in his grace, suitability, freeness, and fulness, and have fled to him for refuge; or we do not see how he can cast up the highway, and point properly to the Lamb of God. He must have learnt of God the grand essential truths of God concerning creature helplessness and God's free grace, electing favour, eternal love, special redemption, and exceeding power to save; or we do not see how he can declare the counsels of electing love, and the sure foundation for God's people to build upon. We do not insist upon his having what is often called *full* assurance of faith, that is of his own personal interest in these things; but we do insist that these things, under divine teaching, shall be known, owned, and embraced by him, and that to these his soul shall be adhering in some degree of good hope, if not of assured confidence.

But all this will not make him a minister; for this there must be a special call and special adaptation.

i. There must be special gifts and qualifications of knowledge and of utterance. If God sends a man, he will fit him for his

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work; and God can abundantly do this without his going to a college.

ii. There will be a laying of the ministry upon the man's conscience. This may be by some special word or words, or in some other way. God knows how in these days to intimate his mind to and persuade the hearts of his people.

iii. There will be openings in providence, and frequently such as distinctly call upon the man, yea, oblige him, to exercise his gift in public.

iv. What is of God, God will commend to the hearts and consciences of his people in such degree as he pleases. He will confirm the word of his messengers. He will seal the word preached by them; and when this is the case, God's people say, "This is the man, young or old, whom the Lord has sent to the work;" and they accordingly receive him. He is then received by us as a messenger of the Lord. The porter opens to him; Christ's sheep hear Christ speaking by him. He is to us the minister not of a sect, but the ambassador of Jesus. We must add to these remarks that of the ministers thus raised up and given the tongue of the learned by the Lord, some come forth from the churches holding the views of the "Gospel Standard," some do not. As to the former, we consider it generally advisable and agreeable to church order (Acts xiii.) that such persons should go forth with the authorization of the churches of which they are members.

2. Who would be received amongst you as a pastor? We must say that in this case more is required. Paul says, "Some evangelists," "some pastors and teachers," showing us that special qualifications are required for the pastorate. This is not sufficiently attended to. Good men have in this case mistaken their calling and office. They were called to be ministers, but not called to be pastors. Hence in this vocation they have signally failed. No man should take any office whatever in the church of God but he who is called to that particular office by God, as was Aaron. The pastorate requires pastoral gifts,—a greater extent of knowledge and experience, a more varied expression of the truths of God, peculiar gifts of love, patience, and skill in dealing with cases both of conscience and of conduct. Then, in this case, which involves, too, the due administration of the ordinances of believers' baptism and the Lord's supper, there must be a firm holding, through having been taught of God, the truths concerning these ordinances and strict communion. We should not exclude from our pulpits a minister of God qualified as above as a preacher, but we should determinedly exclude him from any action implying visible church membership unless he believed in and professed and practised the ordinance of believers' baptism, as well as that of the Lord's supper, the former as preparatory to the reception of the latter.

We need hardly say that the members of our churches choose their own ministers, but with a deference to the Lord's will; only ratifying what they solemnly believe is his choice and ordination.

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We have briefly answered two of the questions into which the inquiry resolved itself, and our notice of the third shall be very short.

3. Here we need only state the prudent rule, as we conceive it to be, which is followed in the insertion of names of supplies on the wrapper of the "Gospel Standard." This is done at the formal recommendation of two churches holding the views of this periodical. We suppose that no churches would give such a recommendation rashly, but upon a sober satisfaction in the members' hearts, derived from a divine commendation of the ministry to their consciences, coupled with a persuasion that the conversation of the minister is generally agreeable to the gospel of Christ.

We have thus answered the inquiry, giving very briefly a view of what we consider to be necessary qualifications in ministers and pastors who are received amongst those churches holding the same views as this periodical, and of what would be necessary in a young man,—an old one likewise, whose name should appear on the cover of the "Gospel Standard."

THE LORD'S PROVIDENCE.

"Thy way, O God, is in the sea."

MYSTERIOUS are thy ways, eternal God!
Entirely past our finding out are they;
We wait but thine Almighty ruling nod,
To turn our gloomy night to endless day.

So wise, omnipotent, and great art thou,
So terrible in majesty and power,
Worlds may revolve their spheric courses now,
Or stop at thy command the coming hour.

Nor could the powers of earth or hell restrain,
Or bid one particle speed on its way;
Give heat or cold, or hail, or dew, or rain,
Change day to night, or night to gladsome day.

Thy Word alone commands; nought can resist,
Make worlds, or crush them at a single breath;
By thee do all created things exist;
Issues belong to thee, of life and death.

And through this rough mysterious path of mine,
O'er which dark clouds and heavy thunders roll,
Thy hand can lead me safe, and only thine;
Thy arm alone support my fearful soul.

And while the vivid forked lightning's glare
Discloses only some fresh danger nigh,
Thy wise unerring power can break the snare,
And clear the angry, threatening, fitful sky.

H. M.

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Obituary.

ELLEN TATLEY.—On Sept. 29th, 1871, aged 52, Ellen Tatley, of Chillicothe Peoria, Illinois, America. My dear wife died, triumphant in the faith of God's elect.

From a child she was of a quiet and peaceable disposition, and was brought up by strictly honest and very "pious" parents, but they were Arminians. At an early age she had serious and solemn impressions of mind with reference to her never-dying soul and the realities of eternity. She became a member of the Wesleyan Methodists and a Sunday-school teacher, and adorned her profession by a consistent walk, which continued to the end. She felt and declared it all through life that God would have been just if he had banished her from his presence, and from the glory of his power, for ever; but God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved her, and quickened her, and made her alive to a state of concern, mercifully attended to the work of his own hands, and blessed her with peace of conscience through the Lord Jesus Christ. In this she greatly rejoiced for some length of time, but when her joys began to abate she became confused. About this time we began to keep company together, and she would tell me, at times, the state she was in, how perplexed she was; that though she did all she could she could not attain to that which the members of the class she met with could speak of; and she was dark. I myself was ten times darker; and thus, until the set time to favour Zion was come, we were left to seek for justification in that way, whereby no flesh living could ever be justified. Since those days I have been fully satisfied that the breathings of her soul were those of the psalmist when he said, "My heart and my flesh crieth out for God, for the living God." And now let me say, to the praise of the glory of God's grace, wherein he hath made my dear wife accepted in the Beloved, that he was pleased to send out his light and truth, by which the hidden works of darkness were discovered. Free-will became a vanity, working for life emptiness and rottenness, and self-righteousness was laid in the dust.

About this time a volume of the "Gospel Standard" fell into our hands, and the living truths it contained sweetly found an echo in my wife's quickened and living soul. This was about 1842; and from that time to the last she was a constant reader of that work, and a lover of it and of all those who love the truths contained therein. And now, to add to the divine blessings thus richly given, she was favoured to sit under that beloved minister of the gospel, Mr. Richard Marsh, who in those days preached at Hindley, near Wigan; and to hear him describe a work of grace on the soul, and set forth the redemption of the church by the God-Man, and herself join in singing those divinely-inspired hymns, and the blessed Spirit sealing his own work with power divine on her soul, it was an enjoyment not easily described. She

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was also favoured to hear Mr. Vaughan and two or three other God-taught ministers; and probably few hearers ever received the ingrafted word with more meekness and gratitude than she did. Such preaching laid her low in self-abasement, and she was always glad to have the crown placed on the right head. When returning home from preaching, about the first word she would sometimes say would be, "No Hottentot can be more dark in spiritual things than I was." "Talk of works," she would say; "they don't know what they are talking about. We are no better than imps in and of ourselves." Instead now of singing:

"A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky,"

she with heart and soul joined with Toplady:

"Not the labour of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands," &c.

As it was the Lord's good pleasure to open the eyes of us both nearly about the same time, salvation by grace was our perpetual theme; but we read that God has set the day of adversity over against the day of prosperity; and so it proved to be; for in 1848 I left Aspull Moor, near Wigan, for the United States; and in 1849 my wife followed me, never more to hear a gospel sermon preached; nor have we ever read a gospel sermon but what has come in the "Gospel Standard," and Mr. Philpot's "Gospel Pulpit;" neither have we ever met with any person but one old black man who seemed to have any idea at all that there even should be any distinction between the law and the gospel. And although we were amongst the Old School Baptists for awhile, in Tazewell, and both of us baptized amongst them in 1857, yet we gave lasting offence by telling them, and sticking to it, that the truth was not preached among them, in true simplicity. We thought that we should soon find a place of truth; but at length we were forced to confess that vain thoughts lodged within us. It is now about 14 years since we separated ourselves from all professors, and my wife said she would not hear the preachers around us under any circumstances or pretence whatever; for she knew that to say "a confederacy" with such as trample upon the doctrines of grace was no better than to make a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell. Through grace and grace alone she was taught to take good heed to that most blessed caution: "Buy the truth, and sell it not;" and though, from first to last, we have had such vast numbers to stand against, she could, at times, say with the apostle John, as in 1 Jno. v. 19–21. The foundation of her hope was not shaken by every puff of wind. She was divinely taught to rest on nothing less than the spotless Son of God for her eternal salvation. For ever blessed be the name of the Three-One God for such a saving knowledge and such unmerited mercy! Notwithstanding all opposition from every quarter, through rich mercy she came forth of them all, and by the

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power of the Spirit was enabled to go from strength to strength, till she has appeared in Zion before God.

Though no public house of God to go to in company, we often took sweet counsel together, and our covenant-keeping God was pleased, at times, to open a portion of his word a little for our own private conversation and encouragement.

Many were the tossings up and down which she was the subject of, and, at times, in her feelings she was driven like a rolling thing before the whirlwind, and was often being sifted as corn is sifted in a sieve; but the Lord saw to it that the least grain did not fall to the ground. Often was she afraid of being cut down as a cumberer of the ground, and would say, at times, "I do wonder what my end will be, but I fear it will be a bad one;" and then again, at times, when the blessed Spirit was pleased to shine upon her mind, she could sing with firm confidence:

"Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who aught to my charge shall lay?"

When the Lord laid his afflicting hand upon her for the last time she was on a visit at her sister's, about 24 miles away, and she said to her sister she thought she was going to have something to contend with, as these words were brought to her mind: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," &c. She told her sister she wanted to get home again, for then she should be satisfied, whether it was for life or death; "for," said she, "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." I got her home without delay, never thinking but she would be well again in a few days. We had the best doctors we could, but they were of no avail, any further than giving her a little ease, which was a great blessing; for she suffered very much, day and night, during her eleven weeks' illness, yet not the slightest murmur escaped her lips. She said, "I am brought low; but the Lord helpeth me." And then she said, "I would have liked, if it had been his blessed will, that he would have brightened my evidences a little more; but he has told me, as my day is, so shall my strength be, and that at eventide it will be light. How glad I am that his own arm hath wrought out the victory." I afterwards asked her if she had any fear of death; when she lifted up her voice with more than usual force, and said, "O, no! I am quite composed, quite resigned. He cannot leave me. I know that my Redeemer liveth." At times, I heard her say, "O! How I shall gaze and shout when I see him in the midst of the throne!" Being so mercifully kept by the power of God from the attacks of the devil, and enjoying such tranquillity of mind, it seemed to be too much for her, as though she did not see herself vile enough; so that, about two hours before she died she said, "I do hope he will make me know what a reptile I am before he takes me!" I said, "Why, Ellen; he has made you know all along what a reptile you are!" And she said, "Yes, so he has; that is so; my cup runs over with blessings."

Just before she departed, when her eyes were set and her speech

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was entirely gone, I asked her if the Lord was present with her. She then smiled a few times, and breathed her redeemed soul into the hands of God who gave it.

Dec. 8, 1871. JOHN TATLEY.

HENRY HURKITT.—On Oct. 18th, 1871, aged 35, Henry Hurkitt, of Chisenbury, a member at Enford chapel, Wilts.

He was made to feel himself to be a lost and undone sinner about 20 years ago, when hearing the word preached. From that time he was separated from the world, and constantly sat under the sound of the gospel. He had a full deliverance in the year 1863. Having to get up to light the fire one morning, as his dear wife was very ill, these words came with sweetness into his mind: "The name of the Lord is a strong tower. The righteous runneth into it and is safe." This brought liberty, joy, and gladness into his soul; and for a week he was under a feeling sense of pardoning mercy, blessing and praising the God of all grace.

He was led to follow his Lord and Master in the ordinance of believers' baptism in Sept., 1863, with his dear wife and two others. They were baptized by Mr. Wm. Ferris, and joined the church at Enford, where he continued a consistent member, and a great help to the church. He was much esteemed by the deacons and members.

He was taken ill on Aug. 7th, 1871, and never recovered. He was a great sufferer, but very patient under his affliction, never being heard to drop a murmuring word. He was especially blessed with the presence of the dear Lord for a month before his death. One of Medley's hymns, 174 in Gadsby's Selection, was made a great blessing to him. He had such a view of heaven, and his interest and safety in the eternal covenant, that it caused him to long for his dear Lord to take him to his eternal rest. Another day, hymn 413, one of Kent's, was much blessed to him; also 682, one of Gadsby's.

His sufferings towards the last were so great that he could not be left for a minute, but he was still enabled to feel his safety, and said, "I shall soon be at rest." He asked for water; then fell asleep in Jesus.

I knew him for seven years, sleeping at his house, and we had many sweet times together in reading, prayer, and conversation. Every Lord's day morning, before we went to chapel, he, his wife, and myself used to read the word together, and I never knew a more humble and teachable spirit than he always manifested, so anxious to be led into the spiritual meaning of the word. He was also very kind to the minister. His heart, hand, and house were open to them. He was an ornament to his profession. By his consistent walk he gained the respect of even those who did not love the same truths. For two years before he died he used to say what gloom he often felt to press and burden his mind, and thought he had some heavy trial to pass through. This much I knew of him, and shall ever revere his memory.

JAMES LAWRENCE.

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THOMAS CARTER.—On Dec. 19th, 1871, aged 69, Thomas Carter, of Netheravon, Wilts, a deacon of the Baptist church for many years.

When first awakened, he fell in with the Methodists; but not finding such food as his soul hungered after, he became acquainted with the Baptists at Shrievton, Wilts, and while among them he was baptized. Some time after this he was led to hear the late Mr. Stephen Offer, then pastor of the church at Netheravon. Here he found food for his burdened soul, and never, until death, did he leave his much-loved cause of truth and people. It is now 26 years since I became acquainted with him, and as I have been the principal supply at Netheravon for over 24 years, I had a good deal of converse with him. He was one of the most tried men I ever met with. Many thought him to be too severe and pointed sometimes, but I can say of him if in this he ever over-stepped due bounds, he had the glory of God and the good of souls in view. He well knew the wretched depravity of the heart and a law work as felt in deed and in truth. He was of a nervous constitution, and was often a great burden to himself, yet there were some good, sound, and precious truths in a poor vessel.

He was afflicted for a very long time with a bronchial complaint; he was also a cripple through a fall from a cart, until, at last, it laid him on his death bed. He was up on the Sabbath, and died before three o'clock on the Monday morning. His sufferings were great. As the complaint affected his speech, he could not say much; but he said to his attendant, "O that I had wings"—not being able to finish the sentence out. A friend said, "Then you would fly away?" He answered, "Yes." At another time he said, "Glad to depart." A little before twelve o'clock he said, "I want, I want, I want," but could not express what he wanted. After that, he quietly fell asleep; and thus passed away a useful, tried servant of God. It was remarked by one of our dear ministerial brethren that he was a good door-keeper; and he certainly was, for nothing but the truth would he sanction;-that was dearer to him than life itself.

Shipton, Hants. ROBERT MOWER.

LUCY CARTER.—On Jan. 11th, 1872, aged 72, Lucy Carter, of Netheravon. She only survived her husband 23 days. She was baptized 37 years ago by the late Mr. Stephen Offer, and was a member at Netheravon until her death.

She was very reserved, and said very little, being often full of doubt as to her interest in the covenant of grace. She was confined to her bed a long time. Her dear husband died in the same room; which affected her much. She was greatly distressed in mind towards the last. On seeing and hearing her friends around her, so anxious for the Lord to give her a token of his love, she said, "The work is in the Lord's hands, and he will do it." Her distress, which was before very distressing to witness,

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abated; the Lord was pleased to break in to her poor distressed soul; so that soon afterwards she said, "I want one more anointing." As her end drew near, she was heard to cry out, "Crown him! Crown him!" And about half-past eight in the evening she said, "Look! Look! High over all!" And in a very short time fell asleep, and was conveyed to the same grave as her husband, in the chapel-yard, to await the resurrection of the just at the last day.

I knew her well. To me she appeared as one all her lifetime, subject to bondage. One time she told me her fears, thinking she ought never to have been baptized. Her case is described by Mr. Hart:

"Their pardon some receive at first,
And then, compell'd to fight,
They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

R. MOWER.

THOMAS CAMM.—On Oct. 27th, 1871, aged 66, Thomas Camm, of Swinstead.

My dear father was born in Portsmouth in 1804. His father being a sailor, they travelled about until 1814, when they went to reside at Swinstead, Lincolnshire. My father lived a reckless life, fond of pleasure, drink, and company, often persecuting his brothers for going 22 miles to hear the gospel at Stamford, from the lips of dear Mr. Philpot and others. But a change came over his mind about 30 years ago, and he thought he would go to hear what these parsons said. Accordingly he went. Mr. Tiptaft was the preacher that day, and alluded to those who were Christless and what would become of them. My dear father felt that he was that Christless sinner, and it had such a powerful influence upon him that from that time to the end of his life no one could bring a charge of immorality against him. Indeed, his life was exemplary, and he was distinguished in the village as one of the most consistent walkers. He attended the house of God at Stamford, Oakham, and Deeping, travelling many miles until about 20 years ago; then the gospel was brought to Swinstead, and has been continued there to this time. He was always at the means when they had preaching, and often spoke of being refreshed under the word.

From the first time of receiving the word under Mr. Tiptaft, a cry for mercy was put into his heart; death was stamped on all his sinful habits; his persecution was brought to an end; and he sought after and loved the things he had so long despised. From continually hearing Mr. Philpot and others, he became enlightened in the plan of salvation, being, as he said, well repaid for his long journeys, though he had to live hard and work hard, having a large family to bring up; still he never felt weary in going to hear the gospel; but he did not get that special blessing he sought, which brought him in his feelings very low, at times, through fear of death. This drove him to the throne of grace, as

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his only hope. He was often cast down and writing bitter things against himself because he had not attained that assurance some of the Lord's people have; yet, though passing through many troubles, both temporal and spiritual, he was kept pursuing and often encouraged, especially under the preached word.

He suffered much from sciatica for the last few years of his life, yet was able to attend the ministry of dear Mr. Hercock and others; so that he still had the pleasure of hearing the same blessed truths, and was often blessed and encouraged.

About nine weeks before his death I walked with him to chapel for the last time. He seemed quite at home, and much encouraged. I said, "How sweet the subject must have been to you." He said it had been; "O that it may abide." I left him fully convinced that his end was near.

About three weeks before his death I went again, and found him ill and low in his mind; yet his hope was like an anchor, and he seemed blessed with a spirit of prayer and supplication. I read and prayed with and for him, and then left him.

When I saw him again I found him weaker. I asked him if it was well with him. He replied, "It is well with me;" and he then cried out, "Judgment has passed by, and mercy has come!" I said, "Father, this is the place you have been looking forward to for many years." "O!" he said; "I have travelled thousands of miles, and heard thousands of gospel sermons, and I do not repent now, for they are a savour of life unto life; and if I had my time to come over again I should like to worship God in the spirit more, but in the same way." I read and prayed with him; and then, with a loud voice, he shouted, "I can joy in the Lord now. O! I do like God's salvation! It is such a blessed way of saving poor sinners like myself, through and by his dear Son."

On Wednesday I found him in a dying state, but quite sensible. I said, "Is the Lord precious?" He said, "I feel him to be all round about me." I asked him if he had anything to say. He said, "Love one another, and be kind to your mother;" and then, in such a solemn manner, said, "God Almighty bless my soul! God Almighty bless the souls of all my children!" I said, "I have been ten miles to hear of the name of Jesus." He, with such delight, said, "I have been forty." I said, "Father, it will soon be all over now, and you will be with Jesus." He said, "He is a long while before he comes." Once he said a cloud had come over him; but he spoke very comfortingly and encouragingly to us all.

The agonies of death were very great up to the last, but about a quarter-past one o'clock in the morning death put an end to his sufferings.

THOMAS CAMM.

Buckminster.

THOMAS LEEMING.—On Dec. 20th, 1871, in his 67th year, Thomas Leeming. He was an old disciple, having been baptized by Mr. Worrall, of Blackburn, before Vauxhall chapel was bought by the Baptists.

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His sickness was short, only eight days,—inflammation. He was one of the quiet in the land; of a backward, timid turn. He bloomed in the shade; but was clear in judgment,—few more so; tender in heart; peaceable in all his temperament; and one of the least of the least in his own eyes. He never came to the front, yet his seat was seldom empty, either at chapel or prayer meetings; and, though a poor man, his hand was always ready with his mite; but it was done without *show*. I loved him dearly; his memory will be ever dear to me; for this man was a sensible sinner, and so am I.

I saw him the day before he died; but did not think he would go so soon. We talked a little together. He said he had not had very much of the Lord's presence during his sickness; "but", said he, "I have no terrors or fear. I feel a steady soberness of mind." We talked of afflictions and their effects in various ways. He said, "This does not appear straight in my eyes; but," said he, "it is straight, for all that." From that we got to David's experience, where he said, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" &c. I replied, "Thomas, but David said, 'I shall yet praise him; for he is the health of my countenance, and my God.'" He smiled, and said, "Ay; that is a fitter." After this he got worse, a great deal; and said to his wife, "Sarah, I have done here; I am going to Jesus."

His pain was so great that he said but little afterwards; but was quite sensible to the last. Peaceably he lived, and peaceably he died; and he would, had he been now alive, have joined me in saying, "By the grace of God I am what I am."

His favourite hymn was 1056, Gadsby's Selection:

"See a poor sinner, dearest Lord," &c.

Whoever reads it, will see T. Leeming's spiritual likeness.

THOMAS HAWORTH.

JOSHUA BANFORTH.—On Dec. 27th, 1871, aged 76, Joshua Banforth, of Slaithwaite, Yorkshire.

He was baptized by the late Mr. Kershaw, for whom he always retained the highest regard; and he also frequently spoke of dear William Gadsby's ministry as having been a blessing to his soul. Living in this neighbourhood, he removed his membership from Rochdale to Slaithwaite.

For nearly forty years he was in the habit of supplying many of the causes of truth in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends. He was an earnest advocate for a living, experimental acquaintance of the things of God, and his own soul partook largely of the gracious work and power of the Holy Ghost. In his life he was sustained by the truth that he preached in all holiness, godliness, and sincerity.

His last illness was of short duration, a few days being sufficient to cut the thread of life. He was taken with a kind of sleepiness; and it may be said that he slept himself into heaven. A few hours before he died, we roused him to tell him how near he was to heaven, when he should see the King in his beauty;

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"Yes, I am," was his prompt reply. We then asked him if the Lord had manifested himself with power to his soul in the affliction. We shall never forget the bright smile that lighted up his countenance when he said, "Yes, he has."

The last words he was heard to say were, "Happy! Happy!" Thus the soul of our departed brother left us in order to join the company of the redeemed in glory.

The last time he preached was at Saddleworth, on Dec. 17th, and the word was with power. His mortal remains were buried in the Baptist chapel graveyard at Slaithwaite, followed by a large company of friends, who came from a distance to testify the regard they felt for his memory. It may be truly said, his end was peace.

THOMAS SYKES.

JACOB PLAYER.—On Dec. 21st, 1871, aged 78, Jacob Player, of Great James Street, Bedford Row, London.

He was called by grace in his younger years, and was privileged to hear the late Mr. Huntington till Mr. H.'s death. He met with the friends at Providence, Gray's Inn Lane (Mr. H.'s), and heard Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, Mr. Burgess, of Deptford, and Mr. Lock. Afterwards he became a member at Mr. Abraham's, City Road.

He was a conscientious, upright man, and was very much tried in providence; yet he was mercifully provided for. The Lord raised him up friends; so that he never was destitute. His daughter attended him in his last illness, he having been confined to his bed some time before he died. At one time she was weeping at the thoughts of losing him, when he said, "Do not weep. 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.' What a mercy the Holy Spirit will never leave us!"

A few hours before he died, his daughter said to him, "Are you happy, dear father?" His reply was, "I am happy." Just before he died she repeated the question, and he replied, "I am happy! I am happy!" He had a little tea, and his spirit left the clay tabernacle.

T. PLAYER.

Coventry.

WILLIAM LANSLEY.—On Oct. 15th, 1871, aged 61, William Lansley, member of Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, and standing as a candidate for deaconship when called away. He was at the early prayer-meeting and morning service, and in the evening at the general meeting of eternal praise.

He was known to me over 20 years. He was sound in the faith, tender and loving in his experience, and consistent in his walk. The last time I saw him he was very cheerful, and spoke of the Lord's mercy and favour to his soul, and said, "O how I love to walk and talk with him!" The contrast between his spiritual and loving tone of exercise and my own wretched leanness greatly

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distressed me when he left. It was not then known to me how near the grain of wheat was to the garner. Well; we have lost a man of prayer, a man of peace, a man of grace. The work was completed, and he then inherited that mercy of mercies which nature shrinks from, but the renewed heart hails with the greatest delight, which is, being "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

How blessed is a sudden departure to those loved with an everlasting love, and saved through the precious blood of the Lamb.

Camera Square, Chelsea. ALFRED BRANDON.

ELLEN PAYNE.—On Dec. 4th, 1871, aged 62, Ellen Payne, of Preston, after being laid aside for a long time through a stroke, which at last took the use of her limbs and speech entirely away.

She was a member of the church, Vauxhall Road, for several years, but came originally from Olney.

She was brought up a Roman Catholic; but was called by grace, and joined a Baptist church at Olney, and eventually was brought, with a large family, to Preston, to work in the mills. They were all exceedingly poor, but improved very much after getting work here; yet still working people.

Ellen Payne was a quiet woman. The particulars of her being called I do not know; but I do know that she was a sensible sinner, and loved a whole Christ. This I proved in her sickness, from her warm feelings towards Christ and him crucified. As her speech was affected at the first, and entirely left her before her end, little can be said. Old Daniel Herbert's poems, and many of the Olney Hymns, contained her body of divinity. Many of God's people are not favoured to talk much; but, bless his name, they all feel.

T. HAWORTH.

ERRATA.—Page 14, line 15 from bottom, "Suter" should be "Soter." Same page, line 8 from bottom, "twenty" should be "seventy." Page 21, line 17 from bottom, "pedantic" should be "pedant."

No man shall ever behold the glory of Jesus Christ hereafter who does not in some measure behold it by faith here in this world. Grace is a necessary preparation for glory, and faith for sight. Where the subject, the soul, is not previously seasoned with grace and faith, it is not capable of glory or vision. Nay, persons not disposed hereby unto it cannot desire it, whatever they pretend; they only deceive their own souls in supposing that they do so. Most men will say with confidence, living and dying, that they desire to be with Christ, to behold his glory; but they can give no reason why they should desire any such thing, only they think it somewhat is better than to be in that evil condition which otherwise they must be cast into for ever, when they can be here no more. If a man pretend himself to be enamoured with or greatly to desire what he never saw, or what was never represented unto him, he does but dote on his own imaginations. And the pretended desires of many to behold the glory of Christ in heaven, who have no view of it by faith whilst they are here in this world, are nothing but self-deceiving imaginations.—*Dr. Owen.*

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

APRIL, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

CHRIST PRECIOUS.

A SERMON BY MR. VINE, PREACHED AT GOWER STREET CHAPEL, ON LORD'S DAY MORNING, DEC. 10TH, 1871.

"I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."—ISA. xiii. 12.

THERE must be, my friends, a sovereign change wrought in the heart by the blessed Spirit of God before this can be done; for man's heart is set upon gold; I mean natural man. The natural or carnal man, his heart and his mind, are set upon the things of this world; and gold is the principal thing of this world. But when the Spirit of God begins a soul-saving work in the sinner's heart, there is a something more precious to him than gold. Gold will lose its charm when the Spirit of God is at work upon the heart.

In looking at these words, we will just notice that in this chapter we have the threatening of the destruction or of the overthrow of Babylon; and it indicates that there is something of the same kind and of the same nature goes on in the heart of every child of God. There is a threatening law enters into the sinner's conscience. The commandment comes, and the sinner dies, before ever Christ can be made precious unto a soul.

There are a few, according to the election of grace,—a remnant they are called in the word of God, "according to the election of grace,"—to whom the Lord Jesus Christ is exceedingly precious. And if there are any here this morning to whom he is precious, he is exceedingly precious; he is more precious than wealth; he is more precious to you than earth's deceitful name; or he is not precious at all. To those to whom he is precious, he is most precious; yea, he is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely unto their souls; and they, at times, can appeal before the throne of grace to God in secret, and say,

"I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee."

Now, there is a plain truth. There are many things that are entwined round near and dear to God's children. I say many things; the world sometimes, the family sometimes, the business sometimes, cleave very closely; but the real child of God, with

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the work of God's Spirit upon his heart, can appeal unto God, and say he could from all these things be parted. Business and I must part; the world and my soul must part; the family ties must part;

"But never, never, Lord, from thee."

Look for a moment at the work of God upon the sinner's heart, and a man in a state of nature without the quickening power of the Spirit of God upon his heart. He may be compared to this Babylon. And O what a Babylon, my friends, to live in! What a Babylon is carnal nature! What a Babylon, I say, is carnal nature, in and of itself. The apostle tells us that man in a carnal state has no fear of God before his eyes, and that the poison of asps is under his tongue. What a state he is in! But he is not shown this, nor convinced of sin until taught by the Spirit of God. We may speak this morning before you of the state of fallen nature; but only those whose eyes are opened to see, and whose hearts are broken to receive, can perceive the ruined state of fallen nature.

We will try and look for a moment or two at the people of God to whom the Lord Jesus Christ is exceedingly precious. The apostle, speaking of them, says, "And you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sin." Now, you see, while in a state of nature there is no manifest difference between the election of grace and the world at large; for the apostle says, "Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind, and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others." (Eph. ii. 3.) No difference, you see. There we were, one and all, running the downward road that leadeth to destruction. We were all in that broad road that leadeth to eternal ruin. And O, what an unspeakable mercy it is for as many of us as are born of the Spirit of God to know that he stopped us in our mad career of sin and folly. There must be, my friends, a beginning of the work of grace upon a sinner's heart. He is not brought from the broad road that leadeth down to destruction and to hell's jaw and raised to heaven without something being known in his heart. We must insist this morning upon a beginning of the work of grace upon a sinner's heart; for the word of God tells us that "the carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be." The way that the Spirit of God begins a soul-saving work upon a sinner's heart is to wound before he heals, to show what he is as a poor guilty, hell-deserving sinner, before he reveals the preciousness of a precious Christ to him. There are two sides, you see, my friends, to the experience of the saved soul; and therefore, in noticing the people to whom the Lord is precious, they are the people who are taught by the blessed Spirit of God their lost estate before a just and righteous God, the depths of depravity in which the heart is sunk; for when the Spirit of God begins with a sinner, he begins with the heart. When a sinner begins with God, he begins

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with his head. My friends, where did our religion begin? Have we any religion at all? When did our religion begin? Where is it, and how is it carried on? Is it in our souls? Many persons begin a religion themselves, begin, as they say, to seek God, begin to love him, begin to serve him, and they carry it on by the work, the power of their own strength, by their good doings, and by their tongue. That is the way their religion is carried on, and they always have a stock of religion. Their mouths are always full of religion, and they are always telling what they are doing for the Lord. As a man said to me not long since, he hoped that when he came upon his dying bed he should have a well-spent life to account for. O! If you have no better religion than that, friends, than a well-spent life to look back upon, there is no salvation for you. We must have something more than a well-spent life. Where the grace of God reaches a sinner's heart, that grace of God teaches a man what bringeth salvation; teaches him the depths of the ungodliness of his heart and this present evil world. But if you have the grace of God, and have the fear of God shed abroad in your heart, you will have to come to God like old Jacob when you are come upon your dying bed, and say, "Few and evil have the days of my life been."

Now, in noticing a little of the work of the Spirit of God upon the sinner's heart, we ask, Have we any religion at all, and where did our religion begin? The whole saving work of grace in the sinner's heart gives him a pain at heart which the world cannot ease; it gives him a distress of heart which the world cannot cure. He may seek for it in the world, he may expect it in the world, and may be looking for it in the world; but his eyes will fail in looking for it here. There is a real state of heart-leprosy that nothing but the blessed Physician of souls can heal or ease.

Has the blessed Spirit of God ever opened our blind eyes and shown us what we are as guilty sinners before a just, a holy, and a righteous God? I know he will do the work in a sinner's heart, and will bring to pass his strange acts there, according to his own mind and will; and, therefore, when the blessed Spirit of God begins, he begins very sovereignly, at times very gradually, very tenderly, very gently, as it were; while at another time he cuts down the sinner as he cut down Saul of Tarsus. We read of a Timothy in the word of God, and we read of a Saul of Tarsus in the word of God; but we read that Timothy was brought to the same place that Saul of Tarsus was brought to. However quietly the Spirit may begin the work of grace upon the heart, he brings the sinner by and by into a stripped state:

> "Nothing in my hand I bring;
> Simply to thy cross I cling;
> Naked come to thee for dress," &c.

Now, we see when the blessed Spirit of God begins a soul-saving work upon the sinner's heart, however gently it may be done, the Spirit will never leave nor forsake the work of his own hands,

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but will carry it on to the day of Jesus Christ, and perfect that work in the sinner's heart; and his killing power and killing process upon the heart is to teach a sinner what he is as a guilty, hell-deserving sinner before a just, a holy, and a righteous God. The blessed Spirit, however long he may be at work in the soul, will not leave the sinner till he has opened up and discovered to him the true state in which he stands before God. Now the sinner stands a law-breaker before God; he stands a law-condemned sinner before God; and he goes to the word of God to see if there can be any comfort or consolation there, to know whether there can be any hope for him in the word of God; for such a miserable sinner as he sees and feels himself to be. He looks the word of God through, perhaps, from Genesis to Revelation, and he finds the word of God to be a killing word in the soul. O friends, what a marvel is the soul-killing power of the Spirit in the soul. He wounds the soul before he heals it. But, blessed be his great and holy name, wheresoever he kills he makes alive, and whom he wounds he heals. He does not leave the soul dead. He does not leave the soul wounded only; but he must kill before he makes alive, and he wounds before he heals.

And now, then, we notice further "the election of grace" that the Lord is precious unto; I say they are condemned by the law of God. They see all their own condemnation in the word of God, and they ofttimes feel condemned under the ministry of the word, and they feel condemned when they come to bend their knees before the throne of grace. They feel an evil heart in them, and they are in a miserable state and condition. They feel themselves to be condemned sinners at the throne of grace; and when they come before the Lord, Satan himself comes and presents himself; and as the sinner begs for mercy, the enemy of souls whispers in his ear, "*You* go before a throne of grace! Such a sinner as *you* appeal for mercy? You know your own sins; you know your own crimes; you know what you are as a guilty sinner before a holy God; you have sinned beyond the reach of mercy; you are a miserable sinner indeed. It is of no use to appeal; it is of no use your pouring out your heart; it is of no use your seeking for mercy. You may as well throw it all up, and spend the few days of your miserable life to this world, and make the best of it." Now, my friends, we have to say,

> "The vilest sinner out of hell,
> That lives to feel his need,
> Is welcome to a throne of grace,
> The Saviour's blood to plead."

And this precious Man that we have to speak of, his blood cleanseth from all sin.

Now we will notice how the blessed Spirit makes the law of Jesus Christ precious unto the soul; for he, having begun the good work of grace in a sinner's heart, will not leave nor forsake this grace. It is a good work; it opens the mind's eye and shows what he is. I say it is a good work indeed. It is

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the commencing of a work upon a sinner's heart; but he does not know it. How many have not been shown their true state and standing before the Lord. If you are brought before the throne of grace, it is the work of grace upon your heart. "He will perfect that which concerneth you." And what is it that concerneth you? If you are a law-breaker and condemned before the legal righteousness of God, the thing that concerns you is, "How can God be just and save your immortal soul?" He will make that plain also how he can be just and yet save such sinners as you and I feel ourselves to be.

We will notice when the sinner is cut off by sin, he will come before the throne seeking for mercy, and he will come with his miserable tale again and again to tell the Lord how miserable and wretched he is, and how, if he were sent to hell, the righteous law of God would approve it well. He comes with his miserable case again, and again, and again. You would go to a physician with your whole case, with the real malady. Christ is a blessed Physician of souls, and understands all sicknesses and disorders; and we are welcome to the throne of grace the sovereign blood to plead, and welcome to tell the Lord Jesus Christ what sinners we are:

> "The door of his mercy stands open all day,
> For the poor and the needy, who knock by the way."

His grace is all precious and free, and therefore his grace is open and free to you, poor needy ones; and Jesus sits upon the throne of grace, and loves to hear poor sinners coming to state their cases before him. How can a sinner come before the throne of grace? Now, friends, I know this part well, and I believe there are some here who know this part. They seem to have no ray of hope in their hearts, so benighted are their souls, yet he still enables the poor things to come again and again. "Do, Lord, show me if there is any way; I don't know what it is." It is by the power of God, and by the power of the Spirit of God, and by the enablings and drawings of that blessed Spirit who enables you to keep on as you do before you get any comfort or any promise. There was a doubt sometimes in my heart whether God would be gracious to me, and I used to tell my sad case and implore his mercy. I remember well on one occasion, while at the throne of grace, I thought I must give up the means of grace; sinking down in such a state of soul before God, and almost at the gates of despair; but I went once more to the throne of grace; and while upon the bended knee, the Lord spoke these words to me with power, sweetness, comfort, and consolation: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, fear not; for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." What does it mean? I said. The blessing seemed

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too great. It took hold upon my heart with a power, and with precious unction, sweetness, dew, and savour, and there was a believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; and the Lord Jesus Christ was to me at that moment more precious than gold. I tell you how it was. When the Lord was precious to and blessed me; when the word and his promise dropped into my heart, my burden was gone, my disease was gone, my malady was cured, and I was perfectly whole, and perfectly new, and perfectly clean, and perfectly white, and perfectly holy before the Lord. I tell you this blessing had such an effect upon my heart that when I looked for my sins I could not find them. I wanted to bring some of my trouble back again, but I could not. My sins were completely gone, and the love of Christ was shed abroad in my heart. I was in a new world, and I went to God's word and found it to be a new book. All the precious promises which I had overlooked or could not see were applied with precious power to my heart; God's Book was a new book, and I entered into God's word with the burden removed from off my back, with the condemnation off my soul, and it seemed like a new world, everything seemed new. The change was in my heart. Here was condemnation taken away, and strong consolation came into its place; and here the Lord Jesus Christ, and his word, and his gospel, were very precious to my soul.

Now, then, we pass on, friends. I always like to know how a minister got his religion; and, therefore, we shall try to speak a little this morning upon it, and about him who is now addressing you. God worked in his heart, God burned it in his soul, and God, I trust, the blessed Saviour, is carrying it on in his soul. Ofttimes, according to my experience, I think I shall not have the word again; my religion seems to be going at times. O friends, I tell you what I have then experienced:

> "Their pardon some receive at first,
> And then, compell'd to fight,
> They find the latter stages worst,
> And travel much by night."

And after twenty-four years of the Lord's delivering power to my soul, I am led sometimes to question it, and the question with me is, "Heaven or hell?" Such is the powerful temptation of the enemy upon the souls of the election of grace. God will have them to walk by faith, and not by sight. O, no. Don't you think, because God brings a soul into trouble and then delivers him, that he always walks in light. O, no. That is not the way. He will find the way so close that there seems to be no path at all.

Now we would notice, Christ is precious to the people of God in his *incarnation*. And we have a witness from God's word to it. There was good old Simeon in the days of Christ, in the Temple; and he was a man full of the Holy Ghost, a just, a holy, and an upright man, and it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost that he should not die until he had seen the Lord's Christ. What a blessed revelation was that? And, therefore, as

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the parents of the Lord Jesus Christ brought him into the Temple, in the manner and custom of the law, good old Simeon came in at the same moment, and he knew him, and he took him up in his arms, and said, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." There was God in the heart. Now, my friends, you and I know what it is to value this precious Christ of God:

"Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

"While some on their own works rely,
And some of wisdom boast,
I love the Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust."

The Incarnate Mystery; and Christ incarnate, I tell you, is very precious indeed to my soul. Is the babe in Bethlehem precious to your soul? He is, if you are manifestively the people of God, the election of grace:

"Almighty God sigh'd human breath;
The Lord of life experienced death;
How it was done, we can't discuss;
But this we know, 'twas done for us."

O, what a solemn verse is this! It needs to be written in letters of gold. He who lay in his Father's bosom from all eternity, condescended to be a worm.. O the condescension of the Lord of life and glory! He condescended to be a worm. He condescended to come down in this our world to suffer, bleed, and die; to suffer for the unjust, to bring sinners to God.

Again, friends, look how the Lord Jesus Christ is precious to you by the *covenant of grace;* I say we must look back to the ancient settlements of the covenant of grace when the blessed Trinity of Persons, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, in covenant, agreed to ransom and redeem the church of God, and to save a peculiar people, zealous of good works. And here we have God the Father choosing us. He chose a number that no man could number, among black and white, high and low, rich and poor, and made them all one in Christ; and each one is made experimentally to know what the apostle said: "And has raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ." Here is the work of the Spirit of God upon the soul.

But we notice their quality for a moment. He did not choose out the best of mankind, but he chose sovereignly, richly, and freely, and set his love upon one here and another there, and wrote their names down in the Lamb's book of life that there may be no mistake about the election of grace; and if we are not written in the Lamb's book of life we are passed by.

He is precious in *the gospel* that we have to preach to you. Sovereign love, friends. God set his love upon his people in

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eternity. Now, I have thought sometimes that God seemed as if he chose the worst. Some I know amongst them were the very worst of sinners, and were the very ringleaders of sin while in their natural state; but God chose them and wrote their names down in the Lamb's book of life. The Lord Jesus Christ in the councils of Jehovah was needed, much needed. As dear Mr. Gadsby says in one of his hymns:

"In the councils of Jehovah,
He was needed much indeed;
There to stand (a mighty Lover!)
In the church's room and stead,
As her Surety,
And her everlasting Head."

But he saw them ruined in the fall. We look in the covenant of grace, and there we see how God saves his people. He saves them because he will save them, saves them for his blessed name's sake.

Just one word upon his incarnation. He took unto his heavenly nature our human nature, because God saw that without the shedding of blood there could be no remission of sins, he saw how necessary it was, how essential it was, that the Lord of life should take the course that I have mentioned and come and die; and therefore he took our human nature, was born in a stable, and laid in a manger,—took our nature upon him to be able to die and to be able to plead for the church of God.

We come now to the precious doctrine of *redemption*. It is sin imputed unto a precious Christ, and his precious righteousness imputed unto us. O what a sweet theme is this,—our sin imputed unto him,—the sins of the whole church of God upon him; made to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Sin in the church of God must be cleansed, the mighty debt must be paid, the broken law must be fulfilled; and so Christ went to the very end of the law to satisfy justice on the church's account. Christ has redeemed us. Here comes the glorious gospel,—Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; there is no salvation seen out of a precious Christ, and we see he was made sin for the election of grace, and he redeems the election of grace from the curse, being made a curse for them; for Scripture says, "Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."

Now we were all deficient, and in consequence of that, the law sounds in our ears, "Pay me what thou owest." We must be bankrupts, you see, my friends:

"'Tis perfect poverty alone
That sets the soul at large;
While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge."

We come now to the very pith and to the very marrow of the glorious gospel of the grace of God. And now, then, says the apostle, "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth." God justifies the elect sinner that has

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nothing to pay. Though he is a bankrupt upon the dunghill, he is a beggar for mercy and pleads for mercy for Jesus' sake; and who shall lay anything to his charge? "It is God that justifieth." God justifies the sinner because he has loved him, and the Lord Jesus Christ is made exceedingly precious unto him. The world and all its pleasures lose their charms when the Lord Jesus Christ is made precious to the soul, when a man is made a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; as the apostle Peter tells us: "Unto you that believe he is precious." And as the soul is brought to believe in Jesus, and to hang on him, being taught by the blessed Spirit of God, he will come and say,

"I can but perish, if I go.
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

Here is believing in the Lord Jesus Christ; here is the venturing upon him; here is the trusting in the arms of Jesus, sink or swim: "If I sink, I sink. I will trust in a precious Jesus."

"It is God that justifies;" and now God justifies this sinner, as he comes pleading the merits and righteousness of a precious Jesus. He has nowhere else to trust. He is one of the election of grace; he comes trusting in the mercy of God; and who shall charge him with anything? Who is he that condemns such a sinner? Who can condemn when God justifieth? Now hear what Paul says: "It is Christ that died; yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Who can condemn such a soul as this? Here is one of the election of grace, and here is one of whom we may say, "I will make a Man more precious than fine gold, even a Man than the golden wedge of Ophir." Who shall condemn him? It is Christ that died; and if the law condemns the soul, if guilt and sin condemn the soul, yet it is Christ that died for him. Does the world not condemn thee, poor soul? Does sin not condemn thee? Dost thou not condemn thyself sometimes? Yet who is he that condemns thee? Not Christ; for he died. There is my precious rock; there is where I am trusting. He is more precious to me than fine gold.

Now, then, here is a little sweet comfort and consolation for thee, poor condemned sinner:

"For all that come to God by him
Salvation he demands;
Points to their names upon his breast,
And shows his bleeding hands."

Therefore,

"Eternal life at his request
To every saint is given;
Safety on earth, and after death
The plenitude of heaven."

And this just brings us to where the apostle says, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" (Rom. viii. 35.) Who shall separate thee, poor soul, from this precious Jesus that we are

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speaking of this morning? This is a precious love. To know in your mind how precious Christ is to you in his blood, and how precious he is in his righteousness; and therefore to say, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ." It is an unchangeable, immutable love.

"My soul through many changes goes;
His love no variation knows."

It is everlasting; the love of Christ to his people is unchangeable. O how precious he is in his love! How precious he is in glory! How precious to know a precious Christ! And you and I have to say

"Paid is the mighty debt we owed;
Salvation is of grace."

A mighty debt indeed! We have nothing to pay; Jesus Christ paid off the whole score. The law we have broken he obeyed. The debt we have contracted he has paid; and, therefore, who shall lay any charge to God's elect?

Again. He is precious in his blood; because here the soul comes and hides under the precious love and blood of Christ. I have no other hope in death, but only in the love, blood, and righteousness of Christ. I feel that I can live with such a religion as this, and I feel that I can die with such a religion as this, centring wholly and solely in a precious Christ. His perfect obedience, his precious love, his dying blood, and the robe of righteousness he wrought out and brought in for poor sinners. And it is all of rich, free, and sovereign grace. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." To him be all the praise, and all the power, and all the glory.

May the Lord add his blessing. Amen.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(*Continued from page* 113.)

CHAPTER III.

4. The *covering of purple*. But ah! We ride through dangers on every hand. There are the hot flaming thunderbolts of the just vengeance of God. There are hosts and powers of darkness. We want a shelter. An exposed chariot, open to the sun's scorching rays and the tempests of wrath and temptation, will not do. There is the bottom of gold, there are the pillars of silver, there is the perfumed wood of Lebanon; but more assuredly is wanted. We for whom in truth the chariot is made are sinners. And where sin is still seen, no amount of righteousness or obedience will justify a person or hide it. (Ezek. xxxiii. 13.) Well; here we have, then, a covering abundantly sufficient, and royally provided. The covering of purple. This, no doubt, refers to the precious blood of Christ shed for the sake of his people. He died the just for the unjust, to bring us safely in his chariot of salvation unto God. One of our poets sings of this sweet blood, though under a different figure:

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"'A fountain,' cries the man of God;
'A fountain with a *purple* flood.'"

And again:

"I would be near thy feet,
Or at thy bleeding side,
Feel how thy heart does beat,
And see its *purple* tide."

The same blessed truth is in the words we are noticing. The purple covering is the blood of our King, the Lord Jesus,—royal blood, the blood of God's own Son; purple being the royal colour, and the colour also of blood. This is sufficient; and now, looking by faith upon this most precious blood, we may sing with a great sinner greatly saved:

"For where, O where, can e'en thy thunders fall?
The blood of Christ o'erspreads and shields from all."

Now the chariot is seen to be one completely secure. The greatest sinner who truly believes may ride therein and be perfectly safe.

"The dread avenger comes not in
To smite, but passeth o'er."

O! There is no security like this. Adam in innocency could fall; for he was a mutable creature. But he who rides in this chariot by precious faith in Jesus and his finished work, rides safely through sin and guilt, and hell and wrath, and mounts to heaven in spite of all. King Solomon has indeed made a chariot in life and death for the glory of his saving name and blessedness of his people.

5. The *pavement of love*. We understand by this that the chariot was lined, as it were, with love. Love was to be found in every part. The allusion may be to some beautiful piece of inlaid or mosaic work in which all sorts of beautifully coloured and precious stones are united together into one lovely, harmonious whole. So here are all sorts of loves, lining the blessed chariot. The loves of Christ enter into every part. This, indeed, to the loving child of God perfects the chariot. The love of Christ in this matter is, after all, the grand thing. What would salvation without love be to one who is taught by God to love Jesus? A chariot without a lining; safe, but still not comfortable. But Christ's love is seen here in all the work. Love made the Son of God undertake for his poor sinners; love made him take upon him their human nature; love made him a debtor to do the whole law for them; love made him fulfil it gladly for them in his holy life; love made him groan and grovel in Gethsemane; love hung him between two thieves on Calvary; love bound the sacrifice to the horns of that altar; love laid him in the sepulchre; love caused him to assume again on the third day the life which had been laid down; love made him take up the human nature in which he had suffered to the right hand of God. Love there bears the names of those he died for on his breast; love bears their burden on his shoulders; love sends down the blessed coequal, coeternal Spirit to show them what they are and lead them to Jesus; love brings them, as self-despairing, into the bed of Solomon for rest; love guards

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that bed with sweet and holy jealousy; love gives them, at times, to ride triumphantly in the chariot when love repeats to the heart the words of our Song: "King Solomon made himself a chariot of the wood of Lebanon. He made the pillars thereof of silver, the bottom thereof of gold, the covering of it of purple, the midst thereof being paved with love, for the daughters of Jerusalem."

Verse 11. "*Go forth, O ye daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the crown wherewith his mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.*"

We have seen the bed of Solomon,—briefly the eternal covenant truth of God in Christ, in which all the perfections of God harmonize in affording a perfect eternal rest for his people. We then, as it were, stepped forth into the morning light, and saw the chariot of Christ, the true Solomon, his finished work, in which he comes by the gospel into their hearts and conquers all their doubts and fears, and takes them, at times, sweetly upwards as into glory; their souls making them as the chariots of Aminadib; and now one of these happy souls, fresh from the sweet experiences of Christ's love, calls upon others,—the daughters of Zion,—to share in her felicity and behold King Solomon with his crown of everlasting glory.

We observe here, first of all, how Christ is everything,—Christ's bed, Christ's chariot, Christ himself with his crown:

> "'I am,' says Christ, 'the truth.'
> Then all that lacks this test,
> Proceed it from an angel's mouth,
> Is but a lie at best."

O! If God's people were but wise and applied this simple test: "You come to me, O preacher, and say, Follow me; but do you come really in Christ's name? Is Christ in you the hope of glory? Is a crucified risen Christ the end of your ministry? Is Christ your all and in all? If not, depart from me, thou flatterer, thou black man with thy light garments, thou deceiver and misleader enrobed in piety and virtue as in robes of light. You come to me, O doctrine, but is Christ in you? Or dost thou intend to rob me of Christ, whilst pretending to carry me into some lofty region of fancied peace and security? O thou pretended glorifier of God, thou but dishonourest him if thou dost not glorify him as in Jesus, in whom, through his blood, God can be just and a holy justifier of the ungodly who believe in Jesus. God's precious truth glorifies God, but it is pre-eminently as in Jesus. This felt in my heart does not relax the bonds of obedience, but chains me to God's service with chains of irresistible love. I would not go free, O licentious abuser of the notions of God's sovereignty, election, and grace, into thy liberty. I love my Master. My Father's law is my liberty. I desire to do thy will, my Father, my Jesus, and my God, and weep from day to day because I cannot serve thee as I would. Away, then, ye high-flying notionalists, who would lead me into a liberty I want not. I love my King, and want to serve him more like the angels do:

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"'So may I move, so may I feel,
Pick up their wing, and catch their zeal.'

And now, O precept, thou comest to me and sayest, Follow me; and so I will, if thou comest to me as from the lips of Jesus, if Christ is in thee. But let me look at thee nearer, O thou seemingly holy one. Is thy holiness real? Art thou the holy one of God? Come closer; let me test thee. Art thou what thou appearest? Art thou truly Jesus? Yes; gospel precept in thy reality. This is what thou art. O then I love thee. Thou art fair; thou charmest me with thy Christ-like beauty. I love thee; I would, in heart, and lip, and life, submit to thee; I want thee in my bosom; I would exhibit thee in my life. Fair sister and companion of the doctrines of his love, thou and thy twin sister born together in my heart are like two young roes which are twins which feed amongst the lilies. But if thou comest to me with mere pretences to holiness, O thou precept; if thou art really not from Jesus, and full of grace and truth as from his lips; if thou hast sprung forth from the mouth of Moses in gospel dress to rob me of the Lord Jesus, avaunt from me, thou fiend; for thou art only a pretender to fairness and holiness, a thief and a robber come craftily in to rob me of peace and true obedience at the same time." Thus, then, we see how all must be tried by this one test: "Is Christ crucified and risen in thee?" Preachers, doctrines, precepts which cannot stand this test are to be rejected. They lie, they err, they kill, they lead astray, if they are not and lead not to Jesus.

In the former verses the Person of the Lord Jesus has been more incidentally introduced than prominently dwelt upon. As we have seen, the Godhead and humanity were necessarily alluded to in the description of the bed, the incarnation of the Son of God being the foundation of the entire work of salvation. But now we are called upon more especially to look at Christ himself, to behold King Solomon. Erskine, in his sonnet, "The Believer's Riddle," writes very blessedly about Christ. He begins:

"My Lord appears! Awake, my soul;
Admire his name, the Wonderful,
An infinite and finite mine,
Eternity and time conjoin'd.
The everlasting Father styled,
Yet lately born the virgin's child."

This is sweet and sound, too. O the combination of glories and wonders in the Person of Christ! A fulness of delights. Why, what is worth an immortal spirit's regard like this mystery of eternal wisdom,—God manifest in the flesh?

"How it was done, we can't discuss;
But this we know, 'twas done for us."

Let us now look a little more closely into the words under consideration. We see the following things to dwell rather more fully upon:

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1. *King Solomon with his crown.*
2. *The coronation* of King Solomon.
3. *The day* of the coronation.
4. *The exhortation,* "Go forth," &c.

1. *King Solomon with his crown.* Solomon, as we have already seen, was a great type of Christ. We have considered this in respect of his wisdom. Let us now contemplate him as such in some other points of view. God gave Solomon, as we read in 2 Sam. xii., a name, "Jedidiah," or beloved of the Lord, because, as it is written, "The Lord loved him." How clearly this points to the true Son of David, the Lord Jesus, to whom the Father bears witness: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But what, says the poor sinner, is this to me? Why, a vast deal; indeed, everything; for this is spoken of him, not only as the only-begotten of the Father, very God of very God, but as the Mediator, the covenant Head of his poor people; so then the precious oil of this love flows down to the very skirts of his raiment. The very name Solomon is in the same manner full of sweetness, and it is in his name, as well as in other things, that Christ's sweet personal grace is to be seen. We behold him as thus exhibited to the eye of faith, "full of grace and truth." Solomon means peaceable; and Jesus is at one and the same time the everlasting Father, Lord of all, yet Prince of peace. This shows that Jesus is a peaceable Prince to his people, giving them peace. As David's wars ended in Solomon's peace; so Jesus fought for his people all their battles as a man of war, and now fury is not in him to the lost and bruised, and poor and needy of his people; but he is Solomon, the Prince of peace. The literal Solomon's kingdom extended from the river Euphrates to the Mediterranean Sea, and from the mountains of Lebanon to the confines of Arabia and Egypt; and this was to represent the universal empire of Jesus:

"The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power."

His dominion is a universal dominion. All kings shall fall down before him; all nations, blessed be his holy name for ever, shall do him reverence. The stone cut out of the mountain without hands shall fill the earth. Happy are the people who have Jesus for their King; he reigns over and in them, and they desire it, and he reigns over all things for them. When God makes promises to David in 2 Sam. vii., and 1 Chron. xvii., we might at first sight suppose he was merely speaking of the literal Solomon; but on closer examination we find the words rise far above what was fulfilled in him and evidently refer to one greater than Solomon. Thus the Old Testament saints would be led to look for the Lord Jesus, the desire of all the redeemed nations, and the one to whom the Scriptures mainly point, only speaking of men so far as they were types of Christ and therefore to a certain extent invested with those glories having their fulness in

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Jesus. In Solomon's days Israel was in the greatest prosperity; and so in Ps. lxxii. it is said of Jesus: "In his days shall the righteous flourish." "They shall call every man" (who is a Christian) "his neighbour under the vine and under the fig-tree." O the sweet days of Jesus! Well might Christ say, "Ye shall desire to see one of the days of the Son of man." Blessed days even upon earth when Christ reigns and is felt as all in all. His glory then covers the heavens, and the earth is full of his praise. And if it is so on earth, what will it be in heaven? With all his people to rest on his holy hill; to see his face, to know no fears, to have no alteration, to behold him as he really is, the King of kings and Lord of lords. A distant view is so sweet that it makes a man beside himself, as it were, to God. In heaven all is Christ, all is joy, all is glory, and all is for ever and ever. To blessed Jesus his people now come, like the Queen of Sheba, from the uttermost parts of the earth; from their far distances from God. They come with their hard questions. He answers them in due season; he solves all their riddles; shows them the name of the Lord; reveals his glories; and then they fall at his feet; but O what pen can write, what tongue relate, the wonders of gracious beauty which they see in Jesus?

Was Solomon rich? Christ is rich unto all that call upon him. He has to bestow upon poor sinners unsearchable riches of love and blood, of righteousness and grace, of peace and glory. In him there is a boundless endless store, and his liberal heart devises liberal things; his eye is bountiful, and he who has this bountiful eye shall be blessed. Yea, join my soul now in the concert of praise to him who is

> "My never-failing treasury, fill'd
> With boundless stores of grace."

Was Solomon a glorious king? But what is the glory of the type to the glory of the most glorious Jesus? The King of glory is the Lord Jesus. The gates of poor sinners' hearts, barred and bolted as they may be by sin and unbelief to Jesus, shall, as well as the gates of heaven, open at the command of grace, and the King of glory shall come in. And then the glory! Here again the pen fails, and almost drops from the hand; for who can write of the glories of Jesus, and the glorious incomings of that King of glory into the redeemed sinner's soul?

Did Solomon build the earthly temple for the Lord? So Jesus builds the true house for God. A house to last for ever, and be inhabited by God for ever, and made, O wonder of wonders! of poor sinners' souls. This greater than Solomon laid the foundations of this house securely in his own death on Calvary. Here, then, can come in no sin. Christ's righteousness fills this sweet abode of God; so the people are all righteous. He calls these living stones by his quickening almighty grace; they come at the voice of his almighty bidding; they come to Jesus. Self and sin are then cast behind. He puts the stones in their places; he gathers them by truth, cements them by love; he

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does all. He, he, blessed Jesus, shall bear the glory. We will not sacrifice to our own wisdom, or power, or works, or goodness here. O thou great Builder of the house of God, reign thou alone upon thy throne. We would adore thee, love thee, praise thee; and as we grow together into a temple for the Lord, grow more harmoniously into agreement in one thing, that worthy is the Greater than Solomon to have the praise of every part of his own building; for he who built all things is God. Thus we sing of him on earth; thus he raises us into his sweetness. Our songs are poor and faint; our risings mingled with fallings; but the day will come when the new song shall be sung with new tongues; and even then our Greater than Solomon shall be far above the praises of his loving people.

But our verse calls upon the daughters of Zion, not only to behold King Solomon, but, in addition, to behold him with his crown. There is something, then, in this crown to be noticed which must be to his glory and the poor distressed sinner's good. But what is Christ's crown? Why, it is the crown of salvation. This is his royal diadem; this adorns the head of our glorious King, the Lord Jesus:

"Of all the names Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim."

Yes, salvation is the crown of Jesus, Jehovah, Son of man and Son of God. The name of Jesus, or Jesus according to this his name, is exalted above every name, and Jesus, we know, means Saviour; so, then, this is Christ's peculiar glory,—he saves his people from their sins. This is the crown that has the pre-eminence of glory in it. But what sort of crown, what sort of salvation is there in Christ? Hear the psalmist: "Thou hast given him a crown of pure gold." Then it is pure salvation,—full, free, eternal salvation,—which Jesus is the author of, and is crowned with. O! Never let us think of adding to this crown the filthy tinsel of our own assistance to Christ in his work, or diminishing from its glory by thinking his salvation insufficient for the vilest and most completely lost. Let Christ wear his own crown, and every jewel of that crown remain in its proper place, and Christ thus be to his poor and needy and sinful people what as Jesus he is,—their Saviour and all in all.

He is said in Rev. xix. to have on his head many crowns; but this is just the same; his work may be considered as one sweet, perfect, harmonious whole,—salvation; or it may be considered in its many parts, and the one crown be viewed as many crowns. Then, again, he saves perfectly all his people and each one of them individually; so he is crowned with the entire elect family of God, who are as one man,—his joy and crown as Mediator, and he is crowned with each one of them; thus he has a crown and many crowns; and all is perfect and complete; all his own; and he wears his own crown without any rivals for ever. When all his saints are in glory; when countless ages of blessedness have rolled by; when there is no more sin or failure; when

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all are perfectly conformed to the image of the Son of God; when with delight they have praised him through countless ages and thus served with the highest service of love; he still wears his own crown and reigns over the house of Jacob for ever. He is still the Lamb who was slain; still their victorious King over sin and Satan, death and hell; still the One before whose throne they cast their crowns, ascribing unto him their blessedness and glory as God their Saviour. Now, then, view him with this his crown; and now even on earth we shall emulate the glorified in heaven, and cry, "Live and reign for ever, O glorious King, and wear thy own crown, and keep us from robbing thee in the least degree of thy salvation glory. Worthy art thou who wast slain to reign and wear thy own true, proper, perfect crown for ever and ever!"

"*THY WILL BE DONE.*"

SUGGESTED IN A RAILROAD CARRIAGE DURING THE LATE SEVERE GALE, DEC. 20, 1871.

JEHOVAH rules! Jehovah reigns!
Though tempests desolate the plains;
Though clouds obscure earth's cheering sun,
My heart replies, "Thy will be done!"

Disease, nay, death's malicious blow,
May sever dearest links below;
But with thy presence, blessed One,
My heart still says, "Thy will be done!"

Veil'd in obscurity my way,
What may befall from day to day
I know not. In thy strength go on,
I adding still, "Thy will be done!"

Why murmur when life's days are few?
Complain, though fraught with evil too?
Bitter thy cup; thy path how lone!
Still may'st thou say, "Thy will be done!"

This weary frame shall soon be laid
In earth's untroubled, quiet bed,
Then sweeter praise around the throne
Shall mingle with "Thy will be done!"

ANN HENNAH.

IT is not strange that men reject the gospel, when they find no heavenly comfort from it, and are told they must expect none here. Who will labour in a service where he meets with constant drudgery and no refreshment? Who can bear to be much in prayer, unless he finds divine communion in it, which is divine refreshment? And who will daily read the word of God, unless he finds it daily food? Take the food away, the Spirit's application, and we soon grow weary of the Bible, and the spider weaves his web upon it. Nor is this the worst; for some, who live upon the altar, now begin, like Eli's sons, to kick at the sacrifice; and, in a mighty rage of zeal for the Father, would strip his dear Son of Divinity, and trample on his blood.—*Berridge.*

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MERCY FOR MISERY; OR, COMFORT FOR TROUBLED MINDS.

BEING A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MANIFOLD TEMPTATIONS OF THE AUTHOR HEREOF; AND LIKEWISE OF THE MANY SUPPORTS WHICH THE LORD WAS PLEASED TO GIVE TO HIM IN THE SPACE OF MANY YEARS TEMPTATION.—By A. T., 1742.

(*Continued from page* 122.)

One time I was quite spent with labouring under dark apprehensions; so that I knew not what to do, nor where to go. I was then in my chamber; for my trouble of mind had brought me into great disorder and weakness of body; and, as I said, not knowing where to go, I got up and walked to and fro in my chamber. A book lying open upon the table, I thought I would look into it, and see what I could find there; and the first place I cast my eye upon was Isa. l. 10: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord?" &c. Though I could not explain the words to any great degree, yet it eased my mind in some measure, and gave me some comfort; for by these words I thought that all that were in darkness were not forsaken; and that which made me take the more notice of it was because I found it without looking for; and though I could not take it in far enough to stay long with me, yet I think it stayed me from fainting at that time. And, friends, these words, and words of the same kind, if I may so say, are spoken to poor dark comfortless souls, and to them only; I say, to them that stand in need of comfort.

I was grieved at myself that I should so much yield to despairing thoughts as to dishonour Christ and his grace thereby, as I had already done. I still found the Lord preserved me from one time to another. It was many a time that in the morning I thought, "How can I hold on till night? I fear I shall not get through this day." I was now still daily at some employ. "O," thought I, "if the Lord keeps me this day, I shall be in hope he hath not forsaken me, but will keep me another day also." I likewise remembered one scripture: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." I have thought and wondered at it many times when night was come. "O," thought I, "I am still here!" So that one day's mercies did help me to hope for another; from whence I thought on these words, "Tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." I laboured to gather hope from every day's experience, but could hold it but a little while when I got it; for the sad blasphemies that pressed in upon my mind made me to fear that I offended the Lord anew; so that when I got a little hope, those thoughts beat me back again. And how hard a thing is it, upon a sense of repeated affronts, to appear before him whom one hath affronted.

Besides, I thought what could I do, if I was not elected. This troubled me from the beginning for some years together; for I brought it to this point, that if I was not elected, do all I could I was ruined. All my prayers and tears, my sighs and groans,

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and all the prayers of friends, could avail me nothing; for, thought I, the promises belong only to them for whom Christ died; and how to know that Christ died for me I did not know. I thought by the condition I was in, I could not be one that belonged to Christ. I saw many that could talk comfortably of Christ and heavenly things; but found myself full of fears and confusion of thought; deadness and hardness of heart also; for could I have but found my heart had grown better, and that I could love God, my difficulties had been over.

After this was in some measure abated, for it held me a great while, and finding myself under such great disorder, and no comfort to stay with me, it broke in upon me after this manner,—that my day of mercy was now past, and that the little strength I now had would at last fail me, and I should give over one time or other, and make all worse than ever. This fear was so powerful one evening, as I sat within, that it made me ill; so I thought I would take my book and read; though I did not expect to find much comfort there. However, I opened my book, and the first place I cast my eye upon was this: "For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." (Isa. xli. 13.) So far I looked, and stopped. As I best remember, those same words so comforted me at that time that my illness went from me at once, and I went to bed comfortable that night.

And at another time, being at a friend's house, and hearing some talking about the Lord's Prayer, but about what part of the Lord's Prayer I do not remember now, a most horrible thought shot in that made me shake; and presently it came into my thought, "That is not thine." So that these things, and what I had read in Eph. vi. concerning the fiery darts of Satan, helped me, and gave me hope that these thoughts or suggestions came from an enemy, and were not mine. But here I would have my reader understand me, if I do not think to speak of it hereafter, that these blasphemies did not leave me all at once, but by degrees; for as the mercy and goodness of God appeared to me, so these bad thoughts began to vanish.

As I remember before this I read in many books, hoping to get comfort out of them; but some of them sank me quite down, and so I was fain to lay them aside; only one or two books of Mr. Bunyan's writing, the one containing "An Excellent Discourse of a Broken Heart," and the other, "An Invitation to the Biggest Sinner." However, that which described a broken heart went along much with my condition; it suited me in the painful part thereof; but when he came to speak of the broken-hearted man, that he loves God, the broken-hearted man says he loves God, this made a wide separation; for I thought I loved not God at all. Had he said, "The broken-hearted man desires to love God, but finds he cannot, and therefore cries out, 'I cannot do the thing that I would,'" then he would have suited me again; for I desired nothing so much as to love God, and to know his love to me; but could not.

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It grieved me much, even at my heart, to think that there was hope, help, and salvation in the Lord, and that I was so disabled that I could not take hold of it. I compared myself to the man at the pool (Jno. v. 5), who waited for the troubling of the water; and yet when the water was troubled, and there was an opportunity of healing, the poor man was not able to get down to it, and so lay a long time in that case; and had not the Lord Jesus come to him, and healed him without the pool, in all likelihood he had lain there, and never been healed at all. I often thought of the man with the withered hand, who could not stretch it out till Christ bid him do it I often cried, "Lord, bid me stretch out my weak and withered hand, and enable me to take hold of thee."

I remember I was once reading in Rev. xxi., at the 6th verse: "And to him that is athirst will I give the waters of life;" and it presently shot in upon me that that promise was false; for I had long thirsted, and yet no water was given me. I no sooner had thought thus, but was sorry to think any promise should be false; and quickly it came into my mind that our Lord did not say that he had given the waters of life to him that thirsted, but that he *would* do it; and so it remained to us a promise still; which gave me much comfort that there were promises made for poor miserable creatures to support their faintings, and to wait for the fulfilling of; which made me to say, "Satan, thou art a liar; Christ doth not say he had given, but would give the waters of life; and therefore I will hope and wait for it."

This was towards the beginning of my trouble. I have been afflicted with a strange uneasiness oftentimes, whether at work or elsewhere, so that I have not known how scarce to contain myself or what to do, being quite like to be overset with grievous thoughts and troublesome apprehensions, that have gone far to make me give up all hope and yield up all as lost at last. But, thanks be to the Lord, who, though he is pleased to deal with us with his face hid from us, hath still his hand underneath, and saves us unperceived to us; for he is nigh to them that are of a broken heart, and saveth such as are of a contrite spirit, when in our own view we are condemned to die.

My temptations being so very heavy, for, as the psalmist said, night and day thy hand was heavy upon me, it made me fear that the Lord did not afflict any of his own people so long and so hard as I was afflicted; which put me still to search the scriptures, and I found in Heb. xii. that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." I thought the word chastening showed a gentle correction; but that word scourging seemed to signify more severity and harder strokes; so that I got some hope from hence that my afflictions were not any token of being a reprobate, nor his rod a rod of iron to destroy, but, after all, might be a father's rod to instruct.

I could hear many speak of Christ with melting affections; but being quite otherwise with me, I thought Christ had loved

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them and not me. I often, with a heavy heart, used to say to myself, O that I could love Christ; and it often like an echo used to return, "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me."

Christians, though Christ be altogether lovely, yet a poor creature cannot love Christ's lovely person by sight, because the soul is in darkness. A soul can hear in the dark, though not see in the dark. We can hear the voice of a person, though we cannot see his face. For certain, the Lord is with that soul that fears him and keeps his word. I say he is with him by his protecting grace and mercy, though the soul seems desolate and in darkness (see Isa. l. 10); Christian, the Lord is with thee when thou heedest his word, though thou canst not see the light of his countenance in the dark, and therefore fearest thou lovest him not because thou canst not see his beauty; but wait, and thou shalt see.

The surest outward testimony of our love to Christ is the keeping of his word; and if we desire and strive to keep the word of Christ, we may hope on good ground that we love him, though by want of the sweet influence thereof upon the heart we do not perceive it. I often launched out in my thoughts into the boundless ocean of eternity, especially into the eternity of misery, till it overwhelmed my mind; and that fixed such gloomy and dark ideas in my thoughts that for a long time I could not tell how to think of anything else, even for some years together. Soul, thou that art not in this case, do not pry into secrets nor grasp at infinities; for we are finite creatures, and soon overwhelmed by reaching at things too big for us. And you that are in this case do not cast away your hope, for there is help for this also; and the best way that I could find was to think more and often of the love of God in Christ to poor sinners, which is beyond all knowledge; and to dwell much on this in our meditations will, through mercy, mitigate and moderate all in good time.

Now it was a long time before I could get in any sense of the love of God in Christ; for I thought thus, that if God had indeed, out of mere and simple mercy, pardoned and saved sinners, then it would have been mercy indeed. I say I thought that if the Lord had saved them that did their best endeavours, that would have been mercy indeed; but to save sinners, and to show mercy through the satisfaction of Christ, I thought that could not be of mercy, since the extremity of justice must be satisfied; for, as I thought, what mercy is it in man to forgive that debt that is already paid? That seemed to me to be rather receiving the debt than forgiving it; and therefore could not relish that way of forgiving and saving souls; but still found that that was the way of saving souls, which then seemed to me far from mercy. Neither could I taste any sweetness in this at all, which made me fear that I had no part in the gospel.

From hence many times that scripture came in upon me: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God?" I feared I had no part nor lot in him. I feared I never

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had; or, if I had, I had lost it. I was greatly troubled at the way of saving sinners by the satisfaction of justice; but since that I perceive that the love of God to man shines much more gloriously and is much more melting in the heart of man, when he can see that the Lord should love man so much as to give his own Son out of his bosom and to make him a ransom for man, that man should not be for ever banished from the presence of God; for, though the justice of God must be satisfied, yet the Lord paid the same out of his own store, and would be made sin, who knew no sin, that man might find mercy and be made the righteousness of God through him. It hath not been long since I could relish this.

There was one text of scripture that put me to it greatly, and I did not know how to get through it, and that was, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Now I found my heart was not inclined to close with Christ in the way of his salvation; and so feared I was not given to him; for all that the Father giveth him shall come to him. I feared I was not the Father's gift; and if not, I could not come to him; and I knew that I could not give myself an interest in Christ, and what to do I could not tell; and to pray for an interest in Christ I thought would be in vain, because no prayers could be heard and accepted only in and through Christ; and I thought that they that had no part in Christ had no right to pray, and so conceived that I should offend God more by praying to him; for I could not tell how to beg in Christ's name, for I feared I did not believe in him, and so must not pray at all. However, I ventured as Esther did, I put my life in my hand, and ventured through with much fear. My trouble was often repeated, as well as changed; but I still found I was upheld from day to day, and saved from the fatal consequence that I was afraid of.

Friends, if these words, "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," were truly understood and truly tasted, there would be no poor soul but would love the Lord Jesus with the most entire love. You cannot think, neither can I write, the many fear-faintings and troubles that I have undergone; and yet all done in mercy. (Ps. cxix. 75.)

At a certain time, one morning, when I awoke, I thought I would arise and pray and give God thanks for keeping me the night past; but it was presently shot in upon me that my prayers would not be heard, because I had no faith; and I thought it was so indeed. I was so struck with the sense of this that I began to give all over as lost; and so lay down again, concluding that it was in vain to try any longer. At last I thought with myself that if I had no faith I would rise and pray for faith, and beg that the Lord would give it me. I had no sooner purposed so to do, than presently these words came into my mind, "How, then, shall they call on him in whom they have not believed?" It came with this sense, "How could I pray for faith if I had not

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faith to do it?" which gave me ground to hope that I had some measure of faith, though, through the hurry of temptations, I could not see it. These words comforted me very much, and I believe that it was the Lord's immediate gift at that time.

As I best remember, after this, one evening in the winter time, as I sat by the fire, it drew towards bed-time; I thought of going to prayer in my little family, as I usually did; and as I thought of it more thoughts crowded in, as how unsuccessful I had hitherto been, and what would it avail for me to continue? For I was still under much trouble of mind, and that I should but make the matter worse with me than it had yet been; and that, as I saw it, I was never likely to come out of this condition, and it was sad to spend my whole life so, to have no ease nor peace here nor hereafter; for I thought that the Lord refused to be my friend here in this world, and feared he would not in the next world; and for me to continue praying to him would but enrage Satan, and make him torment me the more hereafter. This was a thought to me as bad as death, and worse; to think I must upon force leave God and Christ, and to have nothing to do with his word and ordinance was bitter to me; which I knew not how to do, neither did I know how to wait any longer. And as I was just concluding with a heavy heart that I must be parted from God and his gospel, these words came in to my support, "Thou shalt not turn away from me." (Jer. iii. 19.) These words were life from death. I remembered that I had read the words before; but knew not the worth of them till then; and then I found that they were a gracious command, a command that suited me to my heart's desire; for it carried such a sense of good in it that it revived my fainting, sinking soul at that time, and hath supported me many a time since; for the words came in this sense, that it was the will of God that I should wait; and though my condition was as yet uncomfortable, through manifold temptations, yet he himself knew, though I did not, what he had reserved and did intend to bestow; therefore, how weak or in what case soever I was in, he was so far from turning me away that he would have me come, and for no cause turn from him.

After all this my troubles and temptations continued with me; for I was much haunted with blasphemous thoughts till a further sense of the mercy of God in Christ abated them, and this was for a great while, near nine years.

It was many times that I read the account that Mr. Bunyan gave of his troubles, and found what a blessed end his troubles came to, and greatly wished that my trouble might come to so happy an end. I longed to be partaker with him in his deliverance; but then I thought again that he might be beloved of God, and therefore the Lord wrought such a wonderful deliverance for him; but I was afraid that I should not partake with him in his deliverance, though I did in his trouble. And as I often thought thus with much concern I think these words came in, or else I was soon after reading them: "The same Lord over

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all is rich unto all that call upon him." This was suitable and comfortable; for I was still afraid that the Lord did not, would not show mercy to all that called upon him; but that word "all" took in me amongst the rest, and likewise every poor creature that calls and continues calling.

I remember I often used to wish that Mr. Bunyan was yet alive, that I might happily get comfort from him; and I think, so often as I used to wish so, so often it used to come in upon my mind, Christ is yet alive. I thought it to be a gentle rebuke to me that I should think Mr. Bunyan would be a better friend to me than Christ. Christian soul that art under temptations with me, how much comfort do we lose by overlooking our best Friend?

About the end of nine years my temptations, as to the strength of them, were pretty much allayed for about four or five years, and then returned again with as great or greater force than ever for about a quarter of a year. I say they were so violent that I was out of all hope. Every word that I read in the scriptures passed my doom, and seemed to point directly against me; and I thought I saw plainly all the threatenings of the Lord fulfilled in me, as though they had been made on purpose for me. I will instance some of those scriptures: "The wicked is snared in the work of his own hands," "The ways of the Lord are right, and the just shall walk in them; but the transgressor shall fall therein," "The hope of the hypocrite shall be cut off, and be as the spider's web," "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into utter darkness;" also Matt. vii. 27; Luke xiii. 7; Matt. xxii. 12. I thought I saw plainly that all these scriptures were fulfilled in me, as if all were thus written on my account; so that I could not know how to look in any book. Only one scripture I did in some measure stay myself upon (I think all other promises, both in the Old and New Testaments, failed me); and that was Isa. xlviii. 9-11. These three verses I could read, and I think no more. The first of them I hung by, as Joab did by the horns of the altar. I still desired to live, though in much anguish of mind, for I was greatly afraid to die. Every day and every night I expected to be cut off; but that promise, "For my name's sake," &c., gave me some hope of being spared, that I should not be cut off in anger. It seemed to me, too, only a reprieve that I should not be cut off as an example, as some others had been, to overthrow me in the sight of men, and that for his own name's sake that the name of God might not be hard spoken of; for at this time I was looked upon as one that feared God, and therefore the Lord would not overthrow me in sight of others, but would do it in private, giving me life as a reprieve, but not his pardon.

The other two verses I wished with great desire that they were but for me, for they were of more worth to me than all the world. I thought I did not care what furnace of affliction the Lord cast me into so as I might be refined and fitted for himself. There

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was one scripture more at that time that used to come on my mind, and that was, "For thou shalt not be put to shame."

It pleased God that in space of time I lit of a book of Martin Luther's, wherein he showed the antipathy the heart of man had to the law of God, as a law of works and a law of punishment; and that the law had its times of its being uppermost, and thence sprung an enmity and blasphemy, and this, at times, in the hearts of the saints themselves; and that Satan had his times to cast in fiery darts, even into the hearts of God's own people. And the Lord be praised for such an instrument in his own hand to give such discoveries of his exceeding grace to his own praise and the good of his poor creatures; for by his account I gathered hope that I might yet be within the bounds of grace. And one scripture more that I lit of gave me a good lift, and that was Lam. iii. 31, 32.

At length I began to taste the sweetness of the promises that God is pleased to make to poor sinners, and am now, through mercy, in good measure comforted by seeing the exceeding riches of the grace of Christ, which once I little thought of and but little relished.

Friends, pray do not think that religion and godliness are the cause of such troubles, for that is not so; for godliness is the way of peace, and leads to peace. The way of holiness is the way of love, peace, and joy in the Lord. It is our infirmities that are the cause. It is our sins that cause our punishments; and it is mercy that pardons our sins; it is our ignorance, darkness, and unbelief that hide the mercies of God from our sight. The fountain of mercy is not dried up, neither doth the promise of God fail. He hath not forgotten to be gracious to poor lost creatures, but hath bowels of mercies for them still, as he hath had from the beginning.

Thus, reader, I have given you the contents of my many years' temptations, hoping that through the mercy of the Lord it may prove to the comfort of some poor soul or other that stands in need of comfort. But, reader, after thou hast read this, methinks I see thou wilt make objections; for there is hardly anything more common than for tempted souls to make objections against themselves; it falleth so in the nature of things, else a troubled mind would be soon restored to peace. The reason of it is, a beclouded mind sees nothing right when it thinks it sees all right, and from hence can suit objections against all the comforts and promises of the gospel against itself; for at such a time Satan takes great advantages to explain and apply the holy scripture to answer his own end; and at the same time the poor creature seeth not this, and is on this account held a great while under its troubles. Therefore wait till the Lord gives thee his word himself; and whenever thou hast any good word that gives thee the least ease or comfort, take it to thyself, and part not with it, for that is a word that comes from thy Lord and Master; and be sure to be thankful for that and for all other mercies thou

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art sensible of, for God is good though we are bad, and all our good comes from him; which the Lord grant we may be all more sensible of whilst we are here on the stage of time.

INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

Is it right (in your opinion) for a member or members of a Particular Baptist church to attend or take part in a miscellaneous concert?—J. H. J.

ANSWER.

The law and the gospel are two entirely distinct yet divine rules of obedience. In the law, God gives to those under the law, positive commands requiring or forbidding certain things. This is the letter which killeth; for no man can fulfil the holy, just, and good requirements of God, as set forth in express words in the law. Gospel obedience is of a completely different nature. The Christian is a new creature in a new creation. God is his Father, and he is Christ's freedman, bound to him with cords of liberty and love. Now to this man Christ does not give merely a quantity of positive injunctions, but a new nature, the spirit of Christ; and in harmony with the new nature and new standing of the Christian, as a son and heir of God in Jesus, are all the precepts, counsels, and exhortations of the New Testament. He is supposed to be a person separated from the world in the spirit of his mind, a citizen of heaven, having his conversation therein, and is said to be like Christ. Now we will ask our inquirer a question. Is it Christ-like; is it in harmony with a gospel of separation from the world; is it becoming a citizen of heaven and a pilgrim and stranger upon earth, where Christ was crucified, for, we will not say the member of a Particular Baptist church, but a professing Christian man or woman, to attend or take part in a miscellaneous concert? There are things expressly reprobated in Scripture as sins, such as theft, murder, covetousness; there are other things described as inexpedient or inconsistent with the tenor of Christianity. It is in respect of these last-named things that the greatest danger of declension from a truly Christian walk comes in. What harm is there in a concert, a quiet game of cards (not for money), a croquet party, a carpet dance, &c.? Here the carnal mind, unable to discern what becometh the gospel of Christ, answers, "O, none at all; these are innocent amusements." But a truly scriptural, spiritual taste, trying things, not by the letter, but the spirit and truth of the gospel of a crucified Christ, says they are inconsistent therewith, and avoids them accordingly. The great danger, even to true Christians, in this day of outward peace and security, is the want of separation between the world and church. False, carnally-minded professors, with their worldly compliances, dreadfully endanger the children of God; acting as a sort of go-between, they seduce them into similar compliances, and cause them, in some degree, to fall from their gospel steadfastness. We wish to

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bondage no man. Christ's people are called unto liberty; but it is a liberty not of the flesh, but of the Spirit. It is the liberty of being freed from the world, made heavenly-minded, serving Christ in love, and looking for a better life than this, not of self-indulgence, worldly compliances, and attendances upon balls and concerts.

MR. HUNTINGTON TO MR. BROOKE, BRIGHTON.

Beloved,—Yours came last night to Monkwell Street, and I am now up to scratch a few scraps in return.

Be not ignorant of Satan's devices; his whole aim is to thieve and rob God of his glory, and us of our peace. He accuses God to men, and men to God, as may be seen in his tempting Eve, when he suggested that God, envying man's happiness, had forbidden their eating that fruit which alone could make them wise, and which to the eye was so pleasant, and to the taste so good. And to God he accused Job that he loved, feared, and served him because he had increased his wealth. And to me he has done the same, telling me that God knew the work he had designed me to, and might have furnished me with some degree of learning, spelling at least, that I might not have recourse to a dictionary five times in a page: first for the sense, and then to know how to spell it; and he accuses God to you for giving you too much. But neither my ignorance nor your learning prevented his call, any more than the wisdom of Moses and the ignorance of Peter prevented theirs. There is no knowledge, counsel, nor device, against the Lord, but what is hatched in hell. To make every saint discontented with his lot, to magnify the prosperity of others, and diminish our own, that all may murmur, and none be satisfied; that God may be robbed of his honour, and man deprived of his peace, is the constant drudgery of the devil. "Wherein a man is called, therein let him abide." That respects his situation and employment. "If called circumcised or uncircumcised, care not for that." This respects his natural religion. "He that ministers, let him do it of the ability which God giveth." This respects his natural abilities, and these abilities are by some improved, and by others unimproved; but if God call him to minister, let him use these, whether polished or covered with rust.

Wonder not at sudden changes. We that labour are not like private saints. They feed, chew the cud, digest, concoct, and thrive. They trade for themselves; but ours is for the good of the public. Formerly I came out of the furnace purged, and then filled, and went in the strength of that meat forty days, but such a fulness is now spent by one full, profuse, and overflowing discourse; and then some who have filled their vessel at my spring, and kindled their torch at my live coal, have come in afterwards to shine in my ornaments; then I have been so shorn of my locks, and so bereft of all dew, and my coal so quenched, that I was like a thief, ashamed to look at them, being dry and barren,

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poor and beggarly, hungry, cold, and naked. But these young asses, who only ear the ground, are not up to this. Whether we labour in irons or in oil, filled with gall or with honey; whether like flaming torches or like smoking flax, we are sure to suit some. God will make us all things to all cases, to gain some. I have stood in the pillory, been laid in the stocks by the heels, and been muzzled in the jaws, when, at the same time, not one in a hundred saw it or knew it; and if so confused as to contradict myself, and to speak unscripturally and not common sense, so that the people could not understand me, nor make it out, yet they have concluded that in the spirit I had spoken mysteries, and that I soared so high in wisdom as that they could not attain to it; it was too wonderful for them, when, at the same time, I blushed at my own folly. Darkness and bondage are common in our calling. When we fall first into these, we have no understanding or judgment; we labour to keep from drowning, and that is all; and, when enlarged, we are so in love and enamoured with the King, and so engaged with the flavour of the new wine, that we mind nothing else. This being the case, we describe both confusedly. It is needful, therefore, to take us again and again to drill, under more light and a better judgment, that we may consider, and be more explicit. W. H., S.S.

May 18, 1807 (Postmark).

LETTER BY THE LATE MRS. STURTON.

(See "Gospel Standard," June, 1871.)

My dear Hannah,—Your affectionate letter gave me very great pleasure; for I can truly say you have a place in my heart as one of the lambs of Christ's fold, which I believe you to be from the account your dear father has given me of you; also your own letter speaks the language of Canaan. The self-abasement you express on account of the opposition nature felt to the confinement you have had by reason of your long affliction is a proof you know something of being humbled under the mighty hand of God. There is nothing in the nature of affliction itself, unless the Lord is pleased to sanctify it, to work any spirituality; therefore the heartfelt acknowledgment of nature's strugglings proves a warfare within, which is produced by two opposite principles,—nature and grace; but grace shall reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

But my dear Hannah seems to have gone a little further still, and bears her testimony to the goodness of a faithful God in reconciling her mind to her room, yea, to her bed. This has been a great favour, indeed, and is another proof there is nothing too hard for our dear Lord to perform; and it reminds me of a sweet verse:

"God's furnace doth in Zion stand;
But Zion's God sits by,
As a refiner views his gold,
With an observing eye."

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Yes, my dear Hannah, he watches the furnace all the time his dear children are in it, not as an unconcerned spectator. No, no. He has a special interest in the affair; for in all our afflictions he himself was afflicted. O wondrous union, and wondrous sympathy; therefore he will take care the furnace does burn just as it should, and will not suffer us to lose anything but what we can spare, and that is dross and scum, plenty of which boils up, at times, when the furnace is hot. But as there is a going into the furnace, so there is a coming out of it. We shall not be left always in tribulation. No. It is through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom. There are deliverances as well as trials even in this vale of tears. Though we may be emptied from vessel to vessel, and painful work it is, the night cometh, and also the morning; but after a few more groanings and sighings, a few more rising and setting suns, a few more waxing and waning moons, we shall lie down at the night of death and take a sweet sleep in the arms of Jesus. And what is there to dread in this? For rest is sweet to the labouring man. Then cometh the morning, a morning indeed without clouds it will be, and no night will succeed it. Then, I trust, we shall meet if we never do below, and spend together an eternal day.

Still I should enjoy as much as any of you coming to see you; and you may be assured I should feel more honoured and more happy in spending a little time at the cottage of your dear father, who stands very high in my estimation, than I should in visiting at the palace of King William, and would rather sit and chat with your dear father and mother and yourself, about the love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, than hear or see all the grandeur of an earthly court if they would confer upon me that honour as they would call it. But the winter is not gone yet; and then I am such a timid traveller that it must be a very quiet horse that I dare journey with.

I am much pleased with the affectionate and grateful way you speak in the letter of your mother's kind attention. I do not think there is any earthly love equals that of a tender mother to her child; and I think our dear Lord's selecting this love to illustrate his love to Zion, is a proof it is the most unwearied and the most disinterested of all loves: "Can a woman forget?" &c. "Yea, she" (even she) "may; yet will I not forget thee." O sweet assurance! May we live on this everlasting love, and rejoice in it, till we go up to drink of it at the Fountain-Head for ever.

To Jesus I would now commit you, my dear Hannah. May he support you with his presence in all your affliction, and lead you on, from strength to strength, till you come to Zion above.

Give my love to your dear father and mother, and accept the same yourself.

Your affectionate Friend in Jesus,

Hartford, Feb. 2, 1838. ANN STURTON.

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GUIDING PROVIDENCE.

Dear Friend,—It has been strongly impressed upon my mind to write to you and give you some account of how I first became acquainted with the "Gospel Standard," and also the blessing it has been made to me in various ways and at various times. I have been a subscriber and a reader of that work for 20 years. How I first knew there was such a work was as follows: I was then in deep distress of soul under a law-work, fearing my sentence would be, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire." And as I was walking along in this sad state I picked up a small piece of waste paper. I read it, and found it contained something of what I longed for; and on the top was written, "The Gospel Standard." I did not then know whether it was a periodical or a book. I asked the minister I was then hearing if he had such a book. I said I had a strong desire to read it, as I had found benefit from the little piece I had picked up. The answer he gave was that there were some good things in it, and some bad. However, my mind seemed to long for it; but I did not know how to get it. Some time after this, I went into a shop at Witersham, and there lay a lot of waste paper, and there I saw some "G. S.'s," which I bought; and O how I prized and loved the men that wrote such things that my soul knew something about. They pointed out the exercises of a living soul, and spoke so confidently of the safety of such that it did my soul good. Afterwards I got a person to take it for me, and I have continued to take it for 20 years. I have sat up reading it half the night and have not felt weary, though I had to labour hard for my living. The fact is I was hungry. It was a matter of life or death with me; therefore I was glad to read the experience of the Lord's people, that I might compare mine with theirs; and truly I did feel a hope, at times, spring up that I should be found like them, right at last. But my burden got heavier. I had the sentence of death in myself, and was brought almost to despair; and for three months all hope of my being saved was taken away.

Then came a time never to be forgotten, June, 1860, when my dear Lord and Saviour was pleased to reveal himself to me as mine. My burden rolled off. I had sweet peace in my soul, which I enjoyed for three months; during which time I had a desire to walk in his ways. The place where I attended was not Baptist, but that was no trial to me, as I had never thought about it; so I went before the church, and was unanimously received; but the rule was that I must stand over for a month, during which time Mr. Philpot reviewed in the "Gospel Standard" a work on baptism. Now did I begin to be tried whether I was doing right in joining a church that was opposed to that ordinance. I could but admire the masterly and faithful way Mr. Philpot wrote to prove it was God's ordinance, and I felt a something that said, "If you join that church, you will be a despiser of that ordinance." The deacon, seeing me in a trial, put into my hand to read a work

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written by a Mr. G. This man seemed most bitter against the Baptists, which drew me more to Mr. Philpot. "O!" thought I; "what shall I do?" I was greatly tried; yet something seemed to say, "The word of God is the only infallible rule." So I tried to find every place in the word of God that spoke of baptism, and I prayed to God to enlighten my understanding; which he did, for the more I read, the plainer it appeared; until I saw it as clear as the sun at noonday. So I went to the deacon, and told him I had a desire to be found in it, and would he let me sit down with them if I was baptized. But no; they would not; therefore I was rejected. God works by what means he pleases to prevent as well as to allure.

Now it was through the reading of the "Gospel Standard" that this was brought about. I could speak of many other things through it that have been a blessing to my soul; but I will speak of but one more, and that was Mr. Philpot's Meditations upon the Work of the Ministry. He therein traced out my exercises from the beginning, showing what seemingly contrary things in God's providential dealings would take place to try our faith, and then how God would bring matters to pass in a way we did not expect, so that I felt such love to the dear man as is better felt than described.

Now it was a sincere love which I felt to the writers of that magazine, because of the blessings I had received from it, that made me willing and desirous to cast in my mite, in hope it might be made a blessing also. And, blessed be God, from various testimonies I have received my labour has not been in vain. Sometimes, when I have seen and heard how useful and what a blessing the "Gospel Standard" has been made, I have wished I had the means and could afford to purchase every month a large number, and place them on a shelf at the chapel doors, that the poor might every one of them take one as their own, and carry home and read it to their children by their fireside, not to the neglecting of the best of books, but in the room of too many that are not profitable; for the "Gospel Standard" is a Bible dictionary. God, who is a sovereign, has opened up to some, dark and mysterious portions of his word; they have written it down, sent it, and it has been the means of enlightening the minds of others that have been in bondage. It is not given to every man to understand the whole of God's word, let him be ever so learned. Paul said, "If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace; for ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted." And so of those who write; have not their writings been to the comforting of God's people?

These have been my thoughts this day about the "Gospel Standard." Hoping you will accept this feeble testimony in favour of your many years' labours, I subscribe myself,

Yours unfeignedly and affectionately,

Rolvenden, Nov., 1871. C. BARNES.

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PASSING AWAY.

My dear Sir,—I ought to have replied to your kind letter before; but I have had so many pressing engagements this last week, being the termination and commencement of the quarter,—one gone and another coming on. Thus our life passes away as a tale that is told, and we find that his mercies are new every morning. Great is his faithfulness and great is our unfaithfulness. This I daily feel; and I am sometimes able to mourn and grieve over it, with a feeling sense of the burden that a body of sin and death produces when made alive to feel it; and nothing do I dread more than being left to deadness, hardness, and insensibility of spirit; for sure I am that whatever our profession may be, as Hart says,

"If sin afflict us not with woe,
The spirit of Christ we do not know."

I do not envy any one professor who can sin cheap without remorse of conscience, or fear of consequent chastisement that may be sent upon him, seeing that when this is withheld it is a manifest token that such are bastards and not sons. Such turn aside to crooked ways, and their end is to be led away with the workers of iniquity.

May the Lord preserve us as upright in his sight in our most secret moments, when no eyes but his see us, as when in the the public assembly of the saints; for there are many who are with the saints as saints, but who can act and be with sinners as sinners; but such will be sure eventually to be made fully manifest in his due time, who sees, knows, and searches the heart. * * *

Mrs. Crake joins with me in best wishes, and believe me,

Yours in sincerity, for Truth's sake, J. CRAKE.

Clifton Hampden, Abingdon, Berks, March 27, 1858.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Looking unto Jesus! O may I ever be,
Feeding on sweet morsels my Saviour gives to me.
I would be ever watching for Christ my Lord to come,
To take me from this fleeting stage unto my heavenly home.

Looking unto Jesus in dark temptation's hour,
For only He can keep me from the tempter's power;
His strong arm can save me; he can ever succour send,
And still remain my Helper, my Councillor, my Friend.

Looking unto Jesus! He promises to bless
And sanctify to me each sorrow and distress;
No cross can be too heavy, no way too rough or long,
He says He'll give for mourning the victor's palm and song.

Looking unto Jesus! I long my Lord to meet,
Feel his word more precious, his promise still more sweet;
I long to go to glory and mingle in the train
Of ransom'd souls now singing praise to the Lamb once slain.

G. C. H.

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A LETTER FROM MR. WARBURTON TO MR. TIPTAFT.

Dear Brother,—May covenant love and mercy ever be with you, and peace abundantly multiplied.

I have felt in my mind since I arrived home from Brighton a wish to drop you a few lines, hoping they will find you in health and peace, with much of the presence of our covenant God and Father. O what is to be compared to one smile of our everlasting Father? It beggars all other objects in a moment, and softens, humbles, and crumbles the heart down to the dear feet of Him, who is the Chiefest of ten thousand and the altogether lovely. O how heart-ravishing it is in the midst of a tremendous storm to hear him say, "Fear not; I am with thee," &c. O what a voice! Every devil flies away like lightning, the storm hushes up into a calm, and our poor souls rise up like "a giant refreshed with new wine, and can shout and sing, "The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the God of glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters; the voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty." How easy it is to shout "Victory!" when the enemy is running. How delightful to say, "Father," when he says, "My child." How easy and pleasant to run after him when he enlargeth our hearts. Nay, we can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth us; even take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses, for Christ's sake; for when we are weak, then we are strong. O! It is my heart's desire that the dear Shepherd may often indulge you and me with his heavenly voice, that we may say with the man after God's own heart, "The Lord is my shepherd," &c.

My dear brother, it is all the Lord's doing from first to last; for "from him and to him, and through him are all things; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." Yes, we can say from the heart, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen." "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name give glory," &c. O the sweetness of drawing water out of the wells of salvation! O how heart-ravishing to receive "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning," &c. How delightful to prove we are "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified." It is where my poor soul finds rest, and peace, and solid joy. It is where the dear Comforter bears witness with my spirit that the Father of all mercies hath loved me with an everlasting love, that the Son hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me, and buried all its jots and tittles, to adorn my naked soul with a pure robe of fine linen, clean and white; so that the poor spotted leopard and black Ethiopian is as "fair as the curtains of Solomon," "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." And O what pleasure, wonder, and delight when the dear Comforter brings to my remembrance the way he has led me these 40 years

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in this dreary wilderness, the helps he has afforded me, his never-failing mercy in supplying me, his omnipotent power in keeping me, his unwearied patience and long-suffering in bearing and forbearing with my devilish crooked ways, his never-failing faithfulness, notwithstanding all my unbelief. It is of his mercies, my brother, that I am not consumed, and because his compassions fail not; I am confident of it that it is because he changeth not that such a worm as I am is not consumed, for never was such another stubborn, refractory, stupid, rebellious, proud, presumptuous, blind fool as I am; and when the dear Comforter comes with his holy anointing, and leadeth my soul into the glories of the electing love of the Father, the glories of the love, the blood, the righteousness, the sufferings, the victories of God the Son, and the glories of the calling, emptying, stripping, wounding, healing, clothing, filling, and comforting of God the Holy Ghost, O how my soul loves the Holy Trinity in Unity, the Three-One, undivided Jehovah. My poor soul can adore him when this is the case. There are no crooks here, no bondage here. "Perfect love casteth out fear" and torment; no murmuring here; for a "little with the fear of God is better than great treasures and trouble therewith." "A dinner of herbs," &c. There is no guilt here; for the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" no worldly cares nor fleshly anxieties about to-morrow; my cares then are cast upon the Lord, and I can leave "the morrow to take thought for the things of itself;" no fear here whether I shall be able to hold on my way; for I am then confident he that has delivered doth deliver, in whom I trust he will yet deliver; no doubting here, for I can then say with confidence, "Abba, Father; my Lord and my God;" no pride nor high lofty looks here, but here my soul can take the lowest place with real delight and pleasure, and find a sweetness and a fitness in being nothing, and my Lord and my God being all and in all; no contention here which is the greatest nor which shall be the greatest, but the blessed contention is which is the greatest debtor to grace; "For unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." There is no death nor poverty, nor sorrow, nor misery here; for "the blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it." "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, and honour, and life." "When he gives peace, who can give trouble?"

My dear friend, it is here where my poor soul wishes to be, living and dying, wrapt up in the bosom of everlasting love. O what sweetness to have drops out of this fathomless sea, this boundless river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God," the river where no galley with oars ever passed over, nor ever will. And if the drops are so sweet, so soul ravishing, sin subduing, devil conquering, world vanquishing, and God glorifying, what

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must it be to be brought to the Fountain-head, delivered for ever from a cursed body of sin and death, out of the reach of all the fiery darts of the devil; no nights, no clouds, no storms, no afflictions, no frowns for ever and ever, from either God, or man, or devils; but there it will be an eternity of rest without toils, an eternity of smiles without a frown, an eternity of immortal pleasures, but not one moment of pain nor grief for ever and ever. Bless our God, we shall be with him and see him as he is, and be like him. Bless his dear lips, he has told us so; and "hath he said it, and shall he not make it good?" "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also." "Because I live, ye shall live also." O the glory to be with him! Our dear Lord tells us, "these are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore they are before the throne and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger and thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto fountains of living waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." When my soul has the holy anointing of the light, life, and power of the Holy Ghost leading it in the exercise of faith and love into the realities of these heavenly visitations, I can sing sweetly and with melody in my heart:

"When I can read my title clear," &c.

O sweet home, heavenly rest, where the wicked cease from troubling and the poor tempest-tossed, tried, weary soul shall be for ever at rest, undisturbed for ever!

O that the dear Comforter may bless your soul and mine with foretastes of this heavenly kingdom, where I believe we shall reign together, notwithstanding all our sinkings, murmurings, frettings, wanderings, groanings, sighings, unbelievings, nor all that either the world, flesh, or devils have done, can do, or ever shall do; nor shall they be able to pluck us out of the hands of everlasting love, though we have many times said, "The Lord hath forsaken me; my God hath forgotten me," and perhaps may say it and fear it many times again. But no matter; for that God that cannot lie saith, "Thou art engraven on the palms of my hands; thy walls are continually before me." Thou shalt prove "all thine enemies to be liars unto thee;" "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper."

Cheer up, my friend. Though it is "through much tribulation," it is into the "kingdom of God;" though it is through fire and water, it is into a "wealthy place;" though it is through a terrible wilderness, through pits, gins, and snares, it is into a "land flowing with milk and honey;" though it is through so many fainting fits, so sickly and faint, at times, that we are giving it all up as a lost matter, it is into a land where there

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never is any sickness; for the inhabitants there never are sick. Blessed be our dear Lord, he picked us up out of the ruins of the fall, unasked for, unsought for, unthought of, and deadened us to all the pleasures and joys that we once lived and delighted in. He has burned up our rags of righteousness and made us sick of them in our very hearts, and brought us to long, and pant, and thirst for his holy righteousness, and he has given us many blessed drops and tokens of his love, and shown that he is ours, and that we are his. And will he leave us after all? No, my friend! "He that hath begun the good work will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ."

O that the dear Spirit may bless you and me with his dear and precious still small voice; for I can assure you if there is nothing comes into my soul from above, my soul never gets from beneath; if there is neither rain nor dew, I cannot come out of my hole; if there is no power to hold up, I cannot stand; if there is no drawing unction, I cannot move one pace towards God; if there is no life from God moving in my heart, I am as dead as a post. I am at a point more and more that "without him I can do nothing." O blessed Lord, do help us, do keep us, do lead us, and do guide us by thy counsel, and afterward receive us to glory.

But, O Friend, I begin to fear you will be quite weary with reading my long letter, and therefore I shall draw to a close. Though I have not written to you for a long time, I have had you in my heart and in my poor petitions. I felt very much when I heard of your affliction of body, and I hope the dear Lord has raised you up again, as I have not heard anything since brother P. was at Trowbridge. It is my heart's desire that the Lord may spare your life many years to continue to blow the silver trumpet of a full and free gospel, with power of the Holy Ghost accompanying it to the souls of both saints and sinners, and that you may have much fellowship and communion with the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

This is the prayer of

Your unworthy Brother, for Christ's sake,

Trowbridge, Nov. 16, 1888. JOHN WARBURTON.

Obituary.

MARY ANN KEEBLE.—On Dec. 23rd, 1871, aged 61, Mary Ann Keeble, of Hockley, Essex.

Mary Ann Keeble was called by grace in early life. The Lord was pleased to show her the awful state she was in by nature, as a guilty sinner before a holy God, and she greatly feared eternal destruction would be her doom, which made her cry in real earnest for mercy. She forsook her worldly companions, although not without severe struggles, as Satan was unwilling to lose so active a servant. She had been first and foremost in carnal amusements and carnal company; but, as she often used to say,

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the dear Lord strengthened her for the conflict, and enabled her to leave all and follow him. She sought the company of the Lord's people, where the way of salvation was opened up to her mind, and in the Lord's good time her interest in it was made known to her. When she was eighteen, she was enabled to rejoice in pardoning mercy. Then she desired to make a public acknowledgment of the Lord's abounding love to one so utterly unworthy, and was baptized by Mr. Maddox, at Heybridge, in 1885. As the distance prevented her attending his ministry regularly, she went to Rochford and other places where the truth was faithfully preached, and in May, 1857, she found a home and joined the Baptist church at Thundersley, where she continued an honourable member till her death.

For about two years my dear mother was troubled with the chills, which greatly undermined her constitution, and often kept her from the house of God; but the Lord was very gracious unto her at such seasons, giving her a heart to search the scriptures, which she found, under the dear Spirit's anointing, to be a mine of inestimable worth.

A few weeks before she was laid aside, she said to a friend, "I don't think the dear Lord intends me to remain in this world much longer. I think he is ripening me for glory. I have such blessed, refreshing seasons in reading his precious word that I seem to read with new eyes, as it were, or with fresh understanding; the precious promises are so sweet, and I see so much contained in them. I have to lay my Bible down for a while; it seems as much as I can bear." She was fond of reading the Bible, the "Gospel Standard," and other good books. She would say:

"Precious Bible, what a treasure
Does the word of God afford."

In July, 1871, she wrote, requesting me to come home, as she felt gradually sinking. She said, "All things are in the hands of him I serve; whether for life or death, I am perfectly resigned. I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness. The dear Lord will do all things well." When she seemed a little better, I said, "Dear mother, when you get well, we will do so and so." She said, "My dear, I think that will never be. I have thought for these last two years I was going home. When the dear Lord has been pleased to take any of his saints I have known, O how I have envied them, and longed to join their company, especially ——," naming some *ministers* whom she highly prized, and others she loved when on earth. "O," she would say, "what a gladness fills my soul to think of meeting with those I loved on earth, and to be in the very presence of my dear Redeemer. How I long to be gone." To a dear friend, who came to see her, she said, "The hymn beginning

"'Now for a shout to our own God,
Who bought his church with his own blood,'

came very sweetly to my mind this morning. A few days ago I was much exercised about prayer, when a part of that memor-

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able prayer of our Lord's was sweetly brought to my mind: 'Our Father;' then I felt, if God is my Father, Jesus Christ is my elder brother. Endearing and enduring relationship, never, never to cease." To one of the deacons who visited her, she said, "I am on the Rock, Christ Jesus. I feel so resigned to the will of the Lord that whether this affliction is for life or death I am not concerned. Just as he pleases."

The clergyman came to see her the day he was to bury ——, who died from a third fit. He said, "Is it not a shocking thing, Mrs. Keeble, they put off repentance so late? This man knew a fortnight ago he should die in the next fit, and yet he did not prepare, but died in his sins." She said, "My dear Sir, repentance is the gift of God; no man comes to Christ of himself. If any one trusts in his own works or righteousness, he will find he must be lost; it must all be of free and sovereign grace. I can say if he had not loved me first, I had refused him still." She added, "I believe your mother died a real Christian, and I shall meet her in glory; but many a battle your father and I have had for the truth." To her daughter-in-law, who makes a profession, she said, "My dear, do not trust to your own works; you can do nothing of yourself; you must be born again. If it should please the Lord to open your eyes to see yourself as you are before him, you will then think of your dying mother."

About a fortnight before her death, she said to her medical attendant, "Sir, I think I am going fast. I must not have my dear children deceived. I think no one ever had such a family as mine; I never had an undutiful child. I want to see them all in the flesh again, and then, when the Lord sees fit, I am ready to go. O, Sir, I cannot tell you of all the mercy and goodness of God, who has upheld me all these years." Every time he came, she would tell out the goodness of God to her, a poor helpless sinner. When the other deacon visited her, she expressed herself quite resigned to the will of the Lord. He read part of Jno. xiv. When he came to the verse, "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you," her very soul seemed on the wing. After engaging in prayer, he took an affectionate farewell. She said to her daughter one morning, "Dear, I feel sweetly assured that although my sins are many, yea, numberless, they are forgiven for ever; cast behind Christ's back. Come, Lord Jesus, receive my waiting spirit."

Sometimes Satan was allowed to come in to worry her with his temptations. Once she said to my father, "You do not think I have been deceiving myself, do you?" He replied, "What! Do you not think the Lord has pitied your case?" She replied, "O, I know he has; what should I do now if he had not?" At another time she said, "We have been a long time together, but we must part now; but it will not be for long; for I believe we shall spend an eternity together." At another time she said, "I am so weak, I cannot extol Jesus enough; but when I see him as he is, I shall shout the loudest of the throng:

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"'How can I sink with such a prop,
Who holds the world and all things up?'
"'My Jesus hath done all things well.'

Bless his holy name, what are my sufferings compared to his? The Father hid his face from him, while I am favoured with his heavenly smile, and his everlasting arms are beneath me."

But Satan again worried her. To a dear friend she said, "I have been thinking perhaps I have been deceived after all." The friend replied:

"'The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
He'll never, no never desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
He'll never, no never, no never forsake.'"

She seemed to eat the words, and felt quite revived. To the same friend she said, "When he gives the command, I shall be glad to go." The friend replied:

"'When we see your eye-strings break,
How sweet your moments roll;
A mortal paleness on your cheek,
And glory in your soul.'"

She shouted, "Victory, victory!" Her friend reminded her of what the Lord could do. "He has weaned you from all earthly things." She replied, "Yes, everything."

One Lord's day evening, another friend entering the room, said, "Still in the body?" She replied, "Yes; longing to be gone, to be with Jesus." She then lay as if in prayer, and then broke out with these words of the poet:

"Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood,"

exclaiming, "O, what has he done for me? How shall I extol him enough? Sun, moon, and stars, help me to praise him."

"'Now for a shout to our own God,
Who bought his church with his own blood,
And will his dear-bought right maintain.'

How he has maintained me." She then said, "I think I can bear a hymn to be sung;" and asked my father how the hymn began which he repeated on a previous night. He said:

"'Behold the glories of the Lamb.'"

She said, "Sing that." They did so; she lifted up her dear dying hands, and sung the last three verses very sweetly. A friend read a chapter of the word of God and engaged in prayer, which she much enjoyed. There were several present, amongst them a young man lately called by grace, to whom her conversation had, by the blessing of the Lord, been made useful. She said, "How wonderful that that dear boy should kneel at my dying bed?"

As she neared her end we caught her sentences, "O Lord, what wait I for? None but thee, my precious Jesus; thou hast done all things well." She said to me, "Rachel, I think I shall have a hard death; how shall I ford the river?" I replied, "Mother, dying grace will be given for a dying hour." She replied, "I

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know it, dear; he who has kept me all these years won't leave me now. This is not dying on the cross; what are my sufferings compared with his, and all for me; he bore my load of sin there. I hope I shall spend the coming Christmas in heaven; my next Sabbath in glory. If I sin in being impatient to be with thee, O do pardon me, dear Lord." Her request was granted, for she died on Dec. 23rd. Also another request, that she might die in her easy chair; this was granted her. The dear Lord was much better to her than all her fears; for instead of a hard death, it was like the soft sleep of an infant. We can say with confidence, she fell asleep in Jesus; may our last end be like hers.

R. KEEBLE.

MARY WILLIAMS.—On Dec. 19th, 1871, aged 73, Mary Williams, of Upper Gornal.

My beloved mother was the child of carnal parents. She never had the benefit of either secular or religious education. Losing her father when very young, she was obliged to face the world to earn her daily bread. But even then the hand of mercy was around her for good. Fierce temptations beset her pathway; and although at that time there was no fear of God before her eyes, yet she was led to steer an honest course, and at the age of 20 she became a wife. In after years it pleased the Lord to afflict her and take two of her dear children, her own death being expected. A neighbour asked if she should fetch Mr. Heathcote, a faithful gospel minister. My mother consented, and when he came to pray with her, he and my parents were perfect strangers to each other, for neither of my parents ever went to a place of worship at that time (about forty years ago), the gain of the world being all they cared for; but so much were they both impressed with what the minister said, that they accused the person of telling him all about them and their habits of life; but when she assured them she had not, they both cried out, "O! We are lost! What shall we do?"

In this wretched state of mind they both continued for a long time. My father first received pardon through the blood of the cross, but my mother was left to wander alone with her burden. A relative once invited her to a Primitives' chapel, where they said forgiveness was sure to come. She went with expectant desire to be met. The preacher said, "Do you believe?" She answered, "O! That is just what I want to do; but I cannot." He said, "Then you will be damned." My mother returned home to her husband with a heavier burden, and he advised her to continue under Mr. H.'s ministry, and wait the Lord's time. She did so, and soon a precious Saviour, able and willing to save to the uttermost, was revealed to her by the power of the Holy Ghost. She lost her burden, and was united to the church at Ruiton.

After Mr. H.'s death, other ministers came in succession, but my dear parents could not be satisfied with their doctrine. They mourned together, and about sixteen years ago they were led to the

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Baptist chapel, Gornal, where Mr. Burns preaches, and were there blessedly met, the first text being Jno. x. 17. So precious was the time that they said to each other, at the close of the service, "This is our home;" and a blessed home of gospel provision it proved to them. When about the age of 60, they were baptized by Mr. Burns.

The last Sabbath she was at the chapel, Mr. Burns preached from Ps. cvii. 10. My mother pressed my hand at the close of the service, and said, "It is I, my girl; it is I." I answered, "It is I, mother." We mingled our tears as we left the house of God together. In the evening of that Sabbath, which was the last time, the text was from Isa. xxxv. 3. She was so abundantly blessed that when she returned home she said, "I could have stood up in the congregation and told them it was I who was strengthened and confirmed in grace." She was enabled to see how the Lord had led her and called her by his grace. Looking through her past history, when in her wild, carnal state, she said she had been one of the greatest of sinners, remarking, with much emotion, "Not the righteous, but sinners Jesus came to call." O! How she felt her calling to be all of sovereign grace, and rejoiced in God her Saviour to the full.

From the time the Lord called her by his grace until her death she was a most humble and consistent Christian, full of love in the family and the church.

She kept her bed for a month; but O! What patience, what fortitude she was blessed with! Her sufferings were most acute. Bronchitis and inward inflammation seemed to tear her poor frame in pieces. She spoke of and arranged for her death and burial as calmly as for an earthly journey. She said, "I have been a wretched sinner, saved by sovereign grace. Jno. xiv. was very precious to her soul. For some time she had been sadly oppressed with the fear of death; but when it came, that fear was gone. Satan tried hard to vex her; but God gave her grace to resist him with this appeal: "My Saviour is your victor, and you are a liar from the beginning!" O! With what power she spoke thus, and looking at her dear friends around, she said, "I am not afraid to pass through the river. Your *loss* will be my gain." She was so attached to Mr. Burns that the last time he went to see her she said to me afterwards, "He talked so nicely to me; but I could not talk to him; but I looked at him as long as ever I could, for I did love him for the truth's sake, and I thought it would be the last time I should ever see him on earth." And so it was.

The evening before she died she reasoned with me most tenderly, and said, "You see very plainly that it is the Lord's will for me to die. Now, for the sake of yourself and family, do beg of the Lord to give you grace to submit to his will. I know it is dark and heavy for you now; but," her face lighting up with a sweet smile, "what you know not now you shall know hereafter." When asked by her dear husband if Christ was precious, she

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said, "Yes, yes; but go down on your knees and ask him to be more precious." She had often prayed, "Lord increase my faith. Dear Lord, remember me."

That was her last night, and she passed it in sweet peace and without any pain, desiring to rest in heaven, to be out of the valley, she said, and have on that blessed robe. She said, "I am quite tired of these rags, and wish to be glorified."

She calmly fell asleep in Jesus, not, as she had feared, in agony when dying, but sweetly peaceful, as an infant sleeping,—sin-pardoned, death no sting. LOUISA THOMAS.

ELIZABETH LINZEY.—On Jan. 4, 1872, Elizabeth Linzey, of Trowbridge, aged 51.

She was brought up to the General Baptist persuasion, and often told me with what hatred she looked upon our views. At the age of about 25 she became acquainted with a young man, a member of the Particular Baptist chapel, Helperton. He soon after made her his wife, which was the means in the Lord's hands of bringing her to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. About 16 years ago she was taken with pleurisy in her side, from which she never thoroughly recovered, though she was raised up many times to declare the Lord's great and good dealings with her. It is not quite four years since I first became acquainted with her, as I met her at Zion Chapel. Our acquaintance soon ripened into friendship. I have seen her under many heavy strokes of affliction, but she always acknowledged the Lord's hand. Soon after our friendship began, she was laid very low. I went to see her after leaving chapel, and asked her if she thought her end was near. She said, "O, no! My work is not yet done on earth." She said the dear Lord was very precious to her, though she almost feared to call him, "My Lord and my God." I saw her many times during that painful illness, which lasted eleven or twelve weeks, and had some sweet conversations with her. She was in great distress concerning the ordinance of believers' baptism, we often conversed upon the subject, until she heard a very blessed sermon preached from Jno. vii., 37. "O!" she said, "that set my soul at liberty. How I could have gone thanking, leaping, and praising God." She was baptized in September, 1869. I have often heard her say what a blessed time that was to her poor soul, how the Lord shone upon her.

Her last illness commenced about the 12th of August last, and she told me from the first she should never recover. I saw her much during the time. She was very fond of having her Bible, hymn book, and the "Gospel Standard" read to her. I do not think there are many of the Lord's dear ones tempted more than she was. "O," she said to me one time, "a weak body and a devil-harassed soul are hard things to contend with. It is a great conflict." I sat with her on the 17th; she was very weak. We had a nice time together, her sole conversation being of the

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Lord and his merciful dealings with her. But it pleased the Lord to raise her up in a measure. On the first Sunday in November she went to chapel morning and afternoon.

She became gradually worse, until about six or eight weeks ago, when dropsy set in. I called one time to see her. She said, "I shall never get about again. My work is nearly done, and the Lord's will be done. Sometimes I cannot look beyond the grave. It is all so dark; but, bless his dear name, he enables me to look up sometimes, and view my seat prepared on the great white throne." These lines were very sweet to her:

"Why me, why me, O blessed Lord,
Why such a wretch as me,
Who must for ever sink to hell,
Were not salvation free?"

I called to see her the first Sunday in December, and sat with her in the evening, while her husband went to chapel. I was telling her what a sweet service we had had in the afternoon, and how I had enjoyed it. She said, "Sometimes I think the Lord has afflicted me because I am not worthy to meet with his dear children. O! It is so dark, and I am so afraid I shall be lost. "O!" I said, "my dear friend, if I felt myself as firm on the Rock of Ages as I feel you are, how happy I should be!" She was very fond of those beautiful lines of Medley's:

"Yes, 'tis engraven on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art.
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee."

The last verse was particularly sweet to her:

"Needful art thou to raise my dust,
In shining glory with the just;
Needful when I in heaven appear,
To crown and to present me there."

A relative stood by her a few days before the Lord called her away, and said to her, "Do you think, my dear, he is dealing hardly with you?" "No, no," she said. "Not one stroke too many. I have been so vile; O! Such a sinner!" In one conversation I had with her, which was on Christmas eve, she said, "O! The hard thoughts I had of God in my early days are enough to sink a thousand souls to hell."

I went again to see her the last day in the year. She said, "I cannot talk to you." I said, "Are you in pain?" She said, "No; only so weak, and longing to be gone." On new year's day she said, "I told you a little time ago I could desire to live, if only for my husband's sake." "Ah!" I said, "that is only old nature." "Yes," she said; "but it is all done away now. I have no care. The Lord's will be done."

As she drew nearer her end she became more happy, and constantly asked the Lord to take her home. She looked up once, and said:

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"Determined to save, he watch'd o'er my path,
When Satan's blind slave ——"

But she became exhausted, and could go no further.

The next day she burst forth in great ecstasy:

"O what a grand, a glorious sight!"

I was very much surprised, a night or two before her death, to hear her singing those lines:

"Why should we mourn departed friends?"

The Lord did indeed soften her bed; she sank without a struggle or a groan. She has left a sweet testimony behind that she is now realizing what she so longed for,—the presence of her dear Lord. ——— A. A. Hollins.

Esther Neville.—On Dec. 18th, 1871, aged 55, Esther Neville, of Northampton.

The subject of this notice was one of the Lord's tried ones; for it was through the furnace she sang of God's delivering mercies. It pleased the Lord to call her out of a false profession about 26 years before he called her away from this world; and as many of the Lord's family have a particular portion of God's word given them when putting on the harness, she had this given her: "Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." Although naturally amiable and meek, yet she was so tried in various ways that nature would have failed had not grace got the victory through Christ strengthening her, so she could say his strength was made perfect in weakness.

She was confined to her bed the last eleven months of her pilgrimage, and had great opportunity of proving and declaring God's all-sufficiency. She lived on trust; for she passed through many dark seasons. Her religion was not an exuberance of joy, but a settled peace. Isa. xxvi. 3 was much blessed to her; and, indeed, set out her experience, especially the last clause: "Because he trusteth in thee!" Nothing moved her from her confidence and dependence on the Rock. The "Gospel Standard," Gadsby's hymns, and her Bible were her constant companions. She dwelt much on hymn 469. She felt her mud-wall cottage shake, &c.

In July, Isa. liv. was so blessed to her that she longed to go away. She was much dependent for earthly comforts on her friends, and when help was administered she was very grateful, but always recognized the hand of her covenant Head as the first cause.

She was much tried towards the last, especially on the Saturday night as she died on the following Monday. She awoke out of a long and troubled sleep. "O, it is not annihilation, is it?" Then answering herself: "O, no! Jesus lives to secure those who put their trust in him." I had many refreshing and encouraging seasons with her whilst conversing on the deep things of God, both in providence and grace. She was what few are in the present day,—a peace-maker. T. S.

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

MAY, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

PREACHING THE WORD.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. MARTIN, OF STEVENAGE, PREACHED AT BRAUGHING.

"Preach the word."—2 TIM. iv. 2.

THIS text may to some of you seem short, and perhaps rather strange; but such as it is I must tell you. I had not been thinking of it, neither had a desire for it. It was given to me unexpectedly; and I trust God will enable me to give to you what he is pleased to give to me. It came to me the other day when my hands were labouring for the bread that perisheth. The words struck me all in a moment: "Preach the word;" "Preach the word!" "What can that mean?" thought I. And as I was musing a little upon it in my mind, it struck me like lightning that what God sends for his ministers to preach from, that is what they like to handle. Some people say that they that stand up and preach a known and felt sinner and Christ, and a known and felt redemption, do not preach the word of God, but themselves. Some of this sort of preachers, although they may preach the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, they have not a morsel for a poor living soul. They say "they preach the word, the Lord Jesus Christ, and they preach the Bible;" yet at the same time the word of God has no abiding place in their souls.

Now all in a moment a flood of light came, a great flood, bursting upon the words; and I thought that was enough to last me as long as I live, as far as the Lord might be pleased to shine upon it from time to time. There are the words, then. I could not get anything else. O that the Lord would enable me to preach the word faithfully; for "What is the chaff to the wheat?" saith the Lord.

Now, to preach the word of God, I shall have to show you what that word is about, which the apostle Paul, in such solemnity, gave so marked a charge unto his son Timothy in the first verse of this chapter: "I charge thee, before God." What a solemn thing it is to stand up before the living God and poor sinners!" "I charge thee, therefore, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and dead at his appearing and his kingdom, preach the word."

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To preach the word, we find, then, in the first place, there is the *Word* of God: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

Secondly, *preaching the ever-blessed gospel* of the ever-blessed God: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." I must preach the *threatenings* of the word, and the warnings of the word. Here we may range about this field, a field that seems to have no end to it.

As well as preaching the threatenings, I shall speak a little of *the gospel.* Who can preach the gospel without preaching the Lord Jesus Christ? It is impossible; for he is the sum and substance of the gospel.

What is the gospel? It signifies *good news*, good tidings. We find Christ's nativity was proclaimed by a choir of angels: "And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night; and, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring unto you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Now people may sit and hear all this, and yet find nothing that is suited to their case. As soon as we come into this world, we are all lost to man for anything we can do to prevent it; for "the soul that sinneth shall die." We are under this dreadful, awful curse; so that the sinner, whether he knows it or not, is cursed. The glittering sword of divine justice is against him. This is every man's state by nature. He is naked, but he does not know it; he is blind, but he thinks he can see. Hence it is said in one place, "Because thou sayest I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked; I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest see." Now this is the state and condition of every man by nature. There are thousands who make a fair show in the flesh. They fancy they are rich, but they are poor, and miserable, and wretched, and blind, and naked, and do not know it. But let God the blessed Spirit shoot an arrow into the soul, the poor man begins to find that he is such a character as the word of God describes. The Lord teaches him that he is a lost sinner. There is an internal life and light let into his soul by God the eternal Spirit. Yes; he feels he is a lost man. When God convinces him of it, he will try to do what he can again and again; but he is plunged into the ditch till his own clothes abhor him. He tries to bring a price. He lies down at night, and feels thankful in the morning when he finds God has spared him

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through the night. He finds the world to be a wilderness, and can say with the poet:

"There's nothing round this spacious earth
Can suit my large desire."

How glad is the poor sinner in the morning when he finds he is out of hell, that he is not cut down as a cumberer of the ground. He thinks that if the Lord spares him he will not sin such sins again; but the more he tries to get holier the more he finds himself a filthy wretch. The prophet Ezekiel says, "My people are lost sheep;" and this the poor sinner feels in his very conscience. He is the very character that the gospel is suited to. "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." The gospel is good news; but who can it be good tidings to but to a bankrupt, ready to perish? "It shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come that are ready to perish." Thus you see the characters; they are the ready to perish, they that shall hear the trumpet sound, that hear the gospel in its blessed power.

Now, then, poor soul, thou seest the reason that thou feelest thy lost condition. I can tell thee from God's own mouth that it is because he has found thee when thou wast lost, and cared not for him. Hence it is said, "I am found of them that sought me not." And again: "And they shall call them the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord; and thou shalt be called Sought Out, a city not forsaken." Now where did he find thee? In a world of sin. And let me ask thee another question: What wast thou when he found thee? He found thee a rebel, a traitor; he found thee a lost sinner; he found thee plunged in sin and guilt; and having found thee he has made thee to feel it; he has made thee to find him, and shown thee that the promises of the gospel are suited to thy case and condition. I tell thee, poor sinner, what thou wilt find. When thou hast found him, thou wilt find a contrite spirit. He will lay thee low in the dust. Here thou shalt sink, and then thou shalt rise. These are the fruits and effects of the blessed Spirit's teaching on thy soul. "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the spirit is life because of righteousness." This old body of death, which is such a plague to thee, is kept under. O! Sweet restraint! It seems nothing just now to get thy heart to heaven. Thy heart is there and thy desires are there. Where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also.

If there is a poor sinner here this morning who has got a desire towards Christ, poor soul, thou canst no more create it than thou canst create a world. But thou *hast* got a desire after it if thou dost only hunger for it, if thou dost only thirst for it. "Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." This is one blessed promise to such as thou art, and thou shalt as surely find it as thou seekest it. God works it in thee, poor believer, who owes a thousand talents and cannot pay a farthing; so that thou art made a complete bankrupt, a complete pauper, by the

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teaching of God the blessed Spirit in thy soul. This is no easy work, I can assure you. There is nothing more natural than for a man to bring a price if he can. We are so wedded to the old covenant that it is as natural for the poor sinner to bring a price as it is for him to breathe. I find it to this day. When sores run in the night, as David says, there is something natural springs up in my soul: "Don't you go to God now; wait till you get better. You are such a sinner." And I know that this springs up in you too. If I only descend into my heart I shall find the same things in yours. David says, "The transgression of the wicked saith in *my heart*,"—in his own heart,—"there is no fear of God before their eyes." When I can descend into my own heart, I say, I know the same things are in yours, more or less. Do you wait to get better before you seek the Lord? Hart says:

"Come needy, come guilty, come loathsome and bare,
You can't come too filthy; come just as you are."

This is a true sight of the state of man.

"All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him."

Now the gospel is no good news to such as those who are whole hearted and do not feel their need.

"While we can call one mite our own,
We have no full discharge."

This is the gospel, and those are the characters who shall find it.

The gospel is the gospel of *peace*, and is for those who want peace. The man who knows nothing of trouble does not want peace. It is the poor sinner who has lost the light of God's countenance that wants peace. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God." If thou art in trouble because thou hast not the light of God's countenance, I can declare unto thee that if ever he has given thee the least glimpse of the light of his countenance, the Sun of Righteousness will arise again and shine upon thy poor soul; and when it does shine again thou wilt find it brings peace into thy poor heart.

It is the gospel of *salvation*. Who is it that needs salvation? It can't be the man that does not feel that he is lost; but one who has been brought out of the horrible pit and miry clay. This proves it to be the gospel of salvation. If ever thou hast felt the effects of this blessed gospel, I will tell thee what it has done for thee. It has saved thee from thy outward acts of sin and transgression. It has stopped thee in thy mad career. It has called thee out of darkness into God's marvellous light; the Lord has brought thee from it, and delivered thee from the outward practice of sin; not delivered thee from the *inbeing* of sin. O no! First, from the practice of it; secondly, from the dominion of it in thy soul. As it is written: "Sin shall not have the dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace."

Some poor soul may be ready to say, "I have got the guilt of it in my soul." The Lord will surely save thee from it if he has

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drawn thee with the cords of his everlasting love. He will surely deliver thee from the dominion of it as well as from the curse of it. He delivers thee from thy sinful companions; he hedges up thy way with thorns, and sometimes gives peace in thy conscience. Canst thou not remember the place and the time when every faculty of thy soul was so drawn out after the Lord Jesus Christ that thou couldst say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever." Well, then, these are the fruits and effects of it. As sure as the Lord draws thy soul after him, so sure will he give thee thy heart's desire. Will he draw thy soul after him and then leave thee? No, never! He will surely grant thee the desires of thy heart in his own time and way. Yes, he will. "For the vision is for an appointed time; but at the end it shall speak and not lie. Though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come; it will not tarry." He will save thee from sin, from death, hell, and the grave. He will save thee, so that thou shalt shout "Victory, through the Lamb's atoning blood." So, when thy ransomed soul shall be delivered from death, hell, and the grave, thou shalt say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" &c.

The gospel is called the gospel *of Christ*, because Christ is the sum and substance of it. He is bread to the hungry and water to the thirsty. Paul says, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, The just shall live by faith." So that this gospel of the blessed God reveals the righteousness of Christ, and faith puts it on. Christ, in all his glory, in all his fulness, suits the poor sinner. "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so shall the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, how can he be lifted up? We cannot lift him up in any other way than by the word. We can only speak the letter. A greater one must set him up in thy heart; yet my heart's desire is, at times, to set him forth in all the plenitude of his grace, love, and mercy to a poor law-stung soul. He has gone to the end of the law for righteousness, to every poor sensibly-lost soul here. There it is revealed in the glorious gospel of the blessed God that Christ can heal all thy sins, though thou hast been the vilest wretch that ever was. Though thou be like Joshua, clothed with filthy garments, he will take away thy filthy garments and clothe thee with a change of raiment, and though black, thou shalt be comely, without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Never does the poor sinner feel himself so black as when he is most fair. Never does he think he is so lost as when he is found. He is thy Prophet to teach thee. Dost thou feel thyself so dark, so blind, so ignorant, that thou art such a fool that

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there are none so ignorant on the face of the earth? The apostle says, "If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise."

When the poor sinner is quickened by divine grace, he is sorely afraid that Christ is not willing to save him. He knows that he can; but he is afraid that he is not willing. This was just my case; it was just my spot and condition. It was suggested to me that the Lord pitied me, but yet he could not save me. But I was led to feel and see in my soul,—God is my witness,—I believed in my soul that he was as willing as he was able. He is able to save every poor sinner that is made willing. "My people shall be willing in the day of thy power." Thy will and his will are sweetly and blessedly blended together. All men have got a will some way. Every man is willing to go to heaven, some way or other; but it is impossible to be saved in any other way than he has laid down. Man will bring something in his hands as a price, till God comes and saves him in his own time and way. "The Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." And again: "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money." Mark the characters,—not the good and the pious; "him that hath no money,"—a complete pauper, a complete bankrupt,—"let him buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." It is said again, "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." Man's will is as apart from God's will as light is from darkness, as heaven is from hell. When man was created, man's will went in a right line with God's will; but when he tasted the forbidden fruit, it was a will to do evil, and that continually; and he will never have a will to be saved in God's way till God makes him willing. Newton says:

"I was once as destitute of will
As now I am of power."

Now, thou markest the power. I can tell thee, poor soul, he has granted thee power; he has granted thee power to come out in this way; but he has not granted thee power to lay hold of the Lord Jesus Christ as thy Ransomer, thy God and Saviour, thy everlasting All; but he surely will in his own time. The apostle John, in the Revelation, says, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people."

It is the *everlasting* gospel. Why is it an everlasting gospel? Because it has to do with everlasting blessings. Nothing, from without or from within, shall sever thee from him. If thou hast got one blessing, every blessing is an everlasting covenant blessing to thee. If thou canst find one in thy poor soul, it is in that everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure. Now this is the reason why this is called the everlasting gospel, be-

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cause it brings everlasting blessings; and as sure as thou truly longest for it thou shalt as surely get to heaven at last.

It is a *comforting* word. Who wants the comfort of it? If thy soul is ever bowed down to the earth through affliction or trouble, then if the Lord has brought thee to this place, through fire and through water into a wealthy place, it will comfort thy soul.

It is a *life-giving* word. When we get into such a ditch as this, we feel as if we had no life. I feel it sometimes. It seems as if I had never felt the life of the gospel, as if there was no hell nor heaven. At these times I dread the pulpit worse than the stocks; but only let the word of God come into my soul, I could go to the day of my death to preach the word of life to poor sinners.

It is the word of *light*, and it shines into thy dark heart. As David says, "Thy word is as a light to my feet and a lamp to my path." The poet says:

"O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

It is a word of *light*, a sweet light, a blessed light, a light that brings sweetness into thy soul. The prophet Jeremiah says, "Thy words were found and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart;" and David says, "They are sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." It is a great light, a marvellous light; and not only a marvellous light, it is a heavenly light. It unfolds heavenly things; it enables the poor sinner to have blessed communion with God in heaven, enables him to converse with God as with a friend. He knows a little of what is going on in heaven, because God lets down heaven into his soul. It is a word of light.

It is a word of *strength*. How often is the poor sinner's strength almost exhausted. Sometimes he feels as if his strength is all tumbled down; and when this word comes into his soul it is as the tenon and the mortice; it just fits his soul. "Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen your heart. Wait, I say, on the Lord." "To them that have no might he increaseth strength." So it is a strengthening word. He grants thee a little strength when thou art plagued with divers temptations. Sometimes, when in a trial, when thou art passing through this waste howling wilderness, he lifts up thy poor soul till he brings thee safe home to glory. The man who knows nothing of it in this way, more or less, knows nothing of it savingly. The word of God must be felt; and when felt and brought home, it runs through every power and every faculty of the soul. Many do not warn the wicked, and that is wrong. It is right to warn the wicked. We are commanded to give a portion to seven and also to eight. Some people say, what is the use of talking to dead people? If a minister do not warn the wicked, God says his blood will I require at their hands. We are bound to tell them if they die as they are they will be lost for ever. This is different

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to telling them to rise up and live. I know that unless God is pleased to bless the word, a man may sit like a stone.

Then we have the precepts of the gospel that we should love one another, and not forsake the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is; that we should give food to the hungry and drink to the thirsty. If a brother or sister be naked or destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not these things which are needful to the body, what doth it profit if we pretend all this and there are no works? "Faith without works is dead." If we see a poor brother or sister in distress, and yet do not put our hands into our pockets, our faith is dead. The love of God never contracts a man's heart. There must be fruits. If no fruits follow, a man is dead in trespasses and sins. This is God's eternal truth, whether you love or hate it.

May he add his blessing. Amen.

I HATE VAIN THOUGHTS.

"I hate vain thoughts; but thy law do I love."—Ps. cxix. 113.

I HATE vain thoughts, but love thy law;
Thou art my shield and hiding-place;
And when I feel thy spirit draw,
I long to see thy smiling face.

Give me to hope upon thy word;
From evil doers bid me flee;
From thy commandments I have err'd.
"O God, be merciful to me!"

Hast thou not said, "I'll be a God
To those who trust upon the Lord?"
Cause me to walk where Jesus trod,
And honour thee and love thy word.

Before thee see a sinner stands
Who cannot pay thy law's demands;
Say to him, "Live." Stretch forth thy hand,
And break his chains, and loose his bands.

Breathe thou thyself the living word;
Spirit divine, apply the same;
Draw me to Christ, my living Lord;
Then will I praise thy glorious name.

H. S. A.

UNLESS God had smelt so far off aforehand this sacrifice of Christ that was to come, the smoke of beasts sacrificed had but an unsavoury scent in God's nostrils as well as man's; but the smell and savour thereof, though so long afore, perfumed this of Noah, and went up into the nostrils of Jehovah.—*Dr. Goodwin.* (See "The Marrow of Dr. Goodwin's Works.")

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THE SUFFERING HEAD AND SUFFERING MEMBERS.

BY THE LATE MR. H. FOWLER.

"For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."—HEB. II. 18.

THE path to the kingdom of heaven is, with most of the family of grace, attended with much darkness and many temptations. All the children of God have not the same measure of darkness, nor are they in the same way and manner tempted by Satan, though there is a great similarity in many of their sufferings and soul-conflicts. It may often occur that some of the Lord's family are discouraged because they have been, and still are, more tenderly dealt with than many of their brethren. They have not had those deep and dreadful sensations from views of their fallen state as many they have heard or read of; nor have they been assaulted with atheistical and blasphemous thoughts like many; and the easy and comfortable way they seem to walk in is to them a fearful sign that they are at ease in Zion. Hence their trouble is because they seem to have none. Perhaps the tempter, too, may have a hand in this their trial; for he is ever active, and labours to stir up unbelieving fears in our minds, which greatly dishonour God; and he seems to say to such, "O ye of little faith, wherefore do ye doubt?" Why art thou cast down? Has the Lord done nothing for you? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no kind physician who knows both the cause and nature of thy spiritual disease? No eye to pity thee, a poor outcast among the unclean? O yes! Jesus is the Person. He is just such a Physician as thy case demands. He is both able and willing to give relief to broken hearts and contrite spirits, to needy and burdened sinners: "For we have not a High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." How keen to his holy Person must have been the temptations of Satan; how violent the attacks of the enemy, when, amongst the rest of his temptations, he threw that hellish suggestion: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down;" which may be construed, not as a plain denial of the Saviour's eternal Sonship, but rather an acknowlegment of it; for in Matt. iv. 3 the Saviour foiled the enemy on that ground; and now Satan takes another method, to drive the Saviour to presumption; and this he attempted to do by misapplying the promise in Ps. xci. 11. See how ready Satan was with the scripture, and he is so to this day, and as ready to corrupt it, and so, if possible, to render the word ineffectual. Satan's object is, no doubt, to deprive the believer of his peace, and render his life miserable, let him attack the believer by this or by that temptation. Satan has much more to do with God's children than they are aware of. He can transform himself into an angel of light, and become a pleader for holiness to suit his turn. He could speak by the

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mouth of Peter, and Peter did not know it, but thought it was himself speaking, till Christ discovered it by saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan." Satan often speaks by good men and by bad, and neither may know who is their prompter. Satan is the real author of many of the saints' speeches, and he will receive the just reward of his doings. Satan is an impostor, he imposes his wares on the saints, and covers his base metal with that which appears like gold. By one temptation Satan may so shake a child of God that he may be as weak in his confidence as Samson was in body when his locks were cut. O what reason have we constantly to put up this prayer: "Lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil."

There is certainly a great difference to be observed between Satan's temptations and our sins. The commission of sin does not stand in being tempted to it by Satan. To be tempted by Satan is not our sin until we make it ours by falling in with the temptation, which, alas! is too frequently the case; till we are broken "as in the place of dragons, and covered as with the shadow of death." In this condition the believer thinks he is quite alone. He is solitary indeed, and he laments with bitter anguish over his broken frames, as well as on account of his vile, deceitful heart, which has made him start aside like a broken bow in the day of battle. This is no new thing in Zion, although it may seem so to the tempted soul: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." (1 Cor. x. 13.) Thus the members are partakers of the sufferings of the Head. He suffered by temptation, and we suffer by temptation. He was tried in all points, and so are we in our measure. The world and the powers of darkness were against Christ, and the same enemies are against us. It is true we have enemies within, and Christ had none; for he was holy and without spot; yet as he took our nature, and took our sin upon him, he is thus in a capacity to feel for and sympathize with us in and under the heaviest troubles we are called to pass through, and will most assuredly succour us in every hour of trial and temptation. Christ, to be a merciful and faithful High Priest, must be made like unto his brethren to make atonement for their sins. To know our infirmities, and be well qualified to administer relief, he must take our infirmities. He must not only be a man, but "a man of sorrows." O the wondrous love of his heart, who (though eternally rich in and with the Father) laid aside and veiled his excellence, or rather made a display of it by his unparalleled humility and submission! Why has he thus condescended? What does it argue? What are we to conclude from it? Why this,—his heart was set upon us. He was determined to rescue the captive from the curse of the law, and from the power of sin, the devil, and from death, at the expense of his own precious life! The heart of

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Christ is upon his people now, in all their sorrows and most desperate temptations; he is not less attentive to his people now he is at the right hand of the Father than he was when with them on earth. How often has Christ verified his word to us in our most fiery temptations: "When the enemy shall come in like a flood," &c. He has succoured us by his power, by his promises, and by his love-tokens.

Saints who pass through tribulation,
Let your eyes your Master view;
He who is your whole salvation,
Pass'd through fiery trials too.
Now enthroned in bliss above,
Still his heart is full of love.

Trust him, trust him, weak believer;
Well he knows your trying path;
He is true, and no deceiver,
And his love is strong as death.
Sure himself he'll not deny,
But will succour and supply.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(*Continued from page* 157.)

CHAPTER III.

2. We now come to the *coronation* of King Solomon, the Lord Jesus; and here we have to notice two things: The *person*, or *persons*, by whom he is crowned; and the *crowning* itself.

The *person* crowning is said to be his mother: "Wherewith his mother crowned him." But what does this mean? The mother in this case must, as we have seen before, be taken in a spiritual and figurative sense. It really means the universal church of God, that church of the First-born whose names are written in heaven; and it includes every part or member of that church. So here we have a view of what the church in the spirit does,—crowns Jesus. Every child of God, as a part of the church, is brought to do this. This is the grand employment of the church in heaven; this is the sweet, though defective occupation of the church upon earth. O! Christ's people in their right minds would crown him; they would not envy but would emulate the saints in glory; they would sing in as high a strain, and sing only of Jesus. Every eye in heaven beholds him, every heart in heaven is full of him, every harp in heaven sounds his praise, and every hand in heaven joins in the work of crowning the head of Jesus. Would we not, fellow-sinners, redeemed by blood, join in their sweet employment? Would we not right gladly be obedient to the loving, living precept: "Seek those things which are above?" Do we not groan because we cannot sing, or serve, or crown like those in glory? And do we not sometimes join in the poet's rapturous song:

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to begone;
O bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne."

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Our hearts on earth catch a little of the heavenly fire; but here on earth it is like a pent-up fire,—mouldering at times, wanting vent at others. O! We do, at times, long to depart and be where Jesus is, and almost chide the delays of his chariot.

But, then, how is the church brought to this self-renouncing, Christ-exalting state? It is so contrary to nature, as each dear child of God too sadly learns; for nature in a saint sees no beauty or comeliness in the priceless pearl of heaven. How is the proud, God-hating, Christ-dishonouring heart brought to join in the crowning work before us? Why, this is entirely the work of the Holy Spirit. It is the church in the Spirit, the church as animated by the Holy Ghost, each child of God as having the Holy Spirit in him and his power upon him, that crowns Jesus. The Spirit and the bride in harmony say, "Come." So, then, in this sense we might even say the blessed Spirit is the mother here; but only in the view given, as animating the saints, and filling them with love to Jesus and a delight in glorifying his name.

But now let us turn aside and see this great sight,—the church of God *crowning* Jesus. If Moses turned aside to see a bush burn with fire, we may well turn aside to see such a glorious sight as this,—Jesus crowned, and crowned by poor lost, yet saved sinners. Now in this crowning there certainly will be two facts,—an *uncrowning* of other things, a *crowning* of Christ. Some heads that we are apt naturally to crown must have their crowns taken away. One Head alone must wear properly every crown. The elders before the throne cast down their golden crowns before the Lamb, and crown him with their praises.

There are many things to be uncrowned. Some in a certain sense good, some indifferent, some bad; but good and bad alike must be uncrowned at the coronation of Jesus. Let us notice some of these things, beginning with the bad ones.

Sin is the worst of things; a rebellion against God, a thing that strips the creature of the image of God, the abominable thing which God's soul hateth. But who, it may be said, crowns sin, and how is it crowned? Who crowns sin? Why, all men naturally. Those who serve sin surely crown it. He who commits sin is the servant of sin. So, then, the drunkard, the impure person, the covetous, the proud, the envious, the worldly, these all crown sin, and yield themselves up to be its obedient subjects; they love its rule, like its promised wages, and disbelieve the payment of its real ones,—death. But I am not here wanting so much to refer to these as to a crowning of sin by a different sort of persons,—convinced sinners, and in a different way. These poor creatures are very prone to say of sin, "O! My sin is greater than it may be forgiven!" Or they cry, "My corruptions surely will overcome me; for I have no strength against this great company." But is not this crowning sin, poor soul, to the dishonour, yea uncrowning of Jesus? Is not his name Jesus, Saviour, a name above every name, sin's into the bargain? Ah! Consider again. What? Your sin greater to provoke jus-

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tice in God than Jesu's blood to satisfy it? This cannot be. Your sin is a creature's sin against the Infinite One; Jesu's blood is the blood of the Infinite One to set against your sin. "Come, now," says the Lord, "and let us reason together. Though your sins be like crimson and scarlet and double-dyed they shall be whiter than snow." Let, then, the guilt of sin lose its crown, and crown Jesus the sacrifice for sin, whose blood cleanseth from all sin. O tidings sweet of peace, to sinners lost and ruined, like you and me! But you say sin's power to master me is what I dread; but is sin stronger than the Almighty? And is not Jesus the Almighty? And mind, almighty to save, as Paul testifies: "He is the Son of God." There is almightiness. But it is added, "with power;" that is, power to save to the uttermost every poor sinner that goes unto God by him. Now the Lord enable us to uncrown that hideous, frightful monster sin in all its shapes and forms and with its myriad heads, its guilt, its power, its filthiness, and crown Jesus, who conquered sin by dying on account of it for his people.

"Made sin, he sin o'erthrew."

Never, then, let poor sinners continue to crown the beaten vanquished monster, but crown the Conqueror, Almighty Jesus.

Satan is a mighty, though a fallen spirit; he worketh effectually in the children of disobedience, and is a king over all the children of pride. Yes, this is true, you will say; but who crowns him? Why, the children of pride, as we have just written. The devil has many, many subjects. He is called the prince, as well as the god, of this world, and the whole world lieth in him, the wicked one.

But here again I want to speak more to the poor, the needy, and the tempted children of God; and these persons may unconsciously be crowning Satan, instead of crowning Jesus, in various particulars. When God's people unduly fear Satan, and when they listen to his lies, as well as when they are seduced by his temptations, is not this a kind of crowning of Satan? I am no admirer of those light spirits who talk flippantly of the old devil, and I strongly suspect if they were more opposed to him they would find him more powerful and terrible than such light speeches lead us to suppose is the case. Even the archangel Michael brought not a railing accusation against him before the Lord, but said with gravity, "The Lord rebuke thee." If these persons were more before the Lord, we believe they would have more of the gravity of the archangel. But poor exercised, tempted children of God are apt to go into the opposite extreme, to make too much of Satan, as though God did not control him, and Jesus hold him in a chain. Now let them be sober, be vigilant; but let them be holily bold and triumphant, steadfast in the faith, which sets forth the seed of the woman as the devil's Conqueror, and they need not fear unduly a beaten foe, and, I am sure, need not transfer to his bruised head the crown of his Conqueror.

Again. Why should the dear people of God crown Satan's lies

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instead of Jesu's truth and the Spirit of Christ's testimony? And yet this we are so sadly prone to do,

"And rather Satan's lies believe
Than all the heavenly Friend can say."

This should not be. If Jesus says he loves us, and the devil disputes this and says he does not, who should be believed, the Truth or the liar? And yet how prone we are to crown the latter. Lord, make us, by thy Holy Spirit, to crown thee, and not be faithless but believing.

And this leads us to some other bad things.

Doubts. Now I do not expect God's people in this life to be free from these pests altogether.

"Dream not of faith so clear
As shuts all doubtings out."

Even after the grand victory of the city of Mansoul over the great army of doubters in the "Holy War," Bunyan makes them, though so defeated, go about "by twos and threes in the open country." The fact is, as long as we have a body of sin and death about us we have the region of doubting in our own hearts, and the natives of that country will be sure to make head, at times, against us; and if we get carnally secure they will be preparing wild work for our souls. But still the Lord keep us by his grace from crowning them, which we often do. We not only are assaulted by them, but sadly yield at times. So it was with David, when he cried out hastily, "I am cut off from the sight of thine eyes." Now when we yield, we crown a doubt instead of the truth of Christ and the work and testimony of his Spirit. Lord, enable us by thy power, then, to cease from this bad work, and crown the head of the Lord Jesus; who is Yea and Amen for ever.

Then there are *fears*.

"He knows our sins perplex and tease,
And cause our doubts and fears."

Sin—and, alas! of ourselves, we are nothing else but sin—causes all these distrustings of God and the innumerable fears which harass us. In the true godly fear of God there is, we read, strong confidence, and the lamentable deficiency of this in our hearts causes sad doubts and fears, which are tormenting. We sometimes fear almost everything; fear sin will overcome us, fear we shall outlive our religion, fear God will have nothing more to do with us, fear we have never yet had anything rightly to do with God; fear the old covenant, because we have broken it, and are naturally under its curse; fear the new covenant, that we have neither part nor lot in it; fear life, fear death, fear man, fear Satan, fear the wrath of God and the day of judgment, fear ourselves most of all, and eternity with all its tremendousness. But now, should we crown these fears? Is there nothing more worthy to wear the crown than a ghastly fear? Yes, surely, there is Jesus, with his blessed "Fear nots." Lord, help us, then, to crown the right head. A "Fear not" from the Son of God is better than a fear from sin and Satan.

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Now do not misunderstand us. We do not mean to say it is easy to uncrown doubts and fears and crown Jesus instead; nor do we wish to assist the presumptuous in their supposed victory over them; but this we say, and for this we write, that the work is more than half done in a clear, exercised, honest heart, when it spiritually perceives who ought, to the glory of God, to wear the crown; not his doubts and fears, but a glorious Jesus.

These, then, are some bad things which must be uncrowned in the coronation day of Jesus. Let us add *the world*, this present evil world; yea, also this time state. These we crown when that precept of love is not lively and powerful in us: "Love not the world, neither the things which are in the world," and when we unduly cleave to this life instead of feeling that it is better to depart and be with Jesus. We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; and the saints in their right minds long even to

"Take their willing flight
To Him who is their all."

Indeed, the very mention of these things may show us how much wants uncrowning in us; for, alas! the world is far too dear to us, and we cleave very unduly to the life that now is. That was a great word concerning the saints, and is a true one likewise, "They loved not their lives unto the death."

But now let us notice some indifferent things, as we may call them, which want uncrowning.

Such are *circumstances*. These in themselves are not absolutely good when they seem to be so, nor absolutely bad when apparently dark and unpropitious. Now we crown circumstances when we are the slaves of circumstances instead of as in Christ their lord's. The Christian man assuredly is not called to be the creature of a circumstance. How can that be? He is in his head lord of all. Do not all work together for his good? Is he not told in everything to give thanks? How so, if he is the creature of circumstances, instead of these creature things being in Christ subservient to his good and glory? A Christian man is a king to God. Well, then, he is to receive tribute as a king from all circumstances; and if he improperly rejoices in a prosperous event, or frets and murmurs at one of a contrary nature, if his patience, being tried, gives way, his tempers become ungoverned, he crowns the circumstance improperly instead of Jesus. But now, if he can in prosperity be humble, rejoicing in God the giver of the blessing; in adversity glory in God who sends it as a loving Father in Jesus; if in his patience he can possess his soul, being with Paul and Silas in a dungeon; can sing praises, and bless the Lord at all times with David; then he is a saint indeed, acts like one, and crowns the blessed head of Jesus. Jesus is King, Jesus governs, Jesus manages all in earth and heaven; Jesus, then, not circumstances, should be crowned, and the child of God when he crowns Jesus, properly reigns over them. Like the woman in Revelation, he is clothed with the

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sun; and the moon of circumstances, whether waxing or waning, is beneath his feet.

Men must not be crowned, neither saints nor sinners. Nay, not angels in their glory. "See thou do it not," says the angel, when John would have fallen down. "Worship God;" crown Jesus.

We crown *men* when we unduly trust in them, and build our hopes on their faithfulness, love, or power. "Cursed is the man," saith the law, "that trusteth in man." "Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man," says the psalmist. What is man? Good to us or the reverse as God makes him. Like the rod of Moses, a serpent or a rod by turns according to the divine communication or withholding of goodness. Paul upbraids the folly of those who worship angels intruding into things they have not seen. A Christian is to trust alone in God in Christ.

Again, to improperly *fear* men, this is crowning them, and its root is distrusting God. For as man or the creature can do us no good without God, so they can do us no harm without divine permission. The Assyrian was the rod of God's wrath. Man does not live by bread alone, by any creature, but by the word of God giving a blessedness to the creature unto us; and a Christian may boldly say, "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear what man can do unto me." This is crowning Jesus. To look to him, not to man; not to fear man, because Christ is with us; not to trust man, because man is nothing to us but as Jesus makes him. O! It is sweet indeed thus to cease from creatures, to crown the head of Jesus; to say, therefore, crowning him, we will not fear though all the world rise up against us. All nations may compass us about; but in the name of the Lord we shall destroy them. We will not hope in man when he seems for us, nor fear him when he seems against us. He that fears God has nothing else to fear, and he that crowns Jesus may sit in peace at his feet, a King over circumstances and creatures.

But there are other things that must be uncrowned for the crowning of the Lord Jesus. But the consideration of these we must leave until next month.

DAVID said he was like a skin-bottle in the smoke, all wrinkled and dried up. Read Ps. xxxviii., xxxix. 11: "When thou with rebukes dost correct man for sin" (that is, by sickness, death of relations, and other losses), "thou makest his beauty" (that is of his outward man) "to consume away like a moth." Whereas, the beauty of the soul grows fair by affliction, but that of the body is blasted. Age, sickness, losses, will make the beauty of the body to fade, but of the soul to shine. (2 Cor. iv. 14.) Though our outward man doth decay and perish, our inward man is renewed day by day. But for worldly sorrow; that, too often, not only weakeneth the body, but also causeth heart-trouble. "A merry heart doth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." (Prov. xvii. 22.).—*Bunyan.*

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A LETTER BY MR. PHILPOT.

My dear Friend,—I much fear lest, if I do not send you a few lines, you will think there is some reason why I have been so long silent beyond being prevented by my usual work. But, somehow or other, I have been more than usually occupied of late, and have only just now obtained a little release. You have sometimes said that my work is like woman's work, ever beginning and never ending; and so I still find it, till sometimes I feel quite weary, and should be glad to lay it down, could I consistently do so. Every now and then also I get a testimony that my labour is not in vain in the Lord. This encourages me still to go on while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work.

Many years have rolled over our heads since we first met; and as regards myself, having had at various times so much illness, I begin to feel infirmities of advancing life, and must expect to find them more and more. Still, upon the whole, I have been brought through the winter thus far without suffering any attack of my complaint; yet have been a good deal confined to the house, which, I find, suits me better than going out of doors when the weather is cold.* * *

You will perceive from the date that this was written yesterday, before I received your kind letter this morning. When I saw your handwriting, I made quite sure that your letter would be to scold me for my long silence; but, with your accustomed kindness and affectionate feeling, you do not take the whip in hand, as I may say I deserve. Forgive me this wrong.

I am glad to hear, for various reasons, that you are going from home for a short time, and to preach at Hastings and Brighton. The change will, I hope, be made a blessing to you in removing that low fever which, no doubt, springs from your present damp locality; and the sea-side is just the place for you. I am glad also that you are going to Hastings among Mr. Fenner's people. Though I never knew him or them, yet I have long felt much union of spirit with them as a people who have so long contended for the power of vital godliness. I understand they hang together very comfortably. They much wished me to go down amongst them after Mr. F.'s death, not so much to preach to them, but as desirous to see and converse with me face to face, knowing me so well by my writings. I hope the Lord will be with you and bless you and them together.

Poor White's illness is a great trial to the friends at Brighton. I felt convinced, when I saw him here, from his appearance, that he was consumptive, and I have little expectation of his eventual recovery. Like many others similarly afflicted, he may ebb and flow, be sometimes better and sometimes worse, but, to my mind, he is not a man long for this world. I hear a good account of his ministry, which makes it all the more trying to the people. I was thinking this morning what a trial it would be to the

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people here if our dear friend Covell were laid aside from the ministry; and since I have been a hearer I can enter more into the privation which is felt by a church and people who are deprived of the benefit and blessing of a feeling, experimental godly ministry by the death or removal of their esteemed and beloved minister. I find his ministry edifying and profitable; sometimes very searching, and sometimes very encouraging. He seemed all alive last Lord's day morning, and I think I never heard him more earnest and fervent in prayer, though I have had more feeling under it.

I shall be glad to see you and your dear wife also on Friday, as we do not often meet now, and time is passing away quickly with us.

We are all, through mercy, pretty well in health, and my two boys working hard.

We unite in love to yourself and your dear wife.

Yours very affectionately,

Croydon, March 1, 1869. J. C. PHILPOT.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."—Ps. xxiii. 1.

THE Lord is my Shepherd! What then can I need?
In the pastures of heaven my soul he doth feed;
He makes me to drink at sweet rivers of joy,
And gives me a life which no foe can destroy.

When the sun shines with heat he makes me to rest
'Neath his shadow in peace, or lie hid in his breast.
O! I love my good Shepherd, who first loved me,
And shed his own blood a good Shepherd to be.

From the fold when I stray, and am wandering far,
My Shepherd ne'er loses his love or his care;
He follows his sheep, if they wander away,
And bringing them back does his love more display.

Sometimes 'mid the flock cruel wolves will come in,
And seek the poor sheep as their booty to win;
But the Shepherd comes forth to the rescue at last,
And the wolves are destroy'd and the danger is past.

In the wilderness now he has placed his own fold,
'Midst dangers and terrors too great to be told;
But the sheep are quite safe, and the dangers but prove
The heights and the depths of his wonderful love.

I love, then, his fold, and the dangers don't fear;
For I count those things gain which make Jesus more dear,
In distress I can glory, in sorrow rejoice,
For these things make me love and attend to his voice.

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At times, when my Shepherd is hid from mine eyes,
My voice in sad accents of grief will arise,
Many terrors oppress me, and wolves roar around,
And my silly heart trembles, amazed at the sound.

But O! When my Shepherd again does appear,
I lose in his presence remembrance of fear,
And half long for more sorrows, that more I may know
Of the sweet consolations from Jesus which flow.

The voice of my Shepherd's so sweet to my ear
That all the delights of this world are less dear
Than a moment of time in my own Shepherd's sight,
For he fills my poor heart with such wondrous delight.

All things then are loss, and all pleasures are vain,
Which can rob me of aught which in Jesus I gain;
The world is my dread, its seductions my fear,
Lest they make my sweet Jesus less precious and dear.

But at length there shall end this poor wilderness state,
And the flock enter in by the heavenly gate,
To the glorious fields of delight up above,
Where all hearts shall expand to the fulness of love.

We shall gaze on our Shepherd from hour to hour,
And to love as he's loved us he'll give us the power;
And loving itself shall no longer have pain,
When our fulness of joy up in heaven we gain.

No sun *there* shall smite us, no wolves *there* shall prowl,
Distracting Christ's sheep with their furious howl;
No tempest shall buffet, no winter shall chill,
But in safety we'll feed on the heavenly hill.

God himself is our sun, and his brightness is love;
Christ himself is our Shepherd who'll never remove;
In his sight we shall bask in all peaceful delight,
And our day shall be cloudless and knowing no night.

Of the heavenly fountains of joy and of life
We shall drink undisturb'd by our enemies' strife,
Our pastures divine, and our waters made sure,
And our happiness boundless, eternal, secure.

MINIMUS.

THE Lord looks at the heart. It is not so much the outward sin which plagues me as the inward. I should not be able to stand up and preach to you if I did not know my own heart. The Lord did not send angels to preach the gospel, but sinners; for,

"Sinners can say, and only they,
How precious is the Saviour."

WHOSOEVER he be that hates plain dealing, means not plainly. He that cannot abide to have his conscience touched, is surely festered and galled.—*Dr. Taylor* (1663.)

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A LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TUCKWELL.

My dear Friend,—I have been anxiously waiting to receive a letter from you, as I have hoped you would favour me with one, having in times past found your letters of great use to my poor soul, and I have thanked the Lord for putting it into your mind to write to one who, the longer he lives, feels more of the need of help, the lusts of his flesh, the vile unbelief of his heart, and in the abominable thing that God hates which separates between the Lord and his soul, and the devil, ever waiting to draw the heart and mind away from divine and spiritual things, to fill both with everything that is foolish, vain, sinful, and vile. O what a wretch do I feel myself to be; and how utterly unable to help myself! Were there not help for the helpless laid on One that is "mighty," my poor soul must sink, never to rise again.

Since you left us I have had rather a trying time. The Lord has laid his afflicting hand upon my frail tabernacle. I have suffered from inflammation of the stomach, although not so severely as many have,—your dear wife, for instance; yet I found the attack very painful and trying. But what was far worse, I could not willingly submit to the Lord's dealing with me in this way. What a struggling I felt at first to get out of his hand. I seemed like a wild bull caught in a net, or as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, and felt I could have submitted to the Lord's visiting me in any way but this. If I could I should have got out of his hand, run away from the affliction, and do as many try to do,—hide themselves from his all-seeing eye. I thought of a part of dear Warburton's experience, where he speaks of an affliction of body, and for thirteen weeks being in great darkness of soul. How much I feared this would be my case, and then the long and painful afflictive dispensation your dear wife passed through presented itself to my view. This filled my heart with terror and dread, fearing I should be left to a rebellious and murmuring spirit; and I well knew, unless the Lord softened my heart, meekened my spirit, and worked submission to his will, this would be the sad state of soul I should be in. I tried to pray, to groan, and sigh to the Friend of the friendless, and the Help of the helpless; but all was darkness. The heavens seemed as brass, and my cries and groans returned into my own bosom, instead of entering into the ears of the Lord, and bringing down answers of peace to my soul. O my dear friend, what a dreadful state this is for a poor soul to be in! You have known something of it; but then you have been again and again brought out into a wealthy place, where your soul has sung praises for the delivering mercies of the Lord, and felt Jesus very precious to your soul, and everything that was dear to him to you was also dear. This is what my soul longed for, and longs for now; and I should rejoice indeed to be so favoured. At present I am not so blessed; but I hope I have felt somewhat softened and

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meekened in my spirit, and have confessed from my heart, yes, heartfelt confessions, of what a black, filthy wretch I am; and, instead of murmuring and repining against the Lord and the way he has taken to humble me, I have been, and am while writing, astonished at his forbearance, long suffering, and compassion, towards one so undeserving of his mercy.

In the midst of all those wretched feelings, Ps. ciii. was brought to my remembrance, and a good part of a sermon our esteemed friend Tiptaft preached at Pewsey, a few years since, from the 3rd and 4th verses. At that time I was favoured very much while he was speaking, and tears both of sorrow and joy rolled down my cheeks,—sorrow for my numerous sins and iniquities against so good and kind a God, and joy from the feeling sense I then had of his special love and grace manifested to sinful me, who forgave all my iniquities, and healed all my soul diseases. On the bed of affliction I very much felt what a poor, comfortless thing a *fleshly* religion was, how soon it gave way in a trying hour; but the religion of Jesus, how valuable, how highly to be prized! O who could tell its worth, and how short we come in praises and thanksgivings to the Author of it. I longed to feel as I was favoured to feel some years ago, when the pardon of my sins and the blotting out of my transgressions was revealed to my soul. Then I could indeed praise a Triune God, could say in simplicity and godly sincerity, "Let everything that hath breath, and everything that hath life," animate and inanimate, "praise the Lord." But,

> "Many days have pass'd since then;
> Many changes I have seen;
> Yet have been upheld till now;
> Who could hold me up but thou?"

I have many, very many trials, both outwardly and inwardly, at the present time; and I well know, unless the Lord does support and uphold me in them, I must sink. Troubles in an unlooked-for way come upon me. I suppose the Lord sees them to be needed, but they are very painful to the old man and carnal reason; and when I have no feeling of the Lord's mercy in them, when my faith is cold and languid, and hope sinks within me, I am ready to say, and do, at times, say, "All these things are against me. Surely no good can come out of this." The Lord sees not as man sees. He looks at the heart, and there perceives many things, and much working there, which is not of his Spirit. Ah! What is man? A vile monster, a sinful creature! And what is the Lord God in Christ? Merciful, gracious, and long-suffering to his children, though they be so rebellious and determined to have their own way. And when he gives out a hint of his being near to us, what a change in the feelings it works. I feel myself a debtor to mercy, and could wish I felt it more. When you and a few other ministers whom I love and esteem set forth man as he is in himself, and then the goodness, grace, love, and mercy of the Lord to his own children this suits me,

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well, and from my heart I can wish you God speed. It is a favour bestowed upon the church of God that he sends forth pastors after his own heart, "to feed her with knowledge and understanding;" and a favour, no doubt, that his people should have many trials and temptations, and the adversary continually worrying them. For myself, I know it keeps me from being at ease, and crying "Peace" when the Lord has not spoken peace. I feel these things hard to bear; "but it must be so; it is the way."

How long I am trespassing upon your time. I have felt if you were here I could say a good deal. It is but seldom I can say much; only now and then.

I hope both you and your dear wife are well, and I pray you may be reaping much benefit to your own soul while engaged in your labour of love, ministering to the people of God in spiritual things. It may not be long you may have to sigh and groan here. There is a rest waiting for you. When you put off your present tabernacle, you will enter into that rest, peace, and joy which, before the foundations of this world were laid, was secured to you in Jesus. Then it may be said:

"Happy soul, thy days are ended," &c.

Pardon my poor scrawl. My eyes are weak; I can hardly see to write. Adieu. The Lord be with thee.

Affectionately yours,

Allington, Dec. 12, 1850. J. C. TUCKWELL.

RIGHT FEELINGS.

My dear Brother and Sister,—"Peace be multiplied unto you."

I received your kind letter. We were both glad to know you reached home safely and found all well there. These things we feel, at times, great mercies, especially when we have a sight and sense of our own unworthiness, and that we are not worthy of the least favour from our ever gracious God. If we get our eyes anointed with that precious eye salve mentioned in Rev. iii. 18, 19, how well it helps us to see every mercy, comfort, and kindness of our God, and helps us well to see and feel our own unprofitableness, weakness, and base ingratitude, shortcomings and want of love to him, his people, and his ways.

I believe your visit was a mutual comfort to us, both for the help of our souls and the glory, honour, and praise of our covenant God. There are but few old things in the world which are not despised, and the worst that I know is a man or a woman whose religion dies out before they die; when the salt seems to lose its saltness, and has no taste; when the light dwindles into darkness. I am afraid I have known many of these characters, who have stood high, shone brightly, looked fair, and were great talkers. It makes me tremble to think and write much more than it does them, for they have need of nothing,—are rich and know enough. I pray and beg of our God not to let us sink into this place; I would rather for myself and you that we be kept

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begging for mercy every hour. I feel that precious portion, Isa. xlii. 3, fits my soul's desires: "He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, till he send judgment unto victory." You and I have known men into whose secrets our souls desire not to come or know. O for the keeping savour of the Lord's precious truth to rest on our branch, the dew that descends from heaven, the precious moisture of grace from the Lord our God. A little wind from heaven will make the flax smoke again; a little strength from heaven will keep the bruised reed from breaking. Though still weak, yet still kept; the fire seems almost out, then kindled again:

"Christ the Rock, O shelter me.
Let me hide myself in thee."

A constant fear of ourselves, the world, and the devil works desires in our souls for the Lord to keep us, hold us, guard and guide us every moment,

"Lest some hid snake or wily snare
Our heedless feet surprise."

I feel thankful to the Lord I have felt much tenderness of heart and constant prayer of late, fearing some violent storm, or fiery temptation, or bodily affliction or trial is coming upon me, or my family, or friends. But I would rather sink into trials prayerfully than carelessly, or proudly and vainly:

"If I should start aside,
And meet a scourging God,
Let not my heart grow stiff with pride,
But weep and kiss the rod."

That prayer we could not pray years ago; we can now, if the Lord help us. "Now also, when I am old and greyheaded, O God, forsake me not." (Ps. lxxi. 18.) How often I cry this way unto the Lord! O the solemn place, for the Lord to cast us off in the time of old age. "For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people." "And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." This, fulfilled in old age, is precious and good indeed; nothing short of this will do for us. Separation from all ungodliness is cutting, self-denying, self-crucifying, or mortifying work. (2 Cor. vi. 14-18.) This brings us to say farewell to many friends and things; for there is no fellowship with righteousness and unrighteousness, no communion with light and darkness, no concord with Christ and Belial, no agreement with the temple of God and idols. It must be a good tree and good fruit; or, a corrupt tree and evil fruit; life or death, light or darkness, sweet or bitter, evil or good. No mixture or amalgamation; God or the devil in all. Whatsoever is not of faith is sin, and offensive and hateful to God, however we may be pleased with it. Our richest pleasures and greatest comfort and enjoyment here will be the dear Lord's fulfilling his precious promises in us and

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toward us, in dwelling in us, and walking in us, and supping with us by his good Spirit's power and grace, comfort, and precious consolations. And then, let those fall in our way who we believe fear our God and love him.

"Then will we tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour we have found,"

talk of his power, and tell of his goodness to us.

With our united love, I remain, Yours very truly,

Brockham, Surrey, Feb., 1872. HY. ALLNUTT.

LETTER BY THE BLIND GIRL.

(See "Gospel Standard," Oct., 1870.)

My beloved Friend in Jesus,—May he in whom all fulness dwells grant you every needful qualification for so sacred and important an office. I doubt not but of his infinite mercy he will do exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think, for the glory of his name. May he give us a heart to praise him at all times, and to be telling of his salvation from day to day.

I can sympathize with you, my friend, in your affliction, though not present with you; and I trust I can pray to Him

"For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much."

He performeth all things for us, and he doeth all things well. I hope soon to hear that you are able to be engaged in your useful employment.

I heartily thank my God for the letters you sent me. I believe they were made a blessing to me, and I add my Amen to the desires there expressed for me and my family. I was much interested when you mentioned the chapter in John, as that was the very part I had been looking a little into. We have indeed great things in it. I cannot write about them; but I should much like some conversation upon the subject. Do you ask the state of my mind? It is just this: Pressing forward! My soul followeth hard after God. He hath fed me, clothed me, and kept me near to himself through another year.

"O to grace how great a debtor!"

Praise ye the Lord! I have been very poorly, and had to apply to the doctor. He would not allow me to continue bathing, as he said that tended to bring on the fits. I am, through mercy, much better. My mother's health seems gradually declining, and I fear her mind is much perplexed with earthly things. We are daily expecting the death of my brother Joseph's wife, but we have good reason to believe that a great change has been wrought in her by the power of the Holy Spirit; therefore give thanks unto the Lord. I hope my beloved schoolfellows are enjoying their holidays. You will see what I desire for them in the Second of Colossians. My love to all my dear friends. My sister desires her love. Farewell, my esteemed friend.

Yours sincerely, E. W. G.

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A RIGHT SPIRIT.

Friend Clough,—Beloved of God, and esteemed of the churches for your work's sake,—I am truly your debtor, having received repeated inquiries concerning my welfare without giving any answer; but, though I have neglected, I have not forgotten you. Various causes have kept me very still of late, with both pen and tongue. All I could do for some time has been to watch, and wait the issue of such trying convulsions as I never before witnessed in my short pilgrimage. I can assure you I have had a dark horizon, which has given ample scope for both reflection and prayer to him who, I trust, performeth all things for me.

To begin with myself, I have for a long time been subject to bodily affliction, as you are aware, and I am informed by my doctor that I shall never again be able to follow my usual calling. These are tidings which nature and flesh cannot well submit to, especially to one in the spring of life, with a family of five children, all dependent upon me for the necessaries of life. Then, again, I have lost more money with false friends than I ever possessed of my own. I have hearkened to men who have come with pitiable tales and fair promises in order to obtain goods, but who have proved my greatest enemies. I have sometimes thought that I should never be able to get along much longer. I read the rod is for the fool's back; and when I think how foolish I have been, how wicked I have been, there is little room for self-pity. I would say,

"Poor angry bosom, hush, Nor discontented grow;
But at thy own sad folly blush, Which breedeth all thy woe.'

It is a mercy that God has not left me to myself to fill up the measure of my iniquity; for truly I have been disobedient to his heavenly will; and notwithstanding my numerous provocations, he has never left me without a hope; and shall I be wrong if I say that my very troubles coming thick and fast, blow after blow, stroke after stroke, have, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, worked a sweet resignation and a true patience in my soul that has given a calm experience of the sovereignty of God in dispensing his favours just as he pleases, having mercy on whom he will have mercy, and compassion on whom he will have compassion? I may truly say in all these things is the life of my spirit. The testimony of man is vain, the wisdom of man is foolishness; God alone doeth wonders, and, contrary to all human expectation, he has delivered my soul from death, and to-day I walk before him in the land of the living; and, if it be his divine will that I should have a continuation of health, he can say that my days shall be multiplied, and that the years of my life shall be increased. Yes, and I am also fully satisfied that if it were his will that I should possess wealth, he could make me to lay up gold as dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook; but God teaches us to know that if gold is our hope, or fine gold our confidence, this also is an iniquity to be punished; therefore we see that it is far better to have an empty purse and a precious

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Christ, than to have treasures of wealth as witnesses against us. To have one grain of faith is of more value than all the gold that perisheth, because when it is tried it will stand; and when the Lord Jesus shall appear as the Judge of quick and dead, this precious faith shall be found unto his praise, and honour, and glory.

Well, I think I have said enough respecting myself and circumstances, though I could say more. I have lost, by death, my very dear friend, my mother-in-law. My wife was unable to do anything for about six weeks, and a child was very poorly for about two months; but I am glad to say we are all quite well again. What a mercy it is to be in health and strength; surely unto God belongeth all the praise. He has always given me sufficient of the good things of this life, so that I have never lacked a morsel of bread; and as oft as foes have come to rob, so often have friends come to feed me. O! I do, at times, admire the wisdom of the dear Lord, in sending supplies from such unexpected sources, and at such needful emergencies; and it feels sweet to take the cup of thanksgiving and call upon his precious name; and I wonder, at times, how it is that I should ever doubt his goodness again. When the powers of darkness creep into my soul, and a spirit of unbelief possesses me, and my love grows cold and faint, and carnal nature begins to reason, what awful mischief it makes in the soul! I fear sometimes that the brook of God's mercy will be dried up, and the streams of his love will never again flow into my soul! O that I could live more close to a precious Christ! I want him to guide me in all things. I want him to fill me with his own rich glory, and fix my roving affections upon himself. I want him to clothe me with his righteousness. I want him to wash me in his blood. I want to be crucified to the world, and to glory alone in Christ. I want to have access to his Majesty in prayer. I want to feel that I can commit my way to him, and to feel satisfied that he will guide me with his counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. I want to feel the preached gospel to come with power and in much assurance to my soul. I want a sure testimony, a clear evidence, a true title. No empty profession will satisfy me; no pomp or show has any charm for me. I want a religion that will stand when flaming worlds depart on fire. Ever since God first revealed his flaming justice to me, and exhibited his law as the ministration of condemnation and death to my soul, I have been stripped of creature-righteousness, creature-beauty, and creature-power. I shall never forget the tremendous weight of guilt that pressed upon my conscience when the holy law was revealed to my soul, with all its rigorous demands, and all its thundering curses denounced against my guilty soul. I surely thought that my guilt and condemnation were only the prelude of that interminable anguish which the wicked will reap in due season. O how I cried for mercy and for salvation, but could see no way of escape. Talk of personal affliction, of family affliction; talk of

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church trouble; talk of the assaults of the devil! Why, all these are light, compared with the agony that my soul passed through while at this burning mount. It is here that one learns a little of the suffering and pain that the dear Redeemer underwent, when he bowed his sacred head and died, bearing in his own body the curses of that law, and satisfying the claims of indignant justice. We read of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched, and I believe that the gnawing worm cannot be slain, nor the burning fire quenched, only by the blood of atonement; and if Christ, in his love and compassion, had not revealed himself to me, and blessed me with faith in his salvation, I could not have lived. But O the mystery of godliness! Who can understand its depths? My serpent-stung soul to look and live, my thick cloud of transgressions to be removed, my burden of guilt to be gone, and my fettered soul to be at liberty and at peace with God; O what a change! I shall never forget it. I would that I had more such visits now. I should like to see you here, then we could talk over these things more fully.

Could you preach our school sermons about August or September? Please say, and be sure and come and spend a few days when convenient to you. Yours,

Clayton West, March 11, 1872. ROBERT MOXON.

My dear Friend and Brother in Christ,—Your letter came duly to hand; but I was from home at the time, and have only just returned. I am glad to hear from you, and hope you are well, and that your son is better.

O man, this is a world of tribulation, and we cannot alter it, "nor make one hair black or white."

> "All must come, and last, and end,
> As shall please our heavenly Friend."

But with all the tribulation, strength is promised. "As thy day thy strength shall be." Like me, you have lived to prove that promise, as well as this: "I will never leave thee." If those promises had not been fulfilled, I could never have stood till now. What a mercy our heavenly life and eternal state do not depend on our frames and feelings, but on the oath and promise of God. O what a great difference there is between the one and the other. I feel, at times, so sick of the fleshly part of my religion, if I may call it so, that I hate it, and abhor it, and I would shake it off if I could, and have nothing more to do with it; and as to my preaching, I conclude I will never try again. I have a very poor opinion of it, and it will be well for me if it does not prove to be a work of Satan or myself. But one thing I can say of it, and that is, that it keeps me in a low place, and makes me groan and sigh on account thereof; and these are things that self and Satan never teach, either a vessel of mercy, or a vessel of wrath; therefore I have hope that it may prove to be of God after all. Thanks be to God that I have been delivered from thinking I am anything of myself, and I have no desire to be reckoned

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amongst the great parsons, as they are styled by some; for many of them are "deceitful workers," and vainly puffed up with their supposed greatness and strength. From all such I would say, "Good Lord, deliver me." But I must stop here, or I may perhaps get warm and say too much.

If all be well and the Lord be willing, I will try to be with you on the 20th of September, according to my promise, and your request. May the God of heaven meet with us on the occasion, and bless us. Amen.

Yours in the Love of Christ and his Gospel,

Siddal, Halifax, Aug. 22, 1871. DAVID SMITH.

CHILDREN'S unlawful carriage to their parents is a great house iniquity; yea, and a common one too. (2 Tim. iii. 2, 3.) Disobedience to parents is one of the sins of the last days. O! It is horrible to behold how irreverently, how disrespectfully, how saucily, and how pertly children, yea, professing children, at this day, carry it toward their parents; snapping and chicking, curbing and rebuking them, as if they had never received their being by them, or had never been beholden to them for bringing them up; yea, as if the relation was lost, or as if they had a dispensation from God to dishonour and disobey their parents. I will add that this sin reigns in little and great; for not only the young, but also men, are disobedient to their parents; and, indeed, this is the sin with a shame, that men shall be disobedient to parents; the sin of the last times, that men shall be disobedient to parents, and without natural affection. Where now-a-days shall we see children that are come to men and women's estate carry it as by the word they are bound to their aged and worn-out parents? I say, where is the honour they should put upon them? Who speak to their aged parents with that due regard to that relation to their age, to their worn-out condition, as becomes them? Is it not common at this time for parents to be brought into bondage and servitude by their children? For parents to be under, and children above? For parents to be debased, and children to lord it? Nor does this sin go alone in the families where it is. No. These men are lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemous, who are disobedient to their parents. This is what the prophet means when he saith, "The child shall behave himself proudly against the ancient, and the base against the honourable." (Isa. iii. 4-6.) This is a common sin and a crying sin, and, to their shame be it spoken that are guilty, a sin that makes men vile to a high degree; and yet it is the sin of professors. But, behold how the apostle brands them. He saith, "Such have but a form of godliness, and deny the power thereof," and bids all the godly to shut them out of their fellowship. (2 Tim. iii. 2-5.) This sin is also, I fear, grown to such a height in some as to make them weary of their parents and of doing their duty to them. Yea, I wish that some are not murderers of fathers and mothers by their thoughts, while they secretly long after and desire their death, that the inheritance may be theirs, and that they may be delivered from obedience to their parents. This is a sin in the house, in the family, kept close; but God sees it.—*Bunyan.*

Whatever instruments the Lord condescends to employ, he must first form them for the work; and when they are formed, he must employ them; and in the employment he must altogether support them; and after all he must prosper their work, or nothing will be done. Did we know more of him, we should lightly esteem all other objects. He is all. All else is nothing. This Mighty One is our Helper; and how shall we then fail? Impossible.—*T. Charles.*

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GOD ONLY CAN SATISFY.

Very dear Friends in the Lord Jesus,—If his holy will to give strength and wisdom, you may expect me to preach at your place on the 27th. Pray for me, and request the people to do the same; and may the Spirit of the Lord anoint preacher and hearer that the name of our Lord Jesus may be glorified in creature nothingness, and God be all in all.

The Lord's ways and spiritual dealings in a life of faith with his people are very mysterious. That most glorious name by which Jehovah Immanuel proclaimed himself unto Moses at the bush: "I am that I am," with the covenant relationship in which he is pleased to place himself in connexion and union with his people as the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, stands everlastingly the same as a name of glory and security for all the feeble sons of Jacob. All the promises of God in this mighty Him are Yea and Amen unto the glory of God by the "us" who are interested in them; so that when faith is exercised upon any one of them in Jesus, and obtains the blessing, God is glorified and the relationship proved. "I will say, It is my people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." There is a most blessed unity in the church of the living God runs through time, and manifests a peculiar character of individuals. Being born of God, they are born for God. One life (Christ), one faith, they are all one in Him. It is most desirable to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. A diversity of age and character marks the body outwardly; but they have one heart, one way, and one spirit inwardly moving and leading them by the right way to the city of habitation; and they all have a dwelling-place in the mansions of love. God is love. I have long longed to have much of God in me, sensibly so, if his blessed will. What the future may manifest I know not. My present state of experience, if I have sufficient judgment to ascertain it, is a state of bankruptcy, poverty, and nothingness. My ignorance and folly, and sin and shame, render me almost hopeless. More than 30 years' sharp discipline should have taught me obedience, humility, and thankfulness for my every mercy, which I receive by the moment. But, alas! The heart is deceitful, and there is a deceitfulness in sin that blinds and hardens,—a subtle adversary, an alluring world; all these foes within and without, render me, at times, a mass of wretchedness. I want Christ and heaven without the accompaniments,—the cross, tribulation in the world, the fight of faith,—the fare of a pilgrim. True, the heavenly race is before me, and I am reduced by sheer necessity to come to this one conclusion,—I must have God for my own God, or I have nothing in this world, nor can I expect anything in the world to come. How truly wretched to be without God! How foolish to be satisfied with anything short of God! Yet the devil, the human heart, and the generality of professors would persuade me that things are the very reverse of what they are. But no new birth,

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no Christ; no Christ, no heaven. False charity would have us say, "A confederacy" with every one that professes the name of Christ; but true charity must be true to its author. Men took knowledge of Peter and John that they had been with Jesus. Then, again, every little one that has been with Jesus in prayer will be found with Jesus in praise; for the Lord never said to the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain. The blind, the halt, the lame, the withered, the deaf, the dumb; yea, the dead, all hear the voice of the Son of God; and, seeing the Son, are brought to believe in him, and have everlasting life. Where there is life there will be union. If there is only a sigh or a groan, if the soul is seeking peace, then "Fear ye not, for I know that ye seek Jesus," is as good left upon record now as it was of old to those highly-favoured women who were early at the sepulchre. May a Mary's (Magdalene) love and tears ever be mine, and may I never be left to seek the living Christ among the dead formalists of any name, sect, or party. Christ crucified be the spiritual portion of my soul, sterling truth experimentally known. High and low, rough and smooth, be my treasure. The offence of the cross is not ceased. "Marvel not if the world hate you," says Jesus. Our life being had with Christ in God, our eternal life is secure. Our life of faith, however feeble we are, carries with it this testimony, that Christ is our life. Live thou in me that I may live in thee; seek thou me that I may seek thee; draw thou me that I may run after thee; keep thou me near to thee that I may keep thee near my heart in the blessed remembrances of thy Spirit that thou art my shield, sun, and tower engaged to defend and supply me, and safely bring me through this wilderness world. Land me safe in the fair haven of thy sacred presence with exceeding joy to crown thee Lord of all, and sing the wonders of that sovereign grace that gave me redemption in the blood of the cross and the covenant mercy that blotted out my vile transgression, and opened up the depths of everlasting love. Amen.

Your note, dear friend, carries with it a testimony of all that is spiritually valuable in a dying world. Blessed, tried, kept, and delivered by a Three-One God, who or what shall finally harm you? The good will not, and the bad cannot; for you are out of their reach. Surely, the Lord hath done great things for your soul, whereof, at times, you are glad. Expect tribulation, for faith must be tried; but, remember, may your God help you so to do, that he is the faithful God, and will always see you again when it is absolutely necessary; that is, when you can get no further without him.

Farewell, dear friend in Jesus. Yours in the Lord,

King's Cliffe, June 11, 1852. R. H. IRESON.

I testify my firm belief that the souls of all departed infants are with God in glory, that in the decree of predestination to life God hath included all whom he decreed to take away in infancy.—*Toplady.*

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A TIME OF REJOICING.

Dear Sir,—If the Lord is pleased to help me, I should like to speak a word or two.

The Lord moved the heart of some one to send me the "Gospel Standard" for Sept., and I was much pleased to read two letters, written by different persons, giving an account of the state of religion in America. I also have passed through the same scenes which they have described. I was in America 13 years before I found a living soul to speak a word to comfort me in soul trouble. Seven or eight years ago I wrote a few lines to Mr. Philpot, stating my case. This letter appeared in the "G. S.," and I received many letters from different persons, stating that their case was the same as mine. At last a friend wrote to me from the city of Albany, which was 70 miles off. He said if I went to see him he would take me where I could hear the true gospel preached as it is in Christ Jesus. I accordingly agreed to meet him. I set out for my journey very early on Saturday morning, having about eight miles to get to the railroad. My mind seemed completely carried above all the cares of the world, and I believed that the Lord would make himself manifest to me. While the train was in motion, we passed by a lamp; and the dear Lord was pleased to apply this in a spiritual sense. As the lamp was put there to direct travellers in a right path that they might not get wrong by the way, so the Lord sets up a candle in the heart of a poor sinner to light him while travelling through this wilderness; and where the Lord has once lighted this candle, not all the ungodly in the world nor all the devils in hell can put it out.

When near our journey's end we had to pass over a bridge. The ice was floating on the top of the river under the bridge. We were thinking whether we ever should get safely over the bridge. And just so it is with many of the dear saints of God. When we get ofttimes into a dark, cold state, then we get bewildered to know how it will be with us when we pass over the river death; but if we are carried over in the arms of a covenant-keeping God, we shall arrive safe in the city above.

I enjoyed much of the Lord's presence that day; and the next, being Sunday, we had 12 miles to go to the meeting. While on the way the devil began to annoy and rage within; telling me it would be nothing but a false delusion, and what a fool I was to go all those miles for nothing, spending my money; I had better have kept at home. When we arrived, the meeting had commenced. An old gentleman preached, whose age was 76. The text was, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." I had a clear view of Jesus at once. I could see that the scriptures were handed down for the Lord's dear children; then I had a desire to know whether I was one of them or not. He went on to speak of Adam's transgression in the garden of Eden. I could see myself lost in that ruined condition. He drew a line

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of distinction between those who remain fallen in Adam the first, and those who were brought up out of the fall by the Second Adam, the Lord Jesus Christ. He did not tell the people to "Go, do this, and do that, and you will become good and live;" but went on to tell poor sinners what God had done for them. He did not set them all on one platform, but made a division between them, like as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats. I had not heard him more than five minutes before I was satisfied that he was a servant of the Lord. I felt just like a child at home.

I have had the privilege of sitting under a gospel ministry two Sundays out of five since the Lord in providence removed me. I know what it is to feel like our brother in Springfield, and our sister in New York. We feel like lost sheep who have strayed out of the fold of God. There are a brother and sister in the Lord Jesus, who had been here 15 years before they found us out. They live 16 miles from us, and when in England used to sit under Mr. Philpot and Mr. Tiptaft. It was a rejoicing time with them when they came among us. I was much delighted in reading every piece in the Sept. "Standard." Before I came here I used to sit under the ministry at Brenchley, Kent.

May the grace of our Lord be with all those who love to read God's holy word, and who love the truths contained in the "Standard." So may our hearts be united together as one in Christ Jesus. I believe there are many of the Lord's people scattered all over America.

ABRAHAM ANSCOMBE.

Glavert's Village, Frulton County,
North America.

[We are not sure that we have spelt the places correctly, as our correspondent's writing is not very plain.]

HE BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH.

My dear Friend,—I received the dozen copies of dear Kershaw's Memoir. I must say it is some years since I read a book with such blessed feeling. I can scarcely read a page without a melting heart and cheeks bedewed with tears. Sometimes I have even sobbed aloud, especially when reading his exercises about the ministry and his being called thereto. I do wish I could see some of the same blessed marks in some who think they are sent to preach, but who cannot get others to think the same; and if dear Kershaw's are the true marks of being sent, which I believe they are, then, alas! many who go forth have no such marks. I tell them, at times, they would not dare to go and do business as *my* representatives; yet they have the presumption to say they are *God's* representatives.

I hear that most if not all who have had the dozen copies you sent me have had the same blessed feelings in reading the book as I have. The one general expression is, "I never read such a book in my life before." Had I had two dozen copies I could

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have sold them. Dear friend, I ask myself, and I ask others, why such peculiar power attends the reading of it; and the only answer I can give is that it is such a genuine work of grace. Many parts call to my memory very distinctly the feelings I had when under conviction. At that time I lived near a wood, and spent many hours in it under very deep exercises. Once I well remember asking the Lord in the language of dear Job: "O that it would please the Lord to let loose his hand and cut me off!" And if one poor sinner more than another has reason to bless God that he has not answered all my prayers, it is S. H. I frequently ask God only to answer those prayers that will be for my good, the good of his people, and his blessed honour and glory, and I thank and bless his holy name that he has not answered and given me all I have asked of him.

Yours, in Love and Affection for your Work's Sake,
Melbourne, Australia, Nov. 7, 1871. S. HAND.

MINISTERIAL SYMPATHY.

[Out of a number of letters sent to Mr. Gorton on the occasion of his late bereavement, we select the following, and regret that our space will not admit of more.]

My dear Friend and Brother in the Lord,—May supporting grace be administered to you in the present time of need, to bear you up under your bereavement. I was not surprised to hear, through Mr. Lovesey, this morning, of the removal of your dear wife; for when I left her I felt we should never see each other again in the flesh; but I hope that in the Jordan she felt that the Ark of the Covenant was gone before, to make way, and that the waters, which at times seem so terrible, were divided, and that she felt to have a good footing in passing through. It will not be long, my dear brother, before you and I shall have to pass the same way.

"O may our last expiring breath,
His loving-kindness sing in death.
Then may we mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day,
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies."

When the tidings came, I felt a desire that the God of Abraham would support you under the heavy stroke; but I could not mourn respecting her departure from this vain and dying world, to be for ever where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. You cannot wish her back.

O my dear brother, what must it be to be for ever with the Lord, mingling our songs with the ransomed throng, "Worthy the Lamb!"

So prays your sympathizing Brother,
Feb. 16. D. KEVILL.

Dear afflicted Brother Gorton,—Friend Hopkins told me yesterday the good Lord has taken home to himself your beloved wife. What a glorious change for her, but what a great trial for you! I pray that the Lord will help you to cast your burden upon the Lord; he will sustain you. He will never suffer the righteous to be moved.

We unite in Christian condolence and sympathy. A little while, and you, my brother, will be absent from the body and present with the

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Lord. May you daily feel that underneath are the everlasting arms, supporting you through all your troubles, and blessedly crowning your journey's end. This is the sincere prayer of

Your deeply-sympathizing Friend in the Truth,

Feb. 22. R. De Fraine.

My dear Friend,—The dear Lord has seen fit once more to place you in a desolate position, by removing from you your beloved partner in life; but how great is the consolation when we are able to say of those we love, but whom death has removed, "We sorrow not as others which have no hope." Of dear Mrs. Gorton you are able to write, "She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus;" and this I am sure yields you far more support in your present affliction than anything else could do. You, my dear friend, are getting near the Jordan yourself, and, according to the years of your pilgrimage, you cannot be long a sojourner here; but you know in whom you have believed, and are only waiting the Lord's time to depart and be with Jesus and the glorified for ever. I trust I am a fellow-pilgrim with you; and, as I have told you before, you, as an instrument in the hands of God, were years ago a great helper to me, as a young believer in the Lord.

I am sorry to say my health has been so taxed by the labour and anxiety of the past two years as quite to break down my confidence in being able to sustain so responsible a position as pastor at Gower Street, and I have intimated to the people that I shall have to relinquish it; but just the way in which matters will be finally settled I cannot at present say. I am in a great fix, wishing to act right, but knowing not how to act.

Accept my best Christian love. Yours affectionately,

March 17. C. Hemington.

My dear Friend and Brother in a precious Christ,—May the God of all grace fill your soul with the consolations of the Holy Ghost, which I am sure you much need, in the present deep waters you are called to pass through. I deeply sympathize with you in your trying bereavement.

It may be said of your dear wife what the holy angels said at Christ's sepulchre: She is not here; she is risen. She is not buried in the grave, but in the bosom of Jesus. She is not here on earth, but in heaven. She is not here, fighting on the field of battle, but in glory celebrating her triumphal song of Victory over sin, Satan, the world, death, hell, and the grave. She is not here. She has run her race, finished her course, and is now wearing her crown with which the righteous Judge has crowned her brow. She is not here in the vale of tears and sorrow, but upon the mountain of eternal joy. She is not here, but with Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. She is not here among the dead and the dying, but in the land of the living, where death cannot reach her, and where the inhabitants say, "I am no more sick." She is not here in the land of hunger and thirst, but with the Lamb in the midst of the throne, who feeds her with glory, and leads her to the living fountain of waters, and wipes away all tears from her eyes. Her soul was too large for the body to retain its tenant any longer. It was ripe, and prepared for an eternal weight of glory. Her work is done.

May the great Head of the church grant you that support, both in body and mind, you stand in need of.

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

Feb. 27. E. Samuel.

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Obituary.

JANE MASON.—On Jan. 23rd, aged 51, MRS. Jane Mason, a member at Birchmead Chapel, Broseley. She was taught in the Sabbath school from a child, and sat under the ministry of Mr. J., who was then the stated minister; and the Lord, whose hand alone could do it, sent the preached word with power into her soul, and made her to feel she was a sinner in his holy sight. The day she was baptized was a solemn day to her. She was only 19 years of age. She remembered many words spoken by Mr. J. on that occasion.

In a few years, she was married to Mr. Henry Mason, hatter, a humble, God-fearing man, and a deacon at B. the last few years of his life; but he was not permitted to live here long. The Lord laid his afflicting hand upon him, and, after a short but severe struggle, he fell asleep in Jesus, Oct. 31, 1852, aged 37, leaving Mrs. Mason with a family of five children unprovided for. She was a living witness to the certainty of that blessed portion of truth: "I will be a husband to the widow," &c.

In 1867, her children being all out in situations, she engaged to go out with a lady, thinking it would be better for her health; but it proved to be a wrong step, as her delicate frame could not stand it; but after three months' travelling in different parts of England, the Lord in his providence took them to Croydon. Here they remained for a few days, the Sabbath being one. Her soul longed for the house of God; and knowing from the "Gospel Standard," which she had constantly read for more than 20 years, that there was a place of truth at Croydon, she inquired for Mr. Covell's chapel. Mr. C.'s text that morning was: "Unto me, who am the least of all saints, is this grace given." The dear Lord so blessed that sermon to her soul that she could say with one of old, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts, and the place where thy honour dwelleth."

She left the lady at Croydon, and returned home much worse in health than when she left. But the Lord was still mindful of her, and her kind friends did not forget her. In Jan., 1871, she was taken very ill, and it was thought by her friends that her time on earth would be short; but the Lord saw fit to spare her life for an entire year, to suffer much pain in the furnace of affliction. I visited her on Jan. 8th. She was then a little better, and, after some conversation, said, "O what a mercy that unto me, the least of all saints, is this grace given." She suffered much pain, at times, on the nerves, which caused her to lie in bed in one posture.

About this time, I lent her two sermons preached by Mr. Hazlerigg at Andover, on June 30th, 1869, from 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. The Lord greatly blessed these sermons to the comfort of her soul and the strengthening of her faith, and particularly the 4th heading (page 23) of the second sermon. Mr. Hazlerigg supplied two

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Sabbaths in May, a few years ago, at Birchmead; and when here he visited Mrs. Mason, and she often spoke of that visit when on her death bed. "O what a blessing," she said, "that my salvation does not depend on anything that I can do!" Her eldest daughter remained at home with her, and read God's word for her. When they were alone, Mrs. Mason would often pray aloud. At one time she said, "Be with me, Lord! Make it light! Go with me! May thy rod and staff comfort me, as the promises are for thy people, and I trust I am one, though a weak one. Give me faith to know I am thine, to feel that my Redeemer liveth." Gadsby's Selection of Hymns was very sweet to her, and she would often repeat verses; such as.

"Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace has well refined my heart;
And every day find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

At other times she was dark, and would mourn an absent God. She said to her daughter, "This is fitting my soul for the great change, making it meet. Soon I shall be where human help cannot reach me; but what a mercy that there is a God all-sufficient. It won't be long now; and what a glorious change for me!" She highly valued Christian intercourse, and often said how it cheered her.

One day, when taking a little food, she said, "It is almost a pity to take such care of this poor body, that longs to be at rest. But "Till he bids I cannot die;" and it is all in the covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and perhaps he will see fit to keep me longer and give me more suffering. But it helps to wean me from earth and those I love. If the path were more easy, I should be clinging to life. And O! What a blessed thought, if I suffer with Christ here I shall reign with him above. At another time she said, "I want nothing to come between me and a precious Jesus. How delightful for me to be ever with the Lord; a new life, life eternal for me. At times I am dark and troubled in my soul. Then I cry to the Lord for that peace which flows like a river, always flowing. I know it is right I should be tried in the furnace of affliction; but what a mercy when I can see Jesus in the furnace. I have every earthly comfort; but what should I do without food for my soul?" "The Lord won't give me grace in store, but just as I want it. Yes, and he will give me dying grace too.

"'His way was much rougher and darker than mine.
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?'

He has promised to give grace and glory. Is not it beautiful,—grace and strength here, and then glory? How good he is to me!

"'He that has help'd me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through?'"

On Nov. 10th she said to me, "The first verse in Rev. xxii. came with great sweetness to my soul. I believe that to be the pure electing love of God to poor sinners." I said, "It has been a great comfort and help to you that you were brought to know

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the Lord at an early age." "Yes," she answered; "but I knew but little then to what I do now. The more his light has shone into my soul, the greater my sins have appeared; so much so that they are like a mountain, at times, before my eyes." She burst into tears, and her strength failed. "It is a great mercy to have only a spark of grace." "What should I do without a precious Jesus now, feeling that I am beyond all human help?"

On Dec. 17th, she said to me, "My breath is very bad to-day, and I have been asking the Lord to come and take me quietly and quickly to himself. I am quite resigned, and wish to depart and be with him."

My next visit was near to Christmas day. She was then gradually sinking. I said, "Here is a Christmas present for you, from Mr. Gadsby, London. He has sent me a few shillings to give to the poor." She said, "If you write, thank him for his kindness to me;" and added, "Lord, I thank thee for sending a friend in the hour of need. He manages all for me. Think of my mercies; I have every comfort. I think of many others, how much less they have."

The last few weeks of her life she had a great desire for the word of God to be read to her; as she could not then read for herself. She said, "It would do me no good if I saw the plan of salvation with the greatest clearness, unless I could realize it in my soul. And, bless his dear name; he remembers we are but dust. I want no outside things now, only to feel my interest in Jesus. He only can grant my desire and take me home to see his glory and be with him." And some days afterwards she said to her daughter, "I cannot speak to you much now, but I can talk to Jesus all the while. Jesus has promised to be with me to the end, to support and comfort me. What a sweet comforting thing is his *loving-kindness!* Then, too, *my Father's* hand! How sweetly he will guide me to the end."

On Jan. 21st it was very clear to all that her end was near. I asked her how it was with her soul then. She answered, "O! Yesterday and last night was a time of horror and darkness to my soul. I feared the Lord was clean gone, and would not appear again. O how I cried to him with all my strength, and asked him not to leave me now at the last hour. And, bless his dear name, he did appear again this morning, and comforted my soul with his presence, saying, "Fear not; I will be with you to the end!" She said, "My legs and feet have begun to swell to-day, and that is a good sign that my end is drawing near. Come, Lord; come, and take me to thyself."

She lingered on till the 23rd. Her daughter, who proved herself to be an affectionate child to her mother through more than twelve months' illness, said, "Mother, is all right with you?" She answered, "All is right! All is right!" And at twenty minutes to seven breathed out her soul into the arms of Him she had long desired to see without a veil between.

SAMUEL BULLOCK.

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JOHN WRIGHT.—On Nov. 25th, 1871, at Bexhill, in the 86th year of his age, John Wright, a member of the Baptist church at Ebenezer Chapel, Hastings.

Of him it might truly be said, "He came to his grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season." The Lord began a work of grace in his soul about sixty years ago, under the ministry of that faithful and honoured servant of Jesus Christ, the late Mr. Fenner, whom he loved for his work's sake, and to whom he was closely united in spirit through a long series of years, proving a faithful and attached friend to the end of Mr. F.'s life, in 1868. He was baptized, and joined the church at Ebenezer between forty and fifty years ago, continuing an honourable and useful member to the time of his death.

For several years during Mr. Fenner's long and trying affliction, when he was frequently unable to preach on the Lord's day, Mr. Wright was one of the principal helps in carrying on the service, and his simple, earnest, feeling prayers will be long remembered by those who are left behind. He was not a great talker, but a godly walker; and the secret of it was, God had wrought deeply and effectually in his heart by the Holy Ghost, a living work which manifested itself in fruits becoming the gospel of Christ.

During his long life he was much tried and exercised, both in providence and grace. Nevertheless, the Lord stood by him, and very many times helped him in a most marked way and manner; so that he was frequently able to speak very blessedly of the Lord's goodness and manifested mercy, in a way that did one's soul good. He was a faithful lover of the Lord's Zion, and ever watched and studied her best interests, especially so far as the church of which he formed a part was concerned. He certainly did pray for the peace of Jerusalem, and by his godly walk and conversation, counsel, and advice toward and among the family of the living God, proved himself a man of peace, and a faithful, confidential friend; and by us as a church his loss is greatly felt.

It was somewhat remarkable that the *last* time he met with us at the Lord table, Nov. 5th, his son, who was baptized the Lord's day previously, sat down with us for the *first* time; so that they were permitted to unite once in attendance at the Lord's supper, just before the dear old saint was called to his home above; and it humbled and rejoiced his heart to see one of his children thus brought into fellowship and communion with the church of Christ when his race was so nearly run, and, as it proved, he must so soon leave the church below to mingle with the blood-washed host in heaven. Before he returned home he called on me, and rehearsed some of the Lord's leadings and dealings with him during his long and chequered journey through the wilderness. He remarked, "Ah, friend, I have found the days of darkness to be many; but I live to prove more and more that all out of Christ is death; and have then, like an old patriarch, begged the blessing of the Lord upon me and the church, saying,

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"The Lord stand by you, keep you faithful, and bless and prosper you in your work, so that you may prove very useful to the church! And may his cause here grow and prosper abundantly, that it may be seen the Lord is among you of a truth."

The last time he was at the chapel was the Lord's day before his death, Nov. 19th. He appeared very weak and poorly, and expressed his fear he should not be able to meet with us much during the winter, neither he nor we little thinking that would be the last time; and it was afterwards remarked by several friends that the last sermon he ever heard should be from 1 Sam. ii. 8.

On Monday evening he was seized with a fit of shivering and violent pain at the heart, which was pronounced next day by the medical man to be dangerous. I went over on Wednesday to see him, and felt impressed, as soon as I saw him lying so altered and weak, that it was for death. He was very calm and collected, and gave sweet and blessed proof of being well grounded on the Rock of eternal ages; and though he was not the subject of great joy, there was a firm and settled abiding by the everlasting truths he had so many years tasted and handled for himself. "None but Jesus," was his theme as he lay conversing of his felt need of God's grace and the fulness and suitability of Jesus Christ to poor and needy sinners. Speaking of the Lord's past goodness manifested again and again to his soul, I said, "You can in your lowest and darkest places say with Mr. Hart:

"Something yet *can* do the deed."

"Yes," he replied, "I can; and I often have to say,

'That dear something much I need.'"

I said, "You are a witness for God in this thing, because you often have felt its power and effect." He then very sweetly replied,

"'Did Jesus *once* upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine.'"

He had been for several days reading Mr. Philpot's Letters, and expressed how much he felt at home with the faithful truths they contained. He said, "Mr. P. was made to feel the dark as well as the bright side of experimental religion."

In the evening he requested his son to read Ps. lxxxiv., and said, "I cannot at the present time use that language as I would, 'My God!'" He then wished him to read Isa. xxxv., and when he came to verse 3 he said, "That is what I want." His son inquired, "Father, you have not lost that good hope the Lord gave you many years ago when hearing Mr. Fenner preach, have you?' He replied with great emphasis, "No, and never shall."

On Thursday he was fast sinking; but was heard, at times, to drop such sentences as, "Lord, reign and rule in my heart," and "Christ availeth." A friend who was with him during the night says that for about twenty minutes he lay in sweet and fervent prayer, in which he earnestly entreated the Lord to be with and bless the church.

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On Friday I again went to see him, but found him too low for conversation. We could hear, at times, "Blessed Spirit!" "Christ the Lord!" and once I thought I heard him use the words, "O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God!" I left him saying I hoped the Lord would be pleased to grant him an easy and peaceful passage through the river. He replied, "Ah!" and affectionately wished me a last farewell.

After this, scarcely anything he said could be understood; and about one o'clock, Saturday morning, Nov. 25th, he laid his head on the pillow as if going to sleep, and without a struggle or a groan, departed to be with Christ, which is far better.

Thus the Lord has taken from our midst one of his pillars, of whom many can testify, "he was a good man, and feared God above many."

"No clouds shall now obstruct his sun,
But all be life and peace;
With him 'tis ever, ever noon,
Nor can his joy decrease."

T. H.

JOHN TANSWELL.—On July 10th, 1871, aged 75, John Tanswell, of Shrewsbury, in which town he lived for many years.

He was brought up in the Church of England, and was opposed to dissent. His first wife being a member of a Baptist cause, she used her utmost endeavours to persuade him to accompany her to chapel; and after a few entreaties he agreed to go with her one Sunday; and, to her surprise, the following Sunday he went unsolicitedly. This was the time the Lord met with him. This day the minister was baptizing; and during the service the following hymn was given out:

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come," &c.

which fell with power divine upon his soul, causing the tears to flow, as he was made sensible of his being a poor guilty sinner. Soon afterwards he was admitted a member of the church.

My dear father was in business for himself, and the Lord seemed to prosper him very much for some time; but in the midst of it he caused him to pass through deep waters by taking away his beloved wife very suddenly. He had taken her for a ride to see some friends, and when about to return, and she had seated herself in the vehicle, she fell back, and expired. This was a very heavy stroke for him, as he had a large family. A few years afterwards he married again, his wife, I believe, being a member of the same church.

After a time it pleased the Lord to strew his path with heavy trials,—depression in business and the death of his second wife, after a very short illness. She was his right hand in all things; and had it not been for the Lord holding him up he must have sunk; but he was enabled to put his trust in Him who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind."

He became very ill after this, and was not able to get out; but whenever I went to see him, I found the Bible and the

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"Gospel Standard" his companions; and he used to say it did his soul good to read them. He was always one of the doubting ones, and would often say, "Am I his, or am I not?" Although he was a doubting one, the blessed Lord was pleased to manifest himself to him, at times, in precious promises, such as these: "I have loved thee," &c.; "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," &c. He believed in free and sovereign grace; and used to say, "If it lay with us poor things to do something, I am sure I should never have been saved; but, blessed be the Lord, it is not so."

Two or three weeks before he died, he took to his bed altogether; and truly, at times, it was very blessed to be with him. The last week the doctor informed us he could not last long; which he knew and rejoiced in. On Sunday when I saw him again he was in great darkness, and began to cry as soon as I entered. As far as my feelings would let me, I tried to comfort him. On Sunday he was in a happy state of mind. He said, "Read to me Eph. i." When I had done so, he said, "Blessed be the name of our covenant-keeping God, there is something, then, for a poor troubled soul to rest upon,—chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, a free redemption through his precious blood, not for anything that I have done, but of his pure free and sovereign grace, according to his eternal purpose in Christ Jesus. These are the things a poor sinner must have to live and die upon. O that I could love him more, and have greater fellowship with him; but I feel so distant from him. Often when I get a glimpse of his dear face, something comes to draw me back to earth." On former occasions he often said, "My heart is so hard and my nature so rebellious that I often have to walk in darkness, having no light. I often have to mourn an absent God."

As he drew near his end, the Lord was graciously pleased to pay him visits of love. On the Lord's day before his departure, when I called to see him, he could scarcely speak. When he did speak, he said, "It is nearly over." When asked as to the state of his mind, he said, "I want to realize that peace of mind the world can neither give nor take away. Jesus said, 'My peace I leave with you, my peace give I unto you.' I want to see the mansions he has gone to prepare." After this he lay silent a long time, his eyes being closed and his lips moving as if in silent prayer. Being apparently in great pain, he said in a clear voice, "Dear Lord Jesus, why do thy chariot wheels so long delay? Why do they drag so heavily? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; but not my will but thine be done. My times are in thy hands." And some time afterwards he appeared to be cast down; for he said, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."

On Monday the doctor said he could not last the day out, and told him so, wishing him Good-bye. To which he replied, "I am

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only waiting the Lord's time." A short time afterwards, my sister and brother being in the room, he said, "All is well;" but perceiving that they did not understand what he said, he said clearly and most emphatically, "All—is—well;" and was then heard engaged in prayer, saying, "O Lord, thou hast assured me that all is well." The Lord was very gracious to him the rest of his time on earth. He seemed to enjoy the Lord's presence so much that, although he knew us, he seemed not to perceive us. He said, "He is come, and I am going;" and something else we could not understand. And then his happy spirit took its flight to those mansions he wished so much to see.

Shrewsbury, Shropshire. LUCY WOOD.

CHARITY SCRIVEN.—On December 21st, 1871, aged 55, Charity Scriven, a member of the church at Netheravon.

She was blessed with some marks of grace while under the ministry of her late uncle, Mr. Stephen Offer, then pastor of the church at Netheravon, and was baptized by him in 1838. I was acquainted with her and her husband for more than 20 years, and during that time had many opportunities for converse, which I always found to be very encouraging to me. There was never anything like light, trifling conversation, but all was on the solemn subject of vital religion. She had very low views of herself. Nothing of a free-will character could be endured by her. She was much blessed, at times, by reading the "Gospel Standard" and Gadsby's Hymns. The Bible was her companion. Mason's Morning and Evening Portions were also among her favourites.

As she journeyed on she had many fears as to her interest in Christ. Her sinful, wretched nature sometimes made her ready to sink, and having a very weak constitution, she felt more and more the need of almighty grace. Once she said to a friend, "What have I been doing? It seems as if I have never been a real worshipper of God. Never had she seen, as she then did, the beauty of the Lord as an Advocate with the Father for poor sinners." Thus, year after year,

> "She wrestled hard, as we do now,
> With sins, and doubts, and fears."

In the providence of God, the family removed, a few years ago, from Netheravon to Wootton Rivers. By this change she was too far away to attend the beloved chapel with her friends at N. This, I know, she felt much, and so did her friends, as there was no place of truth at W. She was now in a barren, soul-starving village. Her health, meantime, giving way, like a dove she mourned; and many times have I mourned for her on that very account. I was glad when she told me she had met with one good old saint that she could converse with, and many an hour did they spend together. This friendship continued until death. Although her weakness was so great, she came to witness the baptism of her dear sister at N. This was in September. I saw how weak she was; "But," said she, "when I found it was my

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sister, I thought I must come." Poor soul, nearly in the grave! Three weeks afterwards I baptized four more in the same river; and, to my astonishment, she came again. I said to her, as I shook her hand, "What! You here again?" "Ah," she said, "I thought I must come. It was not for the sake of sight-seeing." In the afternoon we sat down at the table of the Lord together; and before I could visit my dear people again (I was unable to attend through illness), she and our esteemed deacon, Thos. Carter, were in eternity. From that very time bronchitis set in, under which, feeling death approaching, she felt it most keenly. Sin, in its awful form, appeared before her. Darkness overwhelmed her poor soul with a deep sense of guilt and just condemnation. She said to her attendants, "God out of Christ is a consuming fire." Here she tasted what it was that made the dear Lord to say (David was the type), "All thy billows are gone over me." While in this deep water, she got out of her bed, fell prostrate on the floor, and then cried for mercy, just like the poor leper in Luke v. 12. She was often heard to say with Hart (802):

"Sins immense as is the sea!
Hide me, O Gethsemane!"

Then the Lord graciously appeared unto her. She said, "The Lord appeared unto me through the lattice." The fear of death was now removed. She said she could see herself safe in the covenant now, and could say, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." She said she could meet death now with pleasure, and would rather die than live, for fear of sinning against God. She wished to sing hymn 282, as the whole hymn had been blessed to her soul. She began to sing it; but her strength failed, and her sisters sang a part and read the rest, while she feelingly responded to every line.

A little before her departure she said:

"With what rapture he'll embrace us."

She was unable to say more, and, in a few hours, sweetly fell asleep, to be for ever with her Lord.

Shipton, Hunts. R. MOWER.

ELIZABETH JAKES.—At Biggleswade, on Feb. 9th, 1872, aged 67, Elizabeth Jakes, formerly a member at Potton. Mr. Tite was a witness to the many trials she had to contend with from an ungodly husband, who at that time was much given to drink, and so embittered against the truth she professed, and loved, and contended for, that he dared Mr. Tite to come near his door. But Mr. Tite still went to see her, and the Lord never suffered him to do Mr. T. any harm. Since then I have heard the old man speak well of Mr. Tite. She joined Mr. Tite's meeting in 1852 or 1853. She had formerly attended the Wesleyans; and, as she was fond of singing, they did not like losing her; but the Lord

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never suffered her to go back, neither did she desire to do so. She only wanted to go where Christ was preached and lifted up. Her son told me he never knew the time when she was not afflicted; but the Lord supported her under all her trials, which were not a few; but when she came to the closing scene she said she had not had one trouble too many.

During the last two or three years I was acquainted with her, and often visited her. I mostly saw her once a month; but I might say that, in looking at the church books, she was dismissed from Potton to Biggleswade in June, 1861, where she remained a member until she died.

She was mostly in a low way, never rising very high in the things of God; but she was a lover of God's truth. She was much blessed once when I read to her 1 Jno. iii., especially these words: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," &c., showing that she rejoiced that it is a work done. The last time I saw her she referred me to Paul's epistles, for she loved his writings; "for," said she, "he does so exalt his Master."

We will now come to the last three weeks of her life, which had been a life of suffering; but she had proved the dear Lord faithful to his promise: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and this also: "As thy day so shall thy strength be;" and when I have asked her what I should pray for, she mostly said, "Patience to wait the Lord's time, and for the Lord to appear and bless our souls. On one occasion she repeated these sweet words, but I do not know where to find them:

> "When I've been there ten thousand years,
> Bright shining as the sun,
> I've no less days to sing God's praise
> Than when I first begun."

What she had been praying for so long the Lord gave her, and that was a great comfort the last year or more of her life. She saw one or two of her children savingly brought, and loving the truths advocated in the "Gospel Standard." They used to meet together; and on one occasion she wished them to sing those sweet hymns in Gadsby's Selection:

> "Awake, my soul, in joyful lays;"
> "Jesus, o'er the billows steer me," &c.

The last time I saw her, which was on Feb. 5th, as she died on the 9th, she seemed in a dying state, and she did not take much notice, but I asked her what I should read. She kept me to Paul: "I have fought the fight; I have kept the faith;" &c. I asked her what I should tell the church. She said, "Tell them that I hope, when they come to die, their bed may be as soft as mine is," quoting these words:

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are."

Her son told me these were her last words.

Biggleswade, Feb. 26, 1872. THOS. GREY.

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

JUNE, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED AT SALEM CHAPEL, LANDPORT, 1862, BY MR. SWONNELL.

"To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—ISA. LXI. 3.

I WILL tell you, my friends, how I got my text. I was one evening so beset and harassed with the workings of evil within and the fiery darts of Satan that I felt my very nature a mass of corruption; yea, my heart to be desperately wicked; so that I was ready to conclude that I was not a partaker of grace, thinking that those who had the fear of God in their hearts could not be the subjects of such things; and feeling a burden to myself, I lay down to sleep, if possible, my misery and wretchedness away, when these words of my text came to me. I had never heard any sermon upon the subject, and it was opened up unto me as I will now endeavour to speak of it to you. The Lord also showed me that he had brought me into the very condition of the verse to make me understand what was written. I could indeed say, "Truth, Lord; truth, Lord."

I. We will first take notice of the *beauty*.
II. The *ashes*.
III. The *oil of joy for mourning*.
IV. The *garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness*.

I. The *beauty*. We cannot, at the best of times, when blessed with the spirit of adoption, and the soul by faith is gathered up and all the faculties of the mind are enabled to meditate on the grandeur and omnipotence of the almighty self-existent God, understand more than a little of the beauty and glory of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; for who by searching can find out the glory of the Trinity? However much in this life the Spirit may shine within, and open up the glorious truths, still it is but very little we know; for "we see through a glass darkly."

Now the beauty here is not that of creation, though all God's works do show forth his glory, and speak aloud of the wisdom

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and power of the Lord, as the psalmist says, "All thy works praise thee;" but this beauty is not that of creation; it outshines all created things, let them be what they may, or sparkle ever so brightly. If we could search the world from pole to pole, nothing could be produced to equal this beauty which shall be given for ashes; for it outshines all. Even the nearest angel at the throne fades away when compared to the beauty of the text, for it is in substance the Lord Jesus, the Son of God. He is the centre, the chief of all attraction. "In him dwelleth the fulness of the Godhead bodily." It is said in Isaiah, "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty?" Who is this King but Jesus? For God out of Christ is a consuming fire; and what would have become of the elect if it had not been for Christ, the security of the church? For all the vengeance due to their sins met on the Lamb. In God indeed primarily is all beauty, but not, out of Christ, such as can delight sinners, who would be like the children of Israel at the mount which burnt with fire, so that if a beast touched it it was thrust through; and so terrible indeed was the sight that Moses said, "I exceedingly fear and quake." And this was to show the sinner where beauty for him alone could be found, and to point to the Son of God, in whom the Father is seen as love through the satisfaction which his Son wrought on Calvary's cross for those he died for.

Now this blessed Jesus adorns his people with himself. He "beautifies the meek with salvation" and arrays them with his grace; and this is the beauty given for ashes.

II. But what do we understand by *ashes?* I answer, Fallen human nature, when all its false beauty is spoiled to the sinner. Thus Abraham said, "Behold, now I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes." But beauty shall be given for these ashes. Yea, it was from all eternity in the purpose of God the Father. He ever beheld perfection in the church as it was seen in Christ; for Jehovah never did and never will see anything else but beauty and comeliness in the Lamb's wife.

We will take notice further of the *ashes*, having very feebly glanced at the great centre of attraction and source of beauty, Christ Jesus. Now the ashes were what I felt when on my bed; and you know, my friends, that ashes literally are of little or no value, but are cast away as unprofitable. But man naturally does not feel to be as ashes. O no! Quite the reverse. Pride sways the sceptre; Satan reigns in the heart; and how many in a profession imagine they are rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and know not that they are wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. They, therefore, feel no need of the righteousness of Christ. Simon, the Pharisee, thought himself better than the woman at Jesus's feet. He looked upon her with contempt, saying within himself, "This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him; for she is a sinner."

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But let grace take hold of a person, and he will, sooner or later, be brought down and feel himself but ashes. O how few who talk of Christ take such a mean view of themselves as though a thing of nought! But this will surely be the case where the life of God is in the soul.

But how is man laid low in the dust? By Jehovah bringing down his heart with hard labour.

I will now try to notice a few of the humbling things. The Spirit of God shines within, and brings to view corruptions that we should never have imagined were in the heart of man. God opens up the fountain of the great deep, and the Spirit turns our eyes within to behold greater abominations. This will rob a man of all supposed goodness and mere creature holiness, and will make him stand before God like a tree destitute of any fruit or leaves but the bare stump. Thus we learn that not in self, but in Christ Jesus, is our fruit to be found.

Sinner, have you felt so in the sight of God? If you are one of his, sooner or later the Spirit will bring you to the place of stopping of mouths. But before a man is brought there he has to go through much furnace work. Now, in old times, they used to make their fires of wood, and the ashes resulted from the fires; and the Lord has his furnace in Zion, and his people shall be tried in it. Ah! What fiery furnaces some of the Lord's family have to pass through! How the enemy will shoot his darts! Sometimes infidelity; and what distress and havoc will this make in the heart of a believer! How this hot blast from hell will make a child of God stagger like a drunken man, so that he will be at his wits' end. David, in one of these fiery trials, cried out, "All men are liars." It is evident he doubted the truth of God's words; but it was "in his haste,"—in a fit of unbelief.

Again. The workings of some sin felt within will make the soul like the troubled sea, tossed to and fro. Affliction in body or family, or temporal trials, will work rebellion, if not sanctified. And all these things in the end will bring a soul down to the dust; for man is to be abased, and Christ, the beauty of heaven and the delight of his saints, alone exalted. God brought Job into the dust when he took a potsherd to scrape himself, and sat down among the ashes, and said, "He hath cast me into the mire, and I am become like dust and ashes;" and whatever profession we may have made, let but the Spirit shine within, then we shall exclaim with Job, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee; wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Sinner, has this ever been your case? For when a man is brought to fall down with no strength to help himself, and all supposed goodness and righteousness are seen to be only ashes, then he cries, "Lord, save, or I perish," and, like the woman with the issue of blood, he will come by the Holy Spirit, and seek to touch the hem of Christ's garment; and straightway he will

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feel the running sore of his guilt healed by Christ's blood, and with her he will fall down before him and tell him all the truth. This beauty is indeed given for ashes. O what a contrast to expect hell, but instead to receive, in a way of believing, the beauty of heaven! There is a great difference between ashes and beauty. O! How wonderful for the soul to be expecting justice to say, "Cut it down," but instead to hear a voice within, "Loose him, and let him go."

Thus I have feebly noticed the beauty and the ashes.

III. I wil try next to notice the *oil of joy for mourning*. This oil is given by the Spirit of God, who alone can produce any true joy in the soul. If we have any sip by the way,—any token of God's love towards us, it is by the Holy Spirit; for it is the office of God the Holy Ghost to take of the things of Jesus and reveal them to his children; and it is he who leads the household of faith into all truth. We read of five foolish virgins and five wise. The foolish had lamps,—that is a profession, but no oil. The wise had not only lamps, but oil in their vessels, or the Spirit in their hearts. These were made wise unto salvation. It looks as if they both professed the same truths, and there seems at first no suspicion in the wise virgins respecting the state of the foolish, till the bridegroom came, and then was the time it was made manifest that the foolish lacked the oil of the Spirit's grace, while the others had it. How a soul will mourn when he feels shut up in prayer, and if the throne of grace seems closed, as though the Lord took no notice of him! This will produce inward fainting. Also, when he tries to read the word, and feels to have no heart in it, he turns chapter after chapter over, but he cannot draw any water, the well is so deep. This will surely produce mourning and sorrow of spirit; but the oil of joy shall be given for mourning; and this is done when the Lord is pleased to lift up the light of his countenance on the soul, and show the poor sinner a token for good. Then the soul will say, "My lips shall greatly rejoice. I will sing unto thee, and my soul which thou hast redeemed." But Satan will surely come to spoil his resting-places, and will shoot a dart to make him suspicious of the reality of the blessing. If it has been without a portion of scripture being applied, he will suggest to the soul, "How do you know that this blessing came from God? You had no words applied; and though you did feel your burden taken from your back, and access before God, yet, if it had been from the Lord, he would have given you a text." Thus he will try to make us doubt, and unbelief will not be far off to back what he has said. But, though the soul may not have had such a word as this: "I have loved thee," still he may have had the substance of the word felt in his soul. If the Lord has been pleased to remove the burden by a text, then he will try to make us question its coming from the Lord; and these things make the soul mourn.

Again. How business will, at times, engross and occupy the

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mind, and deaden the soul in the things of God. It is like what Bunyan describes, a man casting water on the fire and another casting oil; and were it not for grace, where we should go to the Lord only knows. But how all these things make a living man complain. The dead in sin do not sigh on account of these things.

Again. Though a child of God may not be entangled in the things of this life any further than to attend to his daily calling, still he feels that there is much to mourn over. He looks at his shortcomings; he beholds others, and can see that they are more lively in the things of God; that it is not all leaves with them, but blossoms and fruit; and this sinks him; for he is fearful that he may be only a cumber-ground hearer after all. Besides, the man feels it hard work, at times, to drag his body to hear the word preached; and the enemy will say that all these things are a black mark against him, and tell him he does not love the truth. "See," he will say, "how hard and careless your heart is!" But the poor soul does not require the enemy to accuse him; for that great monitor within, a godly conscience, witnesses that such is the case. O, my friends, how these things will make a child of God complain. Though he knows that his salvation does not depend upon what he can do, for if so he feels that he shall be lost for ever, still the desire of his soul is to live and walk as a child of light and not of darkness; and he mourns on account of what he feels within. Yet he finds that the Holy Spirit again and again lifts up the drooping hand of faith, whereby he is enabled to take hold of and rejoice in the promises.

Now, oil is of a softening and soothing nature; and how the Spirit will melt the hard heart like wax before the sun. How he will soothe the troubled breast, and bring comfort into the soul. God teaches his people that they are poor and needy; and they feel that unless the Spirit produces joy in their souls they cannot give themselves comfort, or realize that Christ is their security. Without the Holy Ghost no man can call Jesus Lord. Ah! If persons felt their poverty of soul by the teaching of the Spirit, their mouths would be shut, and such would take the lowest seat.

But again. How the men of the world help to place a load on the back of a believer. Their conversation will vex his righteous soul; but sometimes he will feel his heart go after their carnal talk, and this will distress his mind still more. That he should regard the food of the wicked, which they riot and delight in, will produce sinkings of soul, and make him afraid there is no difference between him and them; but there is indeed a wide gulf; for the one can take pleasure in these things, while the other mourns on account of them. Now, the oil of joy is promised to those who mourn for sin felt within; not to the outward words of a hypocrite, but the inward sighs of a living soul.

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Again. Unbelief will work so powerfully, and Satan will come with such floods of evil, that a Christian often thinks he shall fall, and bring a disgrace on the name of religion; and the devil will try hard to make him give it all up, and cast away his confidence and cry no more; for he will suggest to the mind that God will not appear; so that the soul feels so tossed about that he is a burden and a misery to himself; and sometimes in this state the Lord's family will be a trouble to him; for the poor creature thinks that he has no love for them or the Lord, and Satan will say, "This is a great proof you do not belong to God; for the word says, 'We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.'" He will often quote scripture. He did so to the Lord himself; but the promise runs, "The oil of joy for mourning." Though the soul may feel to be in a maze of confusion, the Spirit will shine again; so that he will find the words true to the end of his days: "The oil of joy for mourning."

Very few, alas! do we meet with who are true mourners in Zion! I know that a living man has much to make him sigh and groan. What will make a child of God mourn will cause a professor to laugh. You see the one loves carrion, the other the food of the dove. When the child of God feels anger rise up in his breast, this will surely, sooner or later, produce sorrow of spirit; much more if words escape his lips. Yea, an evil thought or look will do the same; and if he has been in the company of the ungodly, how he will look over what has gone from his lips to see if it will be the means of bringing a reproach on the cause of God; and if a wrong word has escaped, how miserable this honest heart, made so and kept so by the Holy Spirit, will feel; and he will mourn over it, and beg pardon from his God, and that he would be pleased to speak a word of comfort to his soul, and keep him in the future. Such are the effects of grace in the soul when in exercise. The child of God then would not sin in thought, word, or deed. If it were possible, he would not have one sinful thought to cross his mind to the day of his death. How we prove the truth of these words: "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." We know that most of the Lord's family are poor with respect to this world's goods; but this is not the only meaning of the word; for we daily have sufficient evidence of those in rags cursing, and swearing, and living most abandoned lives; and we are well assured that these people do not trust in the name of the Lord. It is God's poor in spirit which mourn, because they cannot live as they wish. Is this your case?

Another thing will make a tender conscience mourn, when a man sees a brother badly off, and it is not in his power to relieve him. O, how he will, at times, feel for him, and will try to carry the case before the Lord. So then he does not come under the condemnation in John: "But whoso hath this world's goods and

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seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"

Again. How many of God's redeemed family are exercised respecting death,—how it will be then; for that black river often frightens and terrifies the soul. When faith, that precious gift, cannot lay hold of Christ and his righteousness, as the poet says,

"Our staggering faith gives way to doubt;
Our courage yields to fear."

Sometimes the quickened sinner looks back on all the way he has come; and though he may have been in the divine life fifty years, still he cannot put his finger on one satisfying evidence. O, how the accuser of the brethren will then distress the mind, and, as he did with Joshua, stand at his right hand to resist him; and when the child of God can only see his filthy garments and not the glorious robe of the God-man Jesus Christ, his faith gives way to doubt, and the poor soul thinks, "Well, perhaps after all I am deceived! I am a base wretch; I deserve nothing but hell. I see no marks of grace." But when the Lord is pleased to revive faith and to take away his filthy garments by a fresh application of Jesu's blood and righteousness, and say unto the soul, "I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and have clothed thee with change of raiment," the oil of joy will be given for mourning. Bunyan sweetly speaks of one Mr. Fearing; and all his fears were about his end. He did not care what trouble he went through, so as he arrived at the city at last; and his guide took particular notice that when he came to the river it was very shallow. "Ah," says the soul, "if I am the Lord's, all will be right. He will not leave me in a dying hour; but I fear." Well, who made you to hate sin and mourn on account of the evils of your heart? Nature could not, and there was a time when sin was sweet and not bitter. To your grief indeed you feel that your carnal heart still loves it, and this will be the case till you lay your body down in the dust; for what is born of the flesh is flesh, and only what is born of the Spirit is spirit; and this makes the warfare. Who likewise made your poor soul to thirst for the water of life? The woman who came to the well had no desire for this water till Christ sent the arrow of conviction into her soul; then she could say, "See a man which told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?" Once you could say with the woman, "The Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Your soul wanted none of Christ. Is it not a proof that the kingdom of God is set up in your heart that things now are so different, and that your cry is, "Give me Christ, or else I die?"

IV. We come, lastly, to the *garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.* I hardly need say that this garment is the righteousness of Christ. "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the King in raiment of needlework." What will make a soul praise the Lord but having on by faith the imputed righteousness of Jesus?

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The prodigal was as much a son when feeding swine as when his father fell on his neck and kissed him, and brought forth the best robe and put it on him; but he had not the same joy. Now many of the Lord's people go for years before the day of jubilee arrives, and the soul often feels a spirit of heaviness for want of appropriating faith to realize the blessedness of being clothed in this garment of praise, and nothing will satisfy a living soul but these precious truths applied to the soul by the Holy Ghost; but the garment of praise will be given and made over, sooner or later, to every heaven-born soul.

Sometimes a sinner who has received pardon in his conscience, and been enabled by faith to view himself clothed in the righteousness of Christ, may, to the grief and sorrow of his soul, have gone down from Jerusalem, the city of peace, to Jericho, the cursed city, and fallen among thieves, and been stripped of his raiment, and wounded, and left half dead. Now this poor soul will question every step he has gone in the divine road; and Satan will roar out, "You never were clothed; your very wounds witness against you;" and, like the church of old, the poor man will cry, "I see not my signs. Woe is me, for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits; as the grape gleanings of the vintage. There is no cluster to eat." Then there will be a spirit of heaviness felt within; but the promise is, "The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" and the good Samaritan will come where he is, and will have compassion on him, and bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine. The Spirit will bear witness with his spirit that he is a child of God, and seal home the blood of Christ, and apply his righteousness; and then he will say, "He sent from above; he took me, he drew me out of many waters; he delivered me from my strong enemy, and from them which hated me. He hath covered me afresh with the robe of righteousness, and given me this garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." The Lord add his blessing and have all the glory.

THOUGHTS ON THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

CHAPTER III.

Amongst other things which must be uncrowned, there are some which are *good* in themselves; but we must not crown even them. Though the Lord himself may in a sense, we must not.

In the first place, there is *grace already received;* those supplies, we mean, of spiritual life, strength, and communicated goodness already received out of the fulness of Christ. These are good things. Faith, hope, joy, godly fear, love to God and the brethren; all these are sweet and blessed things; but we must not crown them with the crown of the Lord Jesus. But when is this done? Why, when we trust in what we have, instead of through what we have, or by faith looking to Jesus for still fresh communications, and more of his grace. Peter began to crown

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grace received when, judging by present warmth of love, he said far too hastily, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I." He did not see that his real strength lay, in fearing he might deny Christ, and feeling that he certainly should unless Christ upheld him. David estimated his strength better when he cried, "Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not;" and Paul was in a blessed and strong place indeed when he could glory in his infirmities, that Christ's power might rest upon him.

"Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone,
And e'en an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own."

God may, if, and when, he pleases, crown the faith he gives with his Spirit's witness to its genuineness, and with sweet assurance. God may crown hope with what the sinner hopes for; God may crown love and godly fear, and say from heaven, "Now I know that thou fearest God;" God may crown his own graces in the soul, and say, "I am come into my garden, my sister, my spouse; I have gathered my myrrh and my spice;" but it is one thing for God to crown us, and another for us to crown ourselves. No! True grace in its proper working will lead invariably to self-distrust, a renouncing of dependence on what is already possessed as insufficient for what is before us, and a leaning upon and looking to Jesus as the One in whom all fulness perpetually dwells.

Our own righteousness must be uncrowned, that we may put the crown on the head of the Lord Jesus as our righteousness. Natural men cannot bring forth righteousness at all. Before the grace of God visits the heart there is no divinely good thing in that heart, and a man can do nothing but sin. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." But after the Lord is known and possessed by living faith, it is very different. Then there are righteousnesses brought forth, as Paul says, speaking of the faith of God's people, through it, amongst other things, they "wrought righteousness." That is, they did the will of God, obeyed and served him, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God. This must be the case. It is so now as it was in ancient days. Living branches in the true Vine must, by virtue of union, bring forth fruit, good fruit, acceptable unto God. These fruits are really precious. They are produced by the Holy Spirit, and God sees them with approbation as in Christ, and the man who brings them forth is blessed in his deed. But we must not improperly crown them; and this we do if we make them into a righteousness. They are righteousnesses, but not a righteousness. Jesus Christ is and ever will be the Lord our righteousness. We are accepted in the Beloved. We need nothing besides or beyond his obedience to God, as made under the law for us, to provide us with a perfect eternal righteousness for our justification unto eternal life before God, and a title to all the blessings of the covenant.

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Now, then, to go with our own obediences to God as though the blessing partly depended upon them, or to stay away because we feel how lamentably our best things fall short of a divine standard of perfection, this is to uncrown the Lord our righteousness, the eternally just and blessed Jesus, and to crown or want to crown our own righteousnesses. Now, here come in the words of Isaiah: "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags;" viewed as the obediences of children, they are, through Christ, acceptable; viewed as a righteousness for justification, rags, mere scraps of obedience, filthy, defiled by that body of sin and death we bear about with us. Well, then, God accepts even cups of cold water from his children; Christ perfumes and presents their poor obediences to the Father; the Father, as a Father in Christ, is pleased with them; but they become odious instead of pleasant if, for them, we uncrown the head of Jesus, "the Lord our righteousness."

Our *prayers* must be uncrowned. The prayers of saints, inspired by the Holy Spirit, and mingled with the cloud of the intercession of Jesus, ascend acceptable to God. The lifting up of their hands through his atonement is as an evening sacrifice. God bows his ear to the breathings of his children when they fall on their knees before him. Not a word of true prayer, not a sigh or a groan, is disregarded by God; but, then, though God crowns our prayers with answers, let us beware of crowning them as merits or with an unholy self-admiration. These things we may do. When the soul has been enabled to give much expression to its feelings before God, we may, through the flesh, begin to have self-admiring thoughts. It is possible that this self-conceitedness may come in upon the heels of our deepest self-abasement; but this sadly defiles our prayers and dishonours Christ; for, after all, what makes the prayers of saints into vials full of sweet odours? What gives them their entrance into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth? Let us look closer at them. Their true prayers have, indeed, a divine origin. The Holy Spirit is in them as a spirit of supplication. All immediately from God must have a perfection about it; but then trace the stream from its fountain head, and as it passes forth from us how tainted. Well, then, as a polluted stream, defective in that faith in God, love to God, adoring submission to his will, ardent longing for his glory, which should be in it, and mixed with much self and pride, will God reject it? No! Why not? Because it is presented to him by Jesus. Christ, the Angel of the everlasting covenant, takes the poor prayer, perfumes it with his sweet intercession, compasses it all about, so to speak, with his perfections and intercessions, and then presents it to the Father. Thus it is made completely acceptable; and thus it obtains a full answer and blessing.

Now, which is to be crowned, then,—the prayer or the Intercessor? Why, we see in a moment the crown must be placed on the head of Jesus. And all this holds good in respect of all our true prayers, those that we offer to God from true and sincere hearts. We may have much feeling access and sweetness in

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praying, or none; we may think ours dead prayers, cold prayers, poor wretched performances, be ashamed of them as shut up, or tempted to unduly admire them as at liberty; what of all this? We need not crown what we think our poor prayers with dishonour, and must not our best prayers with vain glory; still, the head that must be crowned is that of Jesus, the divine Intercessor.

Thus, then, we see how it is. The saint must crown no one and no thing but Jesus. Down as to this matter of wearing the crown with all creatures. Down even with the law of Moses, down with sin and Satan, down with doubts and fears, down with men and devils, down with self in all its forms, down with righteousnesses for a Righteousness, down with grace received, down with our own strength and wisdom, down, too, with death and judgment; down, down, with all in hell, and earth, and heaven in the matter of wearing the kingly crown; and up with blessed, all-glorious Jesus. Let him wear every crown. He is the Father's only Son, he is God's King on his holy hill of Zion. Into his hands the Father has placed the universal government. Crown him, ye saints and angels; crown him, all ye his creatures; crown him as King; crown him as Conqueror; crown him in earth and heaven; crown him as Lord of all.

We have now done our best to assist the children of God in the right loyal work of crowning Jesus, according to the scripture, "Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." Praise him at his coronation with the loud cymbals, praise him with all the instruments of a divine melody; praise him though your praises are so inadequate; praise him as best you can; and then do not crown your praises, but crown Him as above all blessing and praise, and hope one day to praise him better.

3. We now come to the *coronation day*, the time of crowning. This is called "the day of his espousals, and the day of the gladness of his heart."

Some persons may think that by these words two different days are intended, some that only one is meant but two different views of it given. Let us consider both these thoughts, for both may lead us to some sweet and profitable reflections; though we prefer the latter as an interpretation.

In the first place, then, consider that here are two different days, or periods; one the day of espousals, the other the day of the gladness of Christ's heart. We may in this view of the verse suppose the day of espousals to signify the day of Christ's espousals to the church at the time of his sufferings and death. Zipporah said to Moses, "A bloody husband hast thou been to me because of the circumcision;" and children of God, in the wretched fretfulness of their hearts, sometimes say the same of the blessed Lord Jesus. It is hard work indeed to bear the cross patiently, to kiss the rod though steeped in Christ's blood, and to say with a patient and even thankful heart, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" but these peaceable fruits of righteousness are produced at length. But here what we have to

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behold are not our sufferings but Christ's; and the daughters of Zion are called upon to go forth and see HIM with the crown of thorns which their hands virtually placed upon his head when he died for them on Calvary.

Thus the day of espousals is in one sense the day of the deepest woe to Christ, the day when he took, as it were, the church to himself with all its sins, and therefore, in order to free her from those sins, must bleed and die on the cross of Calvary. But the day of the gladness of his heart is when the same church which crowned him thus with thorns comes to his footstool and crowns him with praises. This takes place partly in this life as the children of God are gathered one by one and brought to see themselves as sinners, and to crown Jesus with all the faith, and hope, and confidences of their souls; but it has its completeness in glory when all the blood-bought, blood-washed children of God stand around the throne of glory, and there crown with all their praises the Lord Jesus, as it is in Rev. v. & vii., where we have the sweet day of the gladness of his heart represented unto us.

But again. Consider these days as, after all, one and the same day, and still we obtain new thoughts, and fresh sweetness from the view. For work it out experimentally in the following manner. A poor convinced sinner longs,—O how he longs!—to be espoused to Christ, to hear the voice of the heavenly Bridegroom sounding in his heart, and to be able to say, "My Beloved is mine and I am his." Whilst he reads these words his heart perhaps is all on fire for this blessedness. "O to be betrothed to Jesus! To enter into the blessedness of this marriage union! To call Christ with all he is and all he has my own!" "But then," says the poor soul, "how can I suppose he will thus bless me, so base, so vile as I am? I am as a beast before him; more brutish than any man. I too who have sinned against him times out of mind. My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head; sins too against light, warnings, judgments, mercies! O! The Lord never will, I fear, betroth such a one as myself in loving-kindness and mercies to himself in the sweet bonds of eternity." But now listen, poor soul. The day of thus betrothing thee is the day of the gladness of *Christ's* heart. Attend to these words: "The day of *His* espousals, and the day of the gladness of *His* heart." One day known to the Lord. The day, so you think, which would make your heart right glad; the very hope of it springing up in your soul almost overpowers you. But, then, it is not only the day of your gladness, but *His*. This may well inspire prayer that the Lord would hasten, as it were, the day, and wed your poor soul. Does not the Father love the Son? Does not the Spirit love to glorify Jesus? Is he not the blessed Man whom God delights to honour? Is it not good news, then, to thee, poor soul, that that which will fill thy heart with heaven is the joy set before Jesus in one view of it, and the day of the gladness of his heart? And if the day of espousing one poor soul is this to Jesus, what will the day be when all the church as one church is brought

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to Jesus, as we have it in the Scriptures, and clothed with his righteousness is faultless in his presence? Why, the day of the completed gladness of his heart. All scripture confirms the truth of these views. No blessed truth like this is dependent upon what may appear a more obscure portion of the word. There is a sweet harmony in all the word of God, and we find that when sinners in Christ are blessed, God is glorified, and Jesus satisfied. All these things are done, not only that the poor elect sinners may be saved and happy, but that Christ may see of the travail of his soul, and that God in Christ, as a God of infinite grace, may be eternally glorified.

4. We come now to the last point, the *exhortation* to the daughters of Zion to *go forth* and behold King Solomon with his crown, &c.

Now remember, no gospel exhortation is *merely* in word, but in power. Christ bequeaths to his people substance: "The word that I speak unto you it is spirit and it is life." So then the word here in the truth of it discovers the blessed King in some degree in his glory, and thus calls effectually to the heart, "Go forth." "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." There is a demonstration of the Spirit, and a power of divine grace attending the word to the hearts of God's people which does the thing. As Hart writes:

> "But Christ, and Christ alone,
> Can rightly do the thing;
> Nor ever can the way be known
> Till he salvation bring."

So then in vain, except in the ministry of the Spirit, do men say, "Go forth." The heart of grace moves not but to the word of grace. "A spring shut up, a fountain sealed" to God, says Christ, "is my love." Now our verse supposes the poor child of God shut up in the prison-house of sin, world, law, conscience, sorrow, hardness of heart, or things of that kind, and quite unable of himself to go forth. There is no sweet light shining, no blessed moving out of heart and feeling. "I am shut up," says one, "and cannot come forth." "Bring my soul out of prison," cries another. Or again, "Bring my soul out of trouble." The child of God is here in the position of the little city with few men in it, besieged and beset on every hand with foes and fears. Satan accuses, sin threatens, Jesus is apparently absent. The watchmen upon Mount Ephraim, as in Jer. xxxi. 6, watch for his coming; the servants stand, though it is by night, waiting. At length the set time comes, and Jesus visits the heart. The morning breaketh. He sends forth his word of power. It may be in the word of the ministry, and this may here be the means principally intended; a ray of light breaks into the soul, the gates of the city are thrown open, the heart goes forth at the voice of power and goes to Jesus, and sees King Solomon with his crown. Now liberty takes the place of bondage, life of death; the heart is filled with love, joy, peace, and sweetness indescribable. It joins in

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the work of crowning Jesus. Christ is all and in all. O! This is blessed, to go forth from everything, to go forth to Jesus; to go to him without the camp, to see him with his crown, and then to take a part in the heavenly work of crowning him King in Zion.

"I NEVER KNEW YOU."

MATT. VII. 21–23.

"I NEVER knew you!" O what solemn words!
Reader, they are not mine; they are the Lord's.
His own dear people were by him foreknown,
Not one besides will he hereafter own.

"I never knew you!" Christ will surely say
To all who for their sins are cast away;
None but the blood-redeem'd will welcomed be;
The rest will hear him say, "Depart from me!"

"I never knew you!" Though you did profess
My name, my cause, my blood, my righteousness.
Weigh'd in the balance, you were found too light;
Your hearts unsound; they never were upright.

"I never knew you!" who religion feign.
You'll sink to ruin if not born again;
All who are found without the better part
Must hear these awful words: "From me depart."

"I never knew you" Though you call'd me Lord,
Profess'd to love me and believe my word,
You never cared for me with honest heart.
Behold, I know you not; from me depart.

"I never knew you!" Christ will never say
To those who are in the strait and narrow way;
Who humbled are by grace and thirst to know
That his dear blood for them did freely flow.

Nov., 1870. A. H.

IN a Christian land, men become Christians by profession; and while the life is decent, and the church attended, all things pass off mighty well. But it happens, these genteel professors are the very troops of Ezekiel's army before it was quickened; covered well with plump flesh and fair skin, yet no breath in them; ranged well in rank and file, bone comes to his bone; and at a distance the whole seems a famous army; but on a near approach they are all dead men. No life is found among them, because the Holy Spirit had not breathed upon them. (Ezek. xxxvii. 7, 8.) So it fared in the prophet's day, and so it fares now. A Christian army still appears, with many decent soldiers, of seemly flesh and skin; and, when exercised at church, are ranked well in order; bone comes to his bone, and a noise of prayer is heard, but no breath of life is found, no presence of the Lord bestowed, no quickening aids imparted, no cheering consolations granted. It proves a dead scene of worship, conducted like an undertaker's funeral, with dismal face and yawning entertainment.—*Berridge.*

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LETTER BY MR. TIPTAFT.

Dear Friend,—It is thirty-one years to-day since I left the dark Establishment. It is a great mercy to be on my feet in a profession of the name of Jesus. "They that endure to the end shall be saved," are solemn words. At times it seems a mercy to me to be well laid in the grave. Whilst we live in this time-state, if things please the flesh, they will deaden the soul; and if they do not, they make us out of temper. The friendship of the world and God's favour cannot be reconciled; nor can we have creature comforts and spiritual consolations at the same time. If we are to be in heaven when we die, we must be made fit for heaven, and we must have the cross before the crown.

I was glad to hear that you were blest in your soul in reading the preface to J. K.'s little pamphlets. It is a great mercy to be blest in any way to God's children, either in writing or speaking. If any good be done, the Lord will have the glory. On the 27th of June, I was sweetly blest in my soul at a station at Oxford, and for a few miles on my way to Bedford. Spiritual blessings are great blessings indeed; as we grow older we contend more for the realities of religion. A grain of godly sincerity is a great favour, and a grain of humbling grace is worth more than a thousand worlds. They are the favoured people, above other people, however rich and great, that are blest with a religion of the right sort. I wish that I could love Christ more, and could exalt him more and more, and the riches of God's grace in saving the vilest worms.

The friends here liked your lines on death; but very few can in our day adopt the language. Very few like to think much about death. It stops them from building castles in the air, and striving to serve two masters. The friends here were also glad to hear your testimony, and will be glad to hear you again. One of the friends wished to enclose the 2s. 6d. worth of stamps as a token of respect.

I hope that the Lord is with you at Gosport, and is blessing your soul and ministry. Ministers must have their trials if they are to be made a blessing to the tried and exercised of the Lord's family.

Give my love to my aged friends, your father and Mr. Mantell. May their last days be their best. Give my love to any inquiring friends.

May the Lord bless the scattered few who love and fear his name in the large population around you.

Yours in the Truth,

Abingdon, Nov. 24, 1862. WM. TIPTAFT.

PROSPERITY CAUSES FLESHLY EASE.

My dear Friend,—When your kind letter was sent to me from Wolverhampton, I was from home, as I think my daughter, by her sick mother's request, informed you. I was sorry when

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I knew of it, as I could not see you; especially as I afterwards heard you were taken ill at Wolverhampton. I should have been glad to have paid you a visit. But the Lord was pleased to raise you up once more. What changes we must experience; what sickness, pain, and affliction must be our portion here below, mingled here and there with mercy felt and peace enjoyed. How little we know what is needful for us until the Lord instructs and teaches us by correction and chastisement. What valuable knowledge we attain in temptation and trial. The Lord only can show us what is in our hearts; but his light makes manifest, and gives understanding. How self would grow and pride increase but for the humbling, self-emptying, self-abasing lessons received in fiery trials and waters of affliction; what depths are broken up, but what blessed and soul-establishing things those dark clouds drop down; what mysteries of grace and truth are unfolded; what discoveries of the Lord's loving-kindness, favour, and compassion; how knowledge is increased and faith fed; how hope is strengthened and desire quickened. The Lord is known for a refuge. "How excellent is thy loving-kindness, O God; therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." But how little prosperity we are able to endure, how short-lived are our joys. How soon we cease to watch, and lose life, fervour, and power in prayer, if a little while at ease, or have no particular exercise or plague. How the flesh desires or lusts for ease, shuns a daily cross, seeks the things that would be a snare and bring leanness into the soul. What a dreadful enemy to the soul's prosperity is proud, lustful, wicked, worldly self!

But O what a Saviour! What a salvation! A Saviour who is not wearied by our provocations to let us alone, and leave us to our own will and our own work. Tempted and tried sinners feel it an unspeakable mercy that it is "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy." And they feel the solemn position that souls are in who assert their power to will and do and trust in their own righteousness, made up and mixed with grace, lean to their own understanding, justify themselves in their ignorant and blind rebellion, and condemn the judgment of God; who justify the wicked and condemn the just. Such, says the wise man, are an abomination to the Lord. "Woe unto them that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight."

What a mercy to be a poor sensible sinner, and to taste that the Lord is gracious!

Accept my Christian love and esteem. The Lord keep you faithful, and bless you in your own soul and ministry.

Walsall. Yours truly, C. MOUNTFORT.

If the road is rough, let us not complain; for it leads to a glorious rest, which nothing shall disturb.—*Charles.*

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ADOPTION.

"He shall know the doctrine."—JNO. VII. 17.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have been much exercised of late by a certain feeling, as it were intruding itself, though not unwelcome, upon my mind.

And the other day, while sitting by a sick bed, talking with my friend on that blessed portion of our inheritance: "Blessed are the poor in heart, for they shall see God," the same feeling paid me another visit. I was refreshed with the more than usual brightness and force of the above visitor.

And so much the more as it made me listen to these words: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven." A sweet peace and warming influence accompanied the words, and it was as if the Redeemer said, "No man when he hath lighted a candle putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel."

These things, Mr. Editor, moved my heart; my heart has moved my pen, and if any in the house, the household of faith, can see the light, God shall have the glory. The wicked one has often tried to make me believe that the light that is in me is darkness; but hitherto he has failed; for the dear Lord has often stood by me in very dark seasons, and the entrance of God's words has often given light to my tried spirit.

My heart has been sorely pained for a considerable time for poor, yet safe Zion, by the fearful, heartless attacks made upon her by men not sparing the flock. Surely God has let loose some of Paul's "grievous wolves," and they do not spare. Some of them say they are of ourselves, being of us; and they may think they are; but if so, they must be those Paul means when he says, "Of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them." (Acts xxiii. 30.) False brethren, unawares brought in, they have got in amongst the flock, though they are not of us, only by self-nomination; for there seems such a lack of that unction the Lord's people have from the Holy One that one is half constrained to conclude they are only spies, and strangers to Christian liberty and to Christian heartfelt sorrow for sin, seeking to bring the saints into bondage, catching all they can of the flock and scattering the rest. This is truly the "wolf's" work, as said the Redeemer in Jno. x. 12. The great Shepherd will deal with such in his own time; yet, full well the Redeemer knows that the sheep would be troubled; therefore he says, "Let not your heart be troubled."

That spirit of sheep-driving we hear so much of is truly painful and grievous. It springs from a "rule-of-three" principle; and the natural argument is it should be so because such and such things are written; as, "He that believeth shall be saved;" therefore you ought to believe in order to be saved; and, "Except ye abide in the ship ye cannot be saved;" therefore your business is to abide in the ship. In fact, it is only a natural view of spiritual things, a mathematical production; and the Lord's dear

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flock cannot live by that rule, however they may try to work by it. The flock of Christ need leading and feeding, especially the lambs of the flock; and the Redeemer in one of his last sayings upon earth, and under particular circumstances, said, "Feed my lambs." (Jno. xxi. 15.) Surely he careth for you, ye "flock of slaughter whose possessors slay you." (Zech. xi. 5.) The Redeemer carries the lambs in his bosom. (Isa. xl. 11.) The wolf may for a time frighten and scatter, and if he appear in a sheep's skin, he may deceive for a time some of the little ones, but the Lord their God is mighty, and will save.

The feeling referred to above as visiting my spirit was upon the spirit and doctrine of Adoption. The word doctrine may be used for any distinct doctrine, or to all the Book of God as one revelation from the Almighty.

I here would offer a few thoughts on the spirit and doctrine of Adoption; and first, would notice that all drivers, or men of "the whip," may have some notion of the doctrine of adoption, but are not living in the spirit of adoption: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his;" and Christ was no "driver," only when he drove the legal, religious tradesmen out of the temple, calling them by their proper name.

First. Notice *who they are* that shall and do know the doctrine. They are the loved, chosen, redeemed, regenerated, called, and sanctified family of God on earth, who have been made to know and do God's will in many things. "Jew or Gentile," if "any man" do his will, he shall know the doctrine. (Jno. vii. 17.) In doing God's will the quickened sinner begins to learn that his own will is little worth, and learns self-denial in some measure, learns what it is to find his own affection to be in the wrong channel, begins to crucify the flesh,—no easy task. God leads him into new things, new obedience, new purposes; in short, all things become new; and the words of the Redeemer, when in that awful servitude the work of redemption, "Not my will, but thine be done," become the language of the willing soul, fulfilling that prophecy in Ps. cx. 3: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

To know the doctrine in question is more than to hear of it. There is, it is true, a certain measure of knowledge founded upon report, with accompanying evidences; such as that there is such a place as Egypt, or that there is such a person as the queen, or that there is such a thing as chloroform; but the knowledge of this doctrine is of another sort. First, it is supernatural; secondly, because a relation to God is experienced, and the knowing soul learns, feels, and believes he is an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ (Rom. viii. 17), the Holy Spirit bearing witness with his spirit that he is a son, or child of God (Rom. viii. 16); and he is able, at times, to say, "I know whom I have believed" (2 Tim. i, 12); and with our poet can say,

"My Father, God,
With an unwavering tongue."

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To know Christ as Paul did is very high knowledge, too high for a fool; and the Spirit's witness within proving me one of the children of God, giving the spirit of adoption, is no common knowledge. And it is in this way that we know the doctrine, viz., by feeling the spirit of adoption. To know the doctrine as recorded in the Bible is attainable by any Bible student; but to know it by sweet experience is the lot of God's family upon earth; "this honour" have all the saints.

The absence of this sweet spirit of adoption is one and perhaps the greatest reason why so many gentlemen of "the whip" are found creeping into our pulpits in sheep's clothing. All such should have gone to the West Indies before 1834, when Britain bought freedom for the poor lost, degraded black man.

No man, or brother in Christ, while he must reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine, can in the spirit of the gospel drive a child into that carnal obedience. The Spirit of God in him instructs him otherwise; but those men who know not the Spirit, working on "the rule-of-three," insist upon it, to the distressing of those whom Christ, the good Shepherd, carries in his bosom. Such men as above may be in earnest. We grant that. So the Jews were when they crucified the Lord of Glory. So Paul was when he persecuted the church; and they may be so sincere as to say they belong to us; but their speech bewrayeth them. May our God, if it be his holy will, give them the spirit of adoption. Then shall they "know the doctrine;" which knowledge makes poor sinners lovingly and obediently free. (Jno. viii. 32.)

The blessings, benefits, and sweetness of this adoption are such that nothing can equal them in this life. Under the experience of it the soul that longed is satisfied; the soul that hungered is filled; the soul that said, "O that I knew where I might find him," is brought near to his seat; the outcast that was fatherless hears the Lord saying, "I am a Father to Israel;" and these experiences produce perhaps the finest, gentlest, the most tender and God-like feelings and spirit a mortal can know this side the river of death. He breathes the air of heaven, and worships in spirit and truth. He looks upon his gospel privileges as a beggar would who was exalted to a throne and kingdom, God having given him places to walk in among those who stand near the Lord. (Zech. iii. 7.) He feels the throne of grace just at hand. There is no hindrance. He has what he asks for. At such seasons he will not dare to ask anything but according to his Father's will. At such times he indeed knows the doctrine, the faithfulness, and love of God. Christ said, "In that day ye shall ask me nothing." (John xvi. 23.) The soul is satisfied with the goodness of the Lord. The Father having given the spirit of adoption, the soul delights itself in fatness. (Jer. lv. 2.)

Let us, for a few moments, *trace the feelings* of those who think they know nothing of this spirit and doctrine. Such a soul has been buying a field, and digging for something better than gold,

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—working in secret, and often thinking the field will soon be all turned over, and yet nothing be found. The heart becomes faint, and is ready to give up. He seeks to say, "My Father;" but the tongue falters, and his senses reel on so mighty a subject. Yet he cannot give up in his rambles; for he does go about to "change his ways" in some measure. He meets with one of the "fierce ones," who charges him with many things,—one of those gentlemen who know well that twice two make four,—and he tells him that he has only to believe: "Nothing more easy." "Simply believe." "He that believeth shall be saved." This gentleman of "the whip" may have forgotten that God says, "Be in pain, and labour to bring forth, O daughter of Zion, like a woman in travail." (Mic. iv. 10.) This poor creature, thus smitten by the watchman, returns to his labour, and seeks for the spirit of adoption. His heavenly Father's eye has been upon him all the while his spirit has been overwhelmed within him, and now begins to whisper in his ear, "I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself." To this still small voice the soul begins to listen and plead. The words, "I am a Father to Israel," are suggested. "Yes," the soul replies; "I know that. O that I could say, 'My Father,' for myself." Some kindred feeling is heard saying, "How shall I put thee among the children?" The soul says, "Ah! That is the secret. None but God can do this for me. How shall it be done? Shall it ever be done? I fear not." Why does not this man "believe the doctrine?" Simply because it is the work of God that men believe. (Jno. vi. 29.) Why does God say, "How shall I put thee among the children?" Simply because it is God's work to do so; faith being God's gift as well as of the operation of God. (Col. ii. 12.) Therefore it is of faith that it might be by grace, to the end that the promise might be sure to all the seed. (Rom. iv. 16.)

To be put thus among the children is a secret known only to those who have the white stone and the new name; and all poor, broken-hearted ones, who seek to be put among the children, shall in God's own time enjoy the bounties of their Father's house to all, —bread, wine, and other mysteries of the kingdom; and when it is done, the soul shall feel and say, "The Lord hath done it; and it shall be to the Lord for a name that shall not be spoken against." Legal chains are snapped, and grace reigns through righteousness.

Dear Mr. Editor, if I have not tired you out, I may resume the subject.

EXCERPTA.

IT is not the contemplation of nature, in its highest flight, can answer such an assault of the devil about the being of a God; but there is a *demonstration* which goes farther than the judgment, and passeth natural understanding, whence we feel, we taste, we enjoy. Yea, His *voice* is heard in the soul, which we surely know to be *His;* and this is the strength and import of this argument.—*Fleming* (1681).

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A CAUTION AND AN ENCOURAGEMENT.

My dear young Friend,—I received yours, in which you bear testimony to the usefulness of the conversation I had with you when at Birmingham, in that it had, in the Lord's gracious hands, a tendency to encourage you, and lead you to desire to pray to and hold communion with the Lord through his dear Son, Jesus Christ, by whom only we have access by one Spirit unto the Father.

On your return home you say you felt inclined to pray, prostrating yourself as a poor sinner before the Lord, beseeching him to teach you to pray; and though alone as to the company of poor mortals, yet still you were not alone, for you believe the Lord was with you, and helped you to pray, telling him you could not do so without his help; and that he did help you, a poor sinner, to beg him to be merciful unto you, to pardon and forgive you, an unworthy sinner, and to give you a *heart* for prayer. Also that before you rose from your knees you *felt* your prayers were answered; you *felt* all your sins forgiven; you *felt* a heart to pray, and that God had been merciful unto you, a sinner.

Great things, indeed, my dear young friend, but not too great for a great and gracious God to do; for he says, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more."

There are things, both personal and vital, that enter into that within the veil that are "hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes." "Even so, Father," says our dear and divine Redeemer, "for so it seemeth good in thy sight." They are some of the "tender grapes" which grow only on the "living vine" and branches (compare Jno. xv., 1 and following verses, with Song ii. 15), which the crafty foxes are always trying to spoil; on the ground of which I shall now give you a word of *caution* and *encouragement*.

First, a word of *caution*, by telling you that if you want a healthy state of soul and spirituality of mind, a good conscience, a faithfulness of heart, and a lively, loving recollection of the Lord's goodness to you, in what he has done for you, shun all unlawful intercourse with the world, in its persons and things. All controversy with either the *professing* or profane infidel, is dangerous to the welfare of a Christian's life. Be sure and pay particular regard to your course, conduct, and conversation. The greater profession you make, the more the world will watch to draw you into the gins and traps laid for your feet, and the more you unlawfully mix with the enemies of the Cross, the greater will be your danger. And, as I know you are young, both in years and experience, I drop these things for your most serious consideration. I would also remind you that, as the Lord has appointed means for the use of his dear people, so it is in their use and not in their neglect that they are lawfully to expect a blessing. Do you want encouragement, instruction, information, and edification? There is

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the Lord's word to yield you these in its perusal and preachings; the Lord's ordinances to remind you of a dying Redeemer, who said, "Do this in remembrance of me." Do you want companions? There are the Lord's people, who, however they may be despised, are the excellent of the earth, in whom the Lord delighteth. Do you want a place of resort? There is the Lord's throne, and it is a throne of grace, with gracious encouragement to come unto it; as the apostle says, "Wherefore let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Are you troubled, tried, tempted? Hear what the Lord says, "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

And now for a word of *encouragement*. Taking for granted the Lord has blessed your soul as you say, I can boldly tell you there is abundant provision made in the Lord's gospel to encourage poor sinners. For instance: Are you a sinner? Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Are you guilty and filthy? The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from and atoneth for all sin. Are you unholy, unrighteous, and unwise? Jesus Christ is your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Are you poor, weak, and needy? He hath power, strength, and riches in his hands, both in heaven and on earth; for the world is his and the fulness thereof, and he doeth what seemeth him good among the armies of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth. Have you enemies both within and without? He holds them all in the hand of his almighty power, saying to the enemies of his people, "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further." In a word, the Lord is the Father, Friend, Counsellor, and Guide of his people; and for their encouragement has said, "I will be their God and they shall be my people;" "I will guide thee by my counsel, and afterwards receive thee to glory." These are the gracious encouragements the Lord holds out in his own word.

In reference to your position with your father, I am glad you acted as you did, as the most likely way not to promote strife between a father and his dear child, which ought not to be; but as you are the child, it will become you to yield all lawful obedience that does not sacrifice gospel principle and truth, endeavouring by a gospel spirit and the due observance of all relative duties, to make your father as comfortable as you can; for, under all circumstances, he is your father still. And who can tell that by so doing, with the Lord's blessing, instead of not letting you go to chapel, he may some time go with you. As the best way to break the bone of contention is with the feather of the gospel, so do you try and break his wicked unscriptural spirit by the meek and quiet spirit of the gospel.

You will give my kind regards to your friend, S. A., and say I hope she is concerned to know the same God as her late dear and honoured Mrs. A. did, who lived and died in the faith of the everlasting gospel, and that she may be a follower of those who are inheriting the promises. Tell her if she should feel a wish to

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write to me concerning spiritual things, she is at full liberty, with yourself, at any time so to do.

And now, my dear young friend, farewell. Be cautious, careful, and watchful; so that, whether I come and see you or be absent from you, "I may hear of your affairs, that you stand fast in the one spirit of the gospel, letting your conversation be as becometh the gospel of Christ, and in nothing terrified by your adversaries, which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation and that of God." (Phil. i. 27, 28.)

I remain, Yours in the Gospel,

Stow-on-the-Wold, Feb. 13, 1856. R. Roff.

"*BE NOT AFRAID.*"

"Be not afraid;" though as a roaring wave
The swelling ranks of Satan madly rave,
Though o'er his own he manifests his power,
Not one poor contrite heart can he devour.

"Be not afraid;" though scoffers may assail,
Thy anchor-hold in Christ shall never fail,
They may deny his Godhead, hate his name,
But still he reigns immutably the same.

"Be not afraid;" though reason may be used,
And its dim light perverted and abused;
Though into things unseen it fain would pry,
It cannot solve the simplest mystery.

"Be not afraid;" should snares allure thy feet,
And Satan's baits and thy corruptions meet;
E'en then, e'en then, though foes expectant gape,
Thy God will make a way for thy escape.

"Be not afraid," although by sorrows tried,
And thy heart sickens at the rising tide;
Thy daily strength thy Saviour will renew,
And he who bears thee up will bear thee through.

"Be not afraid," when objects o'er thee ride,
And make thee serve their avarice and pride;
Though galling, grinding, oft may be the strife,
Trust thou in God, they cannot take thy life.

"Be not afraid," should poverty appear
To cross thy path, and draw exceeding near;
He who has been thy helper and thy guide,
For thy necessities will still provide.

"Be not afraid," when death's cold shadows loom,
And threaten with anticipated gloom;
The morning sun of heaven will on thee rise,
And light thy ransom'd spirit to the skies.

London. B. M

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A FELT RELIGION.

My dear Friend,—Mercy, grace, and peace be multiplied unto you, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

I fear, at times, I trouble you; but, at other times, I feel a humble confidence in scrawling my feelings to you, for I love you for the Lord's sake. You answered my last in a way undesired by me. I did not feel very well reconciled to it for a long time, and not then until I was assured the Lord had seen fit to bless two of his disciples thereby, and that laid me low. Mephibosheth-like, I felt to be "a dead dog," for his goodness and mercy. I felt then as I do often: "O! Should I be left to deny in act or word what I have ever said, and so dishonour the Lord, grieve his children, wound my own soul unto death, or prove a castaway at last." Ah, dear friend, having expected sudden death for some years, I would rather die than thus bring reproach; and often have I need to cry out of soul-trembling, "Save me, O God. Hold thou me up and I shall be safe. Guide me by thy counsel," fearing I shall not hold on and out to the end. Some confident ones, who are strong, tell us *they* have no doubts or fears, and that we do not live up to our privileges, &c. I for one never boast of these doubts (as a hobby, as some say). No; I would never have one more; but I am, at times, very weak and sinking, and have a vile sinful nature that does not get any better, and never will, a carnal mind that never can be subject to the law of God; and this wretched Adam-fallen part in all its risings, workings, and rebellings wounds the soul. And hence arise my heavy doubts and gloomy fears. These are enough to make a strong man sick. These cause tremblings of heart, and oft cause the soul tremblingly to look out of self for help.

Were the poor, needy, helpless, faint, ruined, sick, left out of the dear Lord's promises, I should have no hope nor help. Bless his dear name, it is said, "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper." I trust I have felt him good as such many times in great straits, deep sinkings, and in dire poverty of soul. O! To know a precious Lord as strength in faintings, comfort in trouble, riches in poverty, consolations in abounding afflictions, and deliverance out of eternal bonds of death, is sweeter to my soul than all the world full of gold or silver. It makes him the Chiefest amongst ten thousand, the altogether lovely. The poor soul wants to hold him close, and never let him go; but he hides his face, and then comes trouble; and this trouble brings a thousand in its train. All is disorder, darkness, and confusion; and, instead of faith in act and exercise, there is fearfulness and sorrow. We can neither read aright, pray aright, hear aright, think aright, nor meditate aright. Yet it is in this way I have cried as from the ends of the earth. I know he is the prayer-inditing, prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering Lord, to the comfort of the soul and to the glory of God the Father.

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There is a sweet secret in true religion; and if the poor sinner cannot feel it possessedly in his breast, it is all empty work. He wants as a prince to have power with God, and prevail. This is not ours to claim or exert. No. How marvellous that the Lord should meet us in our poverty and open to our souls his riches, his grace, his love, give a taste of it, a drinking into it, and a feeling that covers all our inner man, and how a sweet solemn whisper from the Lord's own lips,—this breaking the poor sinner's heart, and in a moment all is right. Here is truth and all Deity engaged to save him, precious blood to wash him, righteousness to cover him, love and pity combined to draw him and redeem him; and there is real peace, on sure grounds, too,—a sweet peace, none like it, and in it are eternal riches he cannot get to the bounds of. Many times have my poor heart and conscience felt the above sweetly, and that, too, when under afflictions; and truly the soul can rejoice in the furnace in some favoured times.

My poor dear wife has suffered all the past winter in a trying manner; so much so that I feared her reason would entirely leave her; and here a roaring devil seemed ready to devour me, and no peace could I find for weeks. His black rage and malice were awful (too black to name); I felt at my wits' end, and staggered, spiritually, like a drunken man; and then, after many cries, the dear Lord appeared. How sweet was his promise: "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." Wonderful mystery that "the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity" should be in all places with his children, to deliver their soul from death; that he should go into the billows and into the fires with them; that he will never leave them nor forsake them; no, nor "take his loving-kindness from them, nor suffer his faithfulness to fail." Though he doth afflict his people, it is not in anger; though he chastise, it is in love. His chastisements are from real fatherly love, and "he hates to put away." Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

I have run on; but do forgive me. I feel the truth of it, and I do hope I love truth, real God-exalting, sinner-saving truth, as it is in Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life of every vessel of mercy.

I beg the Lord to be gracious to you, make his own word proclaimed by your mouth as a hammer to break the rocky hearts of elect sinners, and make it a joyful sound to comfort the broken in heart and the contrite in spirit; for the Lord hath promised to look to these and none else. May he preserve your soul in peace, and grant you peace in your church and amongst the people, and lift up the light of his countenance continually upon you. This is the desire of my poor heart.

I should like once more to see you in the flesh. This is a great day of profession, but a dark day to the church, a darkness to be felt by every living soul. Blind guides are in swarms, pride ram-

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pant, hypocrisy raging, infidelity deluging, and man-made religion paramount. Real faithful watchmen are few; Zion feels it too true; and if ever the cry were suitable it is now, "Watchman, what of the night?" Blind guides do not distinguish night from day. All is prosperous with them; but real watchmen, I believe, sit in the ward whole nights, and are standing on the wall in daytime too. They see light alone in the Lord's light, and must tell true tidings, whether men will hear or forbear. Even in the professed church of Christ, amongst those who talk well of truth, what can be said of many of them but that they say and do not, giving their profession the lie? The pride, jaunty airs, lightness and levity, worldly conformity, mingling, mixing up with various things that ensnare the soul and bring lameness, deadness; and whilst a fine name, dress, and gossiping is their all, not much is said of a hard heart, a distance from enjoyment in the Lord. No; but world, world, and the things of it, all the main. As regards higher things, how is truth mingled in the pulpit with error. Some would build grace and all its blessings upon the rotten mind of the creature; others speak dry doctrines, sound in word, but neither dew nor power; and some, more crafty, set up the bare word, and put poor sinners to laying hold of the promise, and leave out the blessed Spirit's work on the soul altogether, which they are strangers to, and thus foster presumption and bring forth to the wind of confusion. The above wise folks term experimental truth corruption preaching; and if a poor sinner contends for a living tree bringing forth living fruit to the glory of God, and not for merit's sake, he is styled particular, narrow-minded, bigot, &c. But neither duty-faith, nor human merit, nor turning things upside down will feed the famishing soul; neither can the hard speeches or revilings of bitter folks or the pride of modern or ancient Pharisees hurt one of the Lord's little ones. They are hidden ones. Crafty counsel never can destroy them. That is their comfort; they are hid with Christ in God. O! Blessed safety! They have *eternal* life, and can never perish. The Lord alone can feed them, and they alone desire to live upon him and to him; and when he condescends to grant peace, none can trouble them.

The dear Lord bless you in all things, and go on to lead you in the path of life, the narrow way that endeth in eternal peace.

Yours affectionately in the Bonds of Love,

NOAH MARSH.

Baldham Mills, Seend, Melksham, Wilts, April 18, 1864.

As Luther says, "He who hath Christ for his King and God, let him be assured hath the devil for his enemy, who will work him much sorrow, and plague him all the days of his life. But let this be our comfort and great glory that we poor sinners have the Lord of life, death, and all creatures, clothed with our flesh and blood, sitting on the right hand of God, ever-living, ever-praying for us, who ever defends and protects us.

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FALSE FRIENDS AND A TRUE FRIEND.

May the best of blessings be with my dear Friend. Amen.

I received your truly savoury letter, the contents whereof made me glad. "Heaviness in the heart maketh it stoop; but a good word maketh it glad;" and surely your epistle was a good word to me. I have been and am much exercised in my mind, but can as far as I know my heart say, the persuasion you have had and have is truth, namely, that from no other motive than the good of souls and glory of God, and a sincere desire to do his will, was I induced to come and labour in the Albany Road, although I am charged with the basest of motives, and by the principal instruments of my coming,—that my conscience is seared and hardened, that my friendship is purchased with money, that money was my object in coming up, &c.; therefore it must amount to this, that I am a hireling, a false prophet, a servant of the devil. Now if the Lord hath set me to work, if it is of him that I come up to preach, if his Spirit is with me, what are such assertions but blaspheming that blessed Spirit? These things cannot be lightly passed over by me. The good Lord be judge between me and them. I wish to be grateful to the Lord for his kind providence to me, and to the kind and affectionate friends he hath graciously influenced for me; yet I trust it shall be known God hath given me better attractives than what I am so ungratefully and basely charged with. A dinner of herbs and quietness (a clear conscience) therewith is far preferable in my esteem than their stalled oxen with such strife as they seek for me therewith. When the cause of Christ is degraded below men and things, I dare not yield to such wickedness, although it cost me my life. I admire your tenderness and attachment, and your sweet and humble fortitude in siding with the friendship of Christ as the Superlative,—that although you long for preservation from their awful course, yet, retaining hope of them, you long that God may bring them to see the evil of their ways, lead them to repentance, and to implore the mercy of *their* God. Touching what the word *their* means, I am greatly shaken for want of a parallel in the word of God; yet were it the Lord's will to give them repentance to the acknowledgment of the error of their ways, my heart can freely say, Amen.

Touching my comparing your experience with that of the apostle, you exclaim, "O that like him I did all to the glory of God, that whether living or dying I might be his,—that I waxed more valiant, that I found a holy boldness in espousing the cause of Christ, that my whole desire was to him," &c. But though not in his measure, yet are you partaker of the same grace. Paul could do nothing of what you long to be led more in, but by the Lord's working in him to will and to do, by his being strengthened by the Spirit's might in the inner man. Hence he says, "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me;" and he had such a sense of his own weakness and nothingness that

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he says he was not sufficient to think a good thought of himself. He could not do anything or come into anything of himself; "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that do I." Indeed, this life, in comparison of the enjoyment we long for, is but a scene of barrenness, desires, and longings. "Not as though I had already attained," says Paul. He was no further than such longings as these: "That I may know him, and be found in him." Here we find we are in a wilderness; but it is our mercy that God hath given us desires that ascend, and that above the world there is a Beloved, after whom our desires go. You long for more freedom and boldness in espousing the cause of Christ. Here, my friend, I glean some good tokens, as: 1, That you have true faith, for boasting is excluded; 2, That the cause of Christ hath truly a place in your affections; 3, You feel the plague of the heart which checks, deadens, and hinders; so that you cannot do the things that you would; 4, That God hath graciously taken possession of your will; 5, That you are now espousing his cause, and doing that which pleaseth him, because you cannot see it right to glory in yourself: "When saw we thee hungry and fed thee, naked and clothed thee?" and that the God of goodness and the goodness of God are yours: "He will satisfy the longing soul;" 6, That you have the best desires a child of God can have, because his glory in the prosperity of God's cause is the object; 7, That he is exercising you in the way whereby he secures the glory to himself; therefore in the way wherein the greatest profit will come to you, and in which you may be most useful to others. If you were always in the sunshine of his presence, and the account was read by the church, it would not meet the present state of more than one in twenty, if it did more than one in a hundred; therefore the Lord is doing *all* things well.

You have fears upon reading over my former letters that I may have concluded of you above what I ought; but you feel a check to your fears. I do not believe I have, for "my hope of you is steadfast," and I praise God for that steadfastness manifest in you. At the first of our correspondence I thought your end near, therefore expected your freedom and enjoyment might abide, yea, increase; but when it appeared your end might not be so near as expected, I believed, yea, felt thoroughly persuaded you would have to pass through deadness and darker scenes to sense. I also have persuasion that God hath not spared you for nought; and this, I believe, nothing would give you greater satisfaction than to know that, although confined to your room, he useth you as an instrument for the good of his chosen.

Now, touching your being in a low place, as you say, God would not permit darkness and deadness to be with us were it not best for us to walk by faith, and not by sight. Besides, if always in the sunshine, what need of the many great and precious promises? God hath not given these in vain. He hath magnified his word, and he holdeth back the vision of his presence, that the word of

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his grace may be sought and valued. "The word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." He withholds the enjoyment of his presence from sense that we may cleave to his promises by faith, and there find and partake of his presence and favour: "Whereby are given to us exceeding great and precious promises, that *by these* ye might partake of the divine nature." O! How sweet when, by faith, we feed on the fruits of redemption, in the fruits of the Spirit, from the fruits of his lips.

Touching myself, though perplexed, yet not in distress. The Lord is on my side, of which he continually gives me tokens. I long to *do* his will; therefore, long to *know* his will. I am in his hand; so are my opposers. His pleasure be done both with me and them. They think to prevail with their tongues; but my God will prevail by his Spirit. I am to preach to-night, God willing. O for an outpouring of his Spirit upon us, for a time of refreshing from his presence.

Give my sincere and Christian love to Betsy. May the Lord abundantly bless you. So prays,

Yours affectionately,

March 12, 1824. D. FENNER.

FAITH IN JESUS.

My dear Brother in the Lord Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,—What wisdom, love, goodness, are displayed of our heavenly Father in all that relates to the setting up of Christ and the chosen family in him! What a means of supplying the creature with divine, spiritual, and heavenly blessings out of God's own fulness is here! When a poor sensibly-needy sinner is made to see, taste, handle, and feed on the word of life, how precious is that word of life! Yes! Jesus is then precious, unspeakably precious; and O, how great then is the goodness, and how wonderful the grace of Jehovah the Father; and with what inexpressible feelings do we realize the indwelling of the Spirit, with all the blessings promised to us in the gift of the Holy Ghost. He is indeed the Comforter, who, taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them to us, comforts us in all our tribulations, with that comfort wherewith he enables us to comfort others. Our rest, our peace, our comfort, come from and are then found by us to be nowhere but in our Triune God. Enjoyed, our faith in Jesus is exercised, as we are beholding and looking to Jesus, the author and the finisher of our faith; the author, inasmuch as without Jesus, seen, discovered, tasted, handled, and felt, who realizes the possession of faith? And the finisher of our faith, inasmuch as no one will have done with faith, will cease to need faith any more, until he is where Jesus is, and sees him as he is. I want faith, and faith in exercise, at every turn in my present state. Wherever I am, in whatever circumstances, state, or condition, I sensibly

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need faith in Jesus, to uphold, encourage, and calm, and quiet my anxious mind; that I may have confidence and boldness before God under all castings down, all humiliations, amidst all the discoveries of sin, ingratitude, want of love, deadness, and coldness towards his glorious divine Majesty. It is faith in Jesus that enables us now, for that conduct, dealing with, and confiding in God the Father, to which we are continually called. Thus it is with us on this side the grave; and what should we do were faith to cease? Because we are called to a state in which we are to see as we are seen, and know as we are known, what should we or could we then do if we could not see Jesus? As he is, then, the author, so is he the finisher of our faith. "The life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God," and the life that I hope to lose, when I have put off the flesh, I hope to live in the presence of the Son of God in glory.

The relationship in which the members of Jesus stand in him to the great Jehovah tells me that my all, my everything, for all and for everything, both for time and eternity, is in Jesus; nowhere but in him. Faith lays hold of Jesus and of all in Jesus. As Jesus and the truth in Jesus are seen in the word, as through a glass darkly, this is the sight faith has of Jesus and all that he is to, and all that he has for, his people. These things were never seen elsewhere, never apprehended, in the very least degree, anywhere but in Jesus; and as we behold these things in Jesus in the word, so behold we the glory of God the Father in the face of his dear Son, and so glory we and triumph in him, blessing, praising, and glorifying our God in the Lord Jesus Christ.

I never yet found comfort, joy, or peace but in believing; and I never found it in believing but as faith laid hold upon Jesus, saw Jesus, as it was *in Jesus* that I did believe. I have often looked to myself for something to give me comfort, to console me in my castings down; but always in vain. We are prone to do so when Jesus hides his face. Past experience seems then to profit us but little; but we only learn in the end that Jesus, not self, is the source from whence we can find any good for ourselves. When I look to self, I find sin abounding always; never anything else. The reign of death through one man's offence is all I can ever find in myself; but when I look to and can see Jesus, I find the aboundings of grace, and I enter into the Holy Spirit's argument by the apostle, Rom. v. 17: "For if, through the offence of one, death reigned by one, much more they which receive *abundance* of grace and the *gift of righteousness shall reign in life by one, Jesus Christ.*" Glorious truth, attested in the hearts of God's people, experimentally taught by the Holy Ghost in the knowledge of Jesus!

To be enabled of the Holy Ghost to think, to write, to speak of these things is, I can truly say from my own experience, an unspeakable privilege. To be enabled and permitted to hold communion with dear brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus respecting these things is indeed a high and inestimable mercy. How can

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I ever be thankful enough to my God for this,—that this is my holy, heavenly, and blessed privilege here on earth? Does it not become me and all alike blessed with me of God's dear family on earth, whether babes, young men, or fathers in Christ, to bless, praise, and glorify our God, who has thus called us out of darkness into marvellous light? O that I could and did praise him as I ought to do for these things; but, alas! Alas! How often am I so cold, so dead, that my God, my Jesus, and the ever-blessed and Holy Spirit seem to me of little worth or value. But is not the grace of our God magnified here, beyond all praise, beyond all expression? And sometimes is it not with us, that there is an abundance in the heart, with respect to these things, that will make the heart a fountain of living words and expressions wherewith the mouth speaketh, and God is glorified? "Whoso offereth praise glorifieth God." When the praise we offer to God is of God and from God, it will be sure to glorify God. It will relate to and be of those things wherein God is glorified in his gracious dealings with his dear chosen children in Christ Jesus. O the privilege, unspeakable privilege, of being thus permitted to glorify God! They are poor, sensibly helpless, needy, vile, hell-deserving and hell-fitted sinners who thus glorify God. None others can discern, taste, handle, the grace of God in Jesus so as in any measure rightly to appreciate it, rightly to speak of it, to speak of that grace of God which brings to a poor sinner salvation, makes him to know and understand the salvation that Jesus is, the salvation of God.

My brother, it is out of the abundance of the heart that my pen has been directed in writing on these things. I know and have some understanding in the things I have been speaking of. I have not written at random. May there be a responding in your heart and the hearts of all which may lead to these things to the praise and glory of God, by Christ Jesus and God the Holy Ghost.

My friend, there is a power which belongs to Jehovah's truth in Jesus under which I am sometimes brought to my comfort, my joy, my peace in Jesus. I was feeling something of this, and thought I would attempt to acknowledge your Christian letter of Oct. 18th. It is not always that we feel we can write on these most glorious subjects. There are times and seasons when, alas! we are so shut up, so dead, so cold, so indifferent, that we would rather write on any other subjects. Alas! Alas! That it should ever be so! But it does not become us to conceal this, and to deceive and delude God's dear children, leading them to suppose that we are something when we are nothing, something superior to and above other poor fellow-sinners, when we know ourselves to be in ourselves less than the least of all, viler than the vilest, seemingly more experimentally taught in the depravity and corruption of our own heart than others. Christian brothers and sisters, anywhere and everywhere, known personally or unknown, are dear to me. They are those for whom my heart is, at times, led out in earnest prayer, as forming God's

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church on earth, viz., Zion, the city of our God, whose good I desire. If any of them, with yourself, read what I have written, let them know I love them with you in Christ Jesus.

I would say no more now; but may our God bless what has been written to his own praise and glory and the good of the poor and needy of his flock who may see it.

I remain, in Christ Jesus, affectionately yours,

Elmley, near Wakefield, Nov. 25, 1847. ROBERT PYE.

I CAN DO ALL THINGS THROUGH CHRIST WHICH STRENGTHENETH ME.

WHEN can I bid farewell to fear,
And dash away the falling tear?
When can I from temptation fly,
And strive the flesh to mortify?
When in affection rise above,
Th' attractions of a mortal's love;
When can I count all things but loss?
'Tis when with Jesus at the Cross.

When can I trust a faithful God,
And learn to bless and kiss the rod?
When can I read each promise mine
Both for eternity and time,
That all my need shall be supplied
For Jesu's sake, who bled and died,
That I've a place prepared on high?
'Tis when I "Abba Father!" cry.

Then drawn by everlasting love,
My spirit longs to soar above;
Would gladly leave this wilderness
To shine in robes of righteousness.
Wash'd and made white in Jesu's blood,
Faultless before the Throne of God,
Sweet praise my ransom'd soul delight
With those who rest not day nor night.

But, O! My Saviour I shall meet,
And walk with Him the golden street;
A conqueror in fair Canaan's land,
A palm of victory in my hand,
A crown of life, a harp of gold,
A weight of glory, yet untold.
Why am I here, dear Saviour, why,
Since 'twould be gain for me to die?

1842. H. W.

I WAS meditating yesterday on the happiness of those who have God for their portion. How vast! How various! How infinite! How eternal! I felt that I wanted capacity to enjoy enough of Him.—*Charles.*

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Obituary.

MARGARET BATES.—On March 26th, aged 72, Margaret Bates, wife of Mr. Edward Bates, of Over Darwen. She was a member of the church at King Street, Bolton. She was a member amongst the Independents in the early part of her life; but in process of time was brought amongst the Particular Baptists at Blackburn. She was first brought to see herself as a poor, guilty, naked sinner, before a holy, righteous God, under the sermon that was preached just before the baptism of the late Mr. M'Kenzie, which was at Blackburn. Some time after this she was blessed under the minister and was baptized, and taken in as a member by the late Mr. Worral. She now saw the difference between a free-grace gospel and a Yea and Nay one; and she loved the former, and commenced following and hearing Mr. Gadsby; and hearing that Mr. Warburton was going to Manchester, she with a friend went there to hear him. That was before the death of Mr. Gadsby. She had got the first part of Mr. Warburton's book, and many a feast in reading it we both had. It is a blessed book for a living soul. After the death of Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton was to preach at Manchester for three Lord's days, and she was determined to go to hear him. So she went there and back, forty miles, each Lord's day.

After being at Manchester three Lord's days, Mr. W. went to Rochdale and Bury; and the last time he preached at Bury my wife and I both went, and such a blessed day we never spent on earth before. We often spoke of that day. He preached from Isa. lxi. 3. When he came to describe the sinner that had God's religion in his heart, from that part of his text, "beauty for ashes," he said there must have been a fire; for there could be no ashes without fire; and he tried to find those poor souls that had ashes, and in his own way said, "Come, poor soul, if you have ashes you know something of God's religion." Here he went into the various fires that the sinner had to pass through to burn up his supposed goodness, fleshly work, prayers, duty-religion, and doing of all sorts of things from the flesh. These all had to be burnt up. When God's fiery law came to the sinner all the hay, wood, and stubble had to go; all his self-righteous beauty and goodness that he supposed he had, all had to go into the fire. At the close of the morning service we said to each other, "I have got ashes," and "So have I." There was no small stir made in the hearts of many who had come miles to hear him. What a longing for the afternoon service, for "beauty." As we had been so completely stripped of all our old rags of self, we were very anxious to be clothed. So in his sermon on "beauty," Mr. W. showed how the sinner was clothed in the precious robe of Christ's righteousness. Like a good workman, he showed the need of being washed in the precious blood of Christ, in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Then the rich robe of

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Christ's righteousness was put on the sinner. The Lord had him clothed from top to toe. He fitted the poor thing with such a rich suit, wrought out by the blessed Saviour. Mr. W. preached us both in so sweetly that we went home with hearts full of peace and joy in God; and his love and grace so filled our hearts we could do nothing but talk of them by the way.

After Mr. Horbury's death my wife was seldom favoured with the word being made a blessing to her soul, and very often under his ministry the latter end of her days she was unable to get to the house of God. This she sorely felt. Her time was spent in reading the Bible and hymn book; also Huntington's, Gadsby's, Warburton's, and Philpot's writings, the "Gospel Standard," &c. She had a stroke on Monday, March 13th, and died on the 26th. On covering her in bed it was said to her, "We will make you as comfortable as a queen." She replied that she had often thought that she was a king's daughter.

A few days before her death, at the top of her voice, she repeated with very great feeling:

"'Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Dear Jesus, set me free,'" &c.

Her end was peace. She had long felt the sweetness of God's religion. EDWARD BATES.

Darwen.

ANN BOND.—On Feb. 10th, aged 54, Ann, wife of Edward Bond.

Being concerned about spiritual things, she attended at North Street Chapel, Stamford, in 1836 and 1837, during the ministry of Mr. Philpot, Mr. Tiptaft supplying there. For both she entertained much esteem and affection, having heard from them the word of the gospel. Like Ruth, her future course seemed to say, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God." She was favoured with a firm confidence in the faithfulness of her gracious Lord, in whose words she was encouraged to hope and believe. The following passage: "Because I live ye shall live also" was a never-to-be-forgotten one. It was referred to by her only a very short time before her decease. She was baptized by Mr. Isbell in 1846, on which occasion Mr. I. preached from Isa. xxxi. 19, and read Ps. cxxi., which she proved to be fulfilled. She was united to the church under Mr. Philpot's pastorate, and was a consistent member, answering in a great measure Mr. Hart's description of the child of grace:

"Broken hearts and humble walkers,
These are dear in Jesu's eyes."

She was blessed with a feeling and tender heart, and did much in a way of kindness for the Lord's poor.

After her marriage, in 1848, she went to reside at Grantham, where she soon found opportunities of making herself useful. Whilst at Grantham she heard the late Mr. Grace, of Brighton, and other supplies; but Mr. Philpot and Mr. Tiptaft were her favourite preachers.

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It was on Feb. 8th, the anniversary of her wedding day, when she first kept her bed. The day after, it was thought she was a little better. In the evening a pleasant interview took place with a friend, to whom she spoke of her hope being upon the Rock, of being loved with an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness drawn; of having realized the promise: "As thy day thy strength shall be;" remarking, "What is once done is done for ever;" and she had no doubt or fear. Her friend read and made some remarks upon a few verses of Jno. xiv., and then engaged in prayer, mingled with praises, the Lord's blessing evidently resting upon him.

It was apparent that her strength was rapidly declining; but she was quite conscious, and remarked to her sister a change had taken place; adding, she was to tell us she was happy. On my entering the room, she looked at me with a smile (the last), remarking, "I am here yet." We soon perceived a greater change. The sense of seeing and hearing failed; weakness increased, and whilst gently sinking her last words were, "Happy! happy!" And without groan or struggle her spirit fled.

March 11, 1872. E. BOND.

JOHN PHILLIPS.—On Feb. 23rd, aged 47, Mr. John Phillips, minister of the gospel, Rotherfield.

He was taken ill in Brighton, early in December, 1871. Some of his sentences we could not catch sufficiently to connect them. He was frequently in prayer. Once most distinctly he was heard to say, "Show me thy hands and thy feet. Lay me low and keep me there till I say, Not my will, but thine be done." At another time, "Do bless me and my dear partner and children. Thou knowest how very near they lie to the heart of thy poor dust. Thou canst bless them, and provide for them, and none, O Lord, but thou canst give them grace. O! Do be pleased to give them grace. And do thou bless thy two dear handmaids before thee, and reward them for their kindness to me. Give us each another true token. Give us to feel we are bound up together in the bundle of life, and travelling together to the same home. And bless all thy dear children everywhere." At one time, fixing his eyes upon those that were with him, he said, "What a wonderful thing it will be for all three of us to be found in heaven;" and added, "I never doubt it for either of you; but I cannot always believe it for myself. O the fears I have had of being deceived! But 'the righteous shall hold on his way.' I sometimes ask myself what it is to be righteous; and I say, 'Why, it is to be stripped and clothed;' and then it is often suggested that all I know about that is in theory. It is said 'they that endure to the end shall be saved.' I believe I shall; yes, I believe I shall endure to the end, whether this affliction is unto death or not. I never remember in any illness before being so favoured. I have generally been so dark. Not that I have now any great joy; but such a quiet resting and sweet peace. My wife and children all seem taken from me.

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I know the Lord can provide for them, and I feel to have no will of my own, whether to live or die. I have no desire to get better."

It was remarked by one of the friends that it was a great favour to be thus supported and blessed under such distressing pain and trying circumstances. He said, "It is; but my poor praises,—they are *so* poor. He has been a good God to me for now nearly 48 years in the wilderness. He has fed and clothed me and raised up many kind friends; and what is more than all that, I believe he has put his grace into my heart; and where he gives grace he will give glory. 'The Lord is good, and a stronghold in the day of trouble.' You have both proved him so, many, many times."

He was extremely grateful for any little attention paid him, and frequently expressed fears of tiring his attendants. On being told it was a privilege and an honour to wait on a prince, he replied, "I would not change places with the Prince of Wales. I believe the King of heaven has set up his throne in my heart, and I shall be heartily willing for him to wear the crown. A little while on Sunday I felt (we often say it), but then for a few minutes I really *felt* it:

"'Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing.'

These lines keep running through my mind:

"'He's made my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell.'

Why, it is as secure as the everlasting covenant. It was made secure before the foundations of the earth were laid. Is it not wonderful?" "There is a divine reality in real religion. No fables, no trifles, would do for me now."

Once he said, "If I should be raised up again, and this affliction be sanctified to some poor soul, would it not be a blessing? The first sermon I ever preached was from these words: 'The righteous shall hold on his way.' After I got into the pulpit, such darkness seized me and my subject was all taken from me that I was determined not to attempt to speak, and had just put my hand out to unfasten the pulpit door when the clerk was giving out the last verse of the hymn, which was:

"'Blind unbelief is sure to err.'

The words dropped into my heart with such power and sweetness that I did indeed prove God to be his own interpreter; for I had a good time in speaking; and going up the chapel yard afterwards I heard one say to another, 'Bless the Lord, I believe I am one of the righteous characters.' What an encouragement this was to me!" When told that his ministry had been blessed to many, and that he had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God, he said, "Ah! Mine has been poor preaching; but the Lord knows it has been my desire to be faithful. O! With what trembling have I gone up the pulpit stairs; and when I have come down, how shame has often covered my face!"

On the following day he said to a dear friend who visited him, his countenance bespeaking the joy of his soul, "No more room for doubts and fears! The dear Lord has appeared for me in such

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a way that I cannot doubt. O! I know it is all right. This is a sweet affliction. How sweet to leave all with a full assurance that I am safe in Christ. I can leave wife, children, the church, and all dear friends. It was like a little heaven last night; and it is not all gone yet. What the Lord is about to do with me I know not; but tell those who love the dear Lord I have found him whom my soul loveth, and I long to be with him." He was much in prayer during the night, and suffered from faintness; so that he was not able to converse much. Towards morning he exclaimed, "Precious Jesus! This will do! This will do!" After which he was again in prayer.

After this, the Lord gradually and gently withdrew his sweet and manifestive presence. The following night he was much tried, and was heard to say, "Lord, do appear! One look would do it!"

The next day being Sunday, he expressed grief at being the cause of keeping his attendants from the means of grace; but added, "The dear Lord knows it is necessary, and if his will he can make this room a Bethel to our souls, as he did the other night." Having asked one to read a portion of the word, he engaged in prayer, and it was evident he felt a sweet pouring out of soul before the Lord. After this, he was asked if he could die upon the truths he had preached. He said, "Yes; I want no other salvation, a full and complete salvation is Christ to such a poor sinner as I feel I am."

Toward the close of the day the enemy was permitted to thrust sore at him. The agonizing cries and petitions he made use of will not readily be forgotten by those who were with him. Several times the words of the psalmist were wrung from his soul: "'Is his mercy clean gone for ever? Will he be favourable no more?'. I feel he turns a deaf ear to me." He then said, "Cry aloud, and shout! Ah! That is it! I have not cried aloud. The children of God cry aloud, and the Lord hears and answers them; but I am not the character." On being told the Lord would also deliver him in his own time and way, he exclaimed, "No, no! I am fast bound with Satan's chain. I have deceived you all. I have not that religion that will stand the test. I thought we were bound for the same home, and that I had felt a real spiritual union to you and many others; but it's all over now. A death-bed will show I am nothing but a deceived character, and therefore we shall have to part." With this he put out his hand, saying many times, "Pray, pray aloud for me!" He continued in this state till between six and seven o'clock next morning, and, like Job, refused to be comforted; but, completely exhausted with pain and the conflict through which he was passing, he fell asleep, and slept for about two hours. When he awoke he started up in bed, saying, "Where am I?" On being told the Lord had not given him over into the hand of the enemy, he said, bursting into tears, "Still on praying ground and out of a deserved hell; and you don't spurn me from you. What a long-suffering God,

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to bear with such a wretch! I expected to have been made an open spectacle before this, and to have sunk lower than the grave." A friend said, "But the everlasting arms are underneath." He said, "Yes, bless the dear Lord! These have held me up, though I have had such a combat with the enemy as I never had before; his arm sustained me, though I felt at the time entirely given up and deserted by him. Some one has been praying for me; I feel sure of it; and I believe that prayer was not intended for Simon only. The Lord said, 'I have prayed for thee.' He is the same Intercessor now for his tried and tempted people. Yes, bless his precious name, I feel I can never love him half enough. The bitter anguish sin has caused me since yesterday you have been witness to; not open sin; but it is heart sins; and then for the Lord to come over all,—this is what humbles a poor sinner in the dust at his feet."

A short time after this he asked a friend to read hymn 483, Gadsby's Selection:

"Yes, I shall soon be landed."

He said, "How sweet! How precious! Almost as much as my weak body can bear. And

"'If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be?'

I believe I shall soon be landed where I shall drink in full draughts at the Fountain-Head. This is worth fighting and suffering for:

"'A thousand years to wait for this
Would be unutterable bliss.'

What must fruition be?" This abode with him for some time; during which he said, "Jesus is precious to me in all his characters and offices. His name is as ointment poured forth. The poet expresses it exactly (repeating the hymn through):

"'How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,' &c.

I want to tell the friends how precious he is to my soul. I never exalted him half enough."

After this he recovered sufficiently to be got home from Brighton; and his desire to speak once more to his people was granted. He did not go into the pulpit, but spoke a short time from these words: "Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious." After which he administered the ordinance of the Lord's supper with great solemnity. Many present felt it would be the last time, for he was evidently ripening for glory.

He now gradually got weaker. On several occasions, while suffering excruciating pain, he said, "I deserve hell, and I have only got this. I do hope the Lord will give me patience to suffer all he sees fit to lay upon me." He was, at times, sorely tried by the enemy. He said, "Satan tries me in every way; I prove he is a mighty foe. Those who speak lightly of him do not know his power. I cannot get further than this: Lord, help me! It was the language of my soul on the day Mr. H. spoke from it; and so

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it is to-day." Once he said, "I want to ask myself and you a solemn question. This is it:

"'Pause, my soul, and ask the question:
"Art thou ready to meet God?
Am I made a real Christian,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood?'"*

Ah! Do I know anything of the efficacy of Christ's blood? As in days of old they took every man a lamb without blemish, so now do we want to know that spotless Lamb of God was sacrificed for us? These are not trifling things to talk about."

On more than one occasion, while suffering great pain of body and the enemy thrusting his fiery darts into his soul, he said, "I wish I had never been born. I do not wonder at Job's cursing the day he was born; chapter vii. is my daily experience." He often spoke of Job as having been his brother in affliction. Several times during his illness, when almost overwhelmed, he cried out, "Hold out, Faith and Patience!" At another time he said, "Not forsaken!" I had almost sunk; but those two words dropped sweetly into my soul and revived me. What a mercy his hand is stretched out still! Do read Isa. lxii. Several hymns were very sweet to him; among them were 992, 732.

About ten days before the Lord took him to himself, and after a season of darkness and trial, these words were spoken with power to his soul: "Arise ye, and depart; for this is not your rest, because it is polluted." Isa. lx. was very sweet to him at that time, especially verse 20. Also Isa. lii. 2. He was enabled to speak for some time of the Lord's gracious dealings. During the day he had asked, "What is heaven?" Now he said, "This is heaven let down into my soul. It will not be long before it will be said of poor Phillips, 'The days of his mourning are ended.' Ah! There will be no night there; but I shall for ever bask in the sunshine of his love. I shall fully experience Ps. cvii.; for he is about to bring me to my desired haven; and when I get there he shall never hear the last of it. I have known a little of both sides of religion. Satan has, at times, tried me above measure, and my bodily afflictions have been great; but

"'The joy prepared for suffering saints
Will make amends for all.'"

After this he fainted from exhaustion. The next day, about noon, the Lord again powerfully broke in upon his soul, and, as well as his feeble strength would permit, he sang Pope's Ode, several times repeating, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" He said, "The Lord has taken away the sting of death! Bless his precious name! Yes, hell is vanquished!"

* About forty-one years ago a quantity of spoiled sheets of my father's hymns were used in a cheesemonger's shop in St. Giles's, London. A stranger went into the shop to purchase some cheese or bacon. It was wrapped up for him in a piece of paper containing part of the above hymn. He read it; and the Holy Spirit so fastened the words upon his conscience that they were the means of convincing him of his state as a sinner, and ultimately of realizing the substance of verse 3.—J. G.

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He then took an affectionate leave of every member of the family separately, after which he said to those that were supporting him, "Now you must help me sing;" and, in a clear voice, to their great surprise, he sang:

"Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

Soon after this the Lord again hid his face, and the dear sufferer was left to the buffetings of the enemy for three or four days, which to him seemed almost as many months. But the clouds dispersed, and he said, "I feel my affections going out after the Lord; but no word has been applied to my soul. I am not yet in despair;" and shortly afterwards he said, "I am black, but comely; yes, black as the tents of Kedar; but it is Christ instead of me is seen."

A day or two before he died he said, "Ps. xxiii. has been made precious to me;" and he repeated it through. After this he said, "I am in the land of Meshech. Woe is me!

"'Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in every part,
What evils do I see!'"

The evening before his decease he said to a friend, "I am overwhelmed with the goodness of God. Do you know what it is to be overwhelmed?" About midnight he said, "I am full! I am full! Help me! Help me to praise him!" This he said again an hour or two later; after which he said but little, being apparently unconscious the greater part of the time.

About one o'clock, p.m., he fell asleep in Jesus so quietly that those around could scarcely tell when he ceased to breathe.

His faith and patience, love and zeal,
Have made his memory dear;
Do thou, O Lord, the prayers fulfil,
He offer'd for us here.

J. NEWTON.

THOMAS JACKSON.—On March 1st, aged 44, Thomas Jackson, a member at Frederick-Street, Birmingham.

In giving an account of the life and death of dear departed friends, it is almost impossible to give that account as they themselves could have given it had they been led to pen the various exercises of mind and changes of soul through which they had to pass.

Though the churches of the present day are very far from what one could desire to see them, God has a few souls in Sardis who desire the spiritual prosperity of the church of Christ, who want to see in others and feel in themselves more of the unction, power, love, and efficacy of the blood of the Son of God; to enjoy the electing love of the Father, and feel more sweetly and blessedly the work of the holy and eternal Spirit in his quickening, renewing, drawing, and reproving operations. To this class of persons belonged the subject of this obituary. While he lived

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he feared God above many, and showed, by a tender and humble spirit, that he was born of God. In 1870 he had an inward persuasion that he might not live long, and therefore penned the following:

"My dear Wife,—I first became acquainted with the 'Gospel Standard' in 1852. Since then my soul has been much blessed in seeing my past experience traced out. I cannot forget the Lord's mercy and everlasting love to me. It was grace that taught my soul to pray at first, and grace has kept me hoping in electing love up to this time, and I am led to look back upon the way by which the Lord has led me.

"When a boy, my father took me to hear a good old man preach at Dudley. When we got home, my parents were talking about what the old man had said respecting this world being ruined through Adam's sin, and how Jesus Christ was born into the world and laid in a manger. I believe the Lord loved me then; for I felt my heart and soul were like wax before the fire, my eyes overflowing with tears. I could not tell what manner of love the Father had bestowed upon me; and ever since then the fear of God has been before my eyes.

"After this I was left to follow the world and its vanities, to attend fairs, of which I was fond, and to give vent to the wickedness of my heart. Still I was troubled about my soul, believing there was a heaven and a hell. Sometimes, when going about my work, I used to be very much troubled about my eternal state, feeling myself a poor lost sinner; and I used to attend chapel, hoping to get ease to my troubled conscience. I went from one chapel to another, but could get nothing to satisfy the ardent desires of my soul. I had to see to the locking up of the premises where I worked, and after the men had left I was alone. These were times when I used to pour out my heart, which was full of complaints, to the Lord, who knew all my burdens and troubles. My prayer was for him to have mercy upon me when I should die. At these seasons, before going on my knees, Satan tempted me to believe that it was of no use for me to pray to a holy God; and though I did not yield to the temptation altogether, yet I used to tremble when on my knees, lest Satan should destroy me and take me to hell. I can now see that the Lord took notice of me then and rebuked Satan and comforted me a little in my mind. I still felt that in my wicked heart dwelt all manner of evils; which caused me to groan to the Lord. I remember hearing these words preached from: 'Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness. There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' They rested upon my spirit, and I felt that would be my end; but, through the long forbearance of God, I was spared. One evening I went with my brother to a Baptist chapel. As I was going there these words were much impressed upon my mind:

"'Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.'

"I went into the chapel and got into a corner; but the words were so powerfully with me that I could not keep them to myself. I rose from my seat and said the words aloud. The eyes of all the people were upon me. However, they sang the verse; but before they had finished singing it I trembled and was ready to drop; and when the singing was ended I fell on my knees like one ready to perish. I could do nothing but groan and sigh to a holy God for pardoning mercy. I knew I had many times sinned against Christ; but he appeared to my mind as one able to save to the uttermost. I was like a little child. I felt love to

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the dear Lord, who had put it into my poor downcast soul to call upon his name; and I then felt peace, that peace of which he speaks in his word: 'My peace I leave with you; my peace give I unto you.'"

This is all he put down in writing.

For some time before his death he had been in a poor state of health. Last October, being myself very ill, and apparently nigh unto death, the friends held a special prayer meeting, to ask God to restore me. My dear departed brother was one who engaged in prayer, and he told the Lord that, if consistent with his holy will, he would rather die himself than I should. I have been struck to see how the Lord has answered his prayer in restoring me and taking him to glory. Living a few miles from Birmingham, he could not always meet with the people at Frederick Street. On Sunday, Feb. 25th, he was at the chapel, Dudley, where one of Mr. Philpot's sermons was read; after which he was requested to conclude the service with prayer, which he did, and his wife noticed his prayer was unusually solemn. The next Friday he was taken very ill, and died the following Friday.

When taken ill, he felt very dark in his mind. I went to see him on the Monday after he was taken ill. He seemed distressed; but after hearing 1 Pet. i. read, and prayer, he said, "That is the best wine I have had for a long time;" and he was sweetly melted in soul. He most affectionately blessed me and my dear wife, who was with me, sent his love to the friends, and seemed to take a last look at us, as if thoroughly conscious that he was about to launch into eternity.

After this season of refreshing, the Lord kept his mind stayed on himself; but, on account of the excessive pain which he suffered, he was not able to speak much. He exhorted his youngest son to attend where the truth is preached, prayed much for the Lord to come and fetch him, and continued longing to die and be with Christ, until his ransomed soul fled into the bosom of eternal love.

Much more might be said both of his sorrows and joys, but I will not trespass further upon your pages.

J. DENNETT.

JOHN HEMMINGS.—On Oct. 26th, 1871, aged 72, John Hemmings, of Faringdon, and member of Providence Chapel. He was a tried and exercised man, and a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ for many years. He loved a free-grace gospel, and those who loved the same. Religion with him was a reality and not formality. I own him as the instrument in the Lord's hands of bringing me out from the general profession of the day, through putting a sermon of dear Mr. Philpot's into my hands. He was to me, as dear Mr. Philpot said in some of his writings, "that it was sweet to have a bosom friend." His memory will be always sweet to me.

For the last two years of his life he was not able to do much work, and it could be seen that his constitution was breaking up. When I have met him in the street I have said, "John, you feel the mud-wall cottage shake?" He said, "Ah, I do! But it is wonderful how the Lord supports me. Some of the Lord's people's tabernacles are taken down at a stroke, and some a pin at a time."

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The last time I saw him at the chapel, which was on Oct. 8th, Mr. Farvis was supplying. He put his stick on the bit of ground where he said he should like to be buried, and there, according to his wish, he was interred by Mr. Doe on the 31st.

I saw him several times while he kept his bed, which was not for long. I always found him, when I went to see him, in a stayed frame of mind. I said to him on one occasion, "The truths you have lived on will do to die by; the same Jesus and the same gospel." "Ah! They will," he replied. The last day he was on earth I saw him three hours before he died, with the death-dew on his face. I asked him how his mind was. He said:

"'The darkest cloud hope pierces through,
And waits upon the Lord.'"

And added, "Father of heaven, how wondrous is thy love." I wished him farewell. His son-in-law was with him when he died. He said to him, "What a grand coronation day that will be when body and soul will be united together." He said, "I will crown him Lord of all." These were nearly his last words.

We have lost a consistent member. His whole heart and soul were with our little cause. What he was he was by the grace of God, which I would desire to exalt in him and not the creature; and may we be enabled to live the life and die the death of John Hemmings.

Faringdon. H. T.

SARAH HINGSTON.—On Feb. 7th, at Tolmers Square, Euston Road, aged 85, Sarah Hingston.

She had been in the old beaten path of tribulation for many years, and has left both a living and a dying testimony behind her of whom she was and to whom she is gone. She was a hearer of Mr. Huntington's and Mr. Henry Fowler's, and a regular attendant at Gower Street chapel up to the time of her decease. I have known her as a God-fearing woman (one whose heart was really troubled by the grace of God) for 35 years; and it is with a pleasing confidence I make this record of such an aged saint. She was one of the quiet, retiring, fearing-to-presume ones, often saying:

"O, could I but believe,
Then all would easy be."

She was a humble walker, and had an abiding sense of her own helplessness and the depravity of her heart by nature, and was an ardent lover of the truth as it is in Jesus. She was too much in "Doubting Castle," and held too mean an opinion of herself to be able to go forward to join any particular community of Christians on earth, and yet was a true disciple of the blessed Jesus, a member of the church of Christ, as many can testify.

This dear old pilgrim had a heart large enough for all in whom she could discern the image of the Saviour. She used to deplore the divisions existing among God's people, which, she considered, sprang chiefly from some of them having too great an opinion of themselves; and said she could find plenty of big people but very few little ones.

She had a trying path to travel in former years, and many were the most marked answers of the Lord to her prayers. I have wept many times at the goodness of the Lord in hearing her relate them, both in providence and in grace. A more unselfish person I have never known.

Towards the close she was unable to talk much. Her mind, however, was quiet and peaceful. On one occasion she said, "I want the Lord to prepare me and take me home," ascribing it all to grace, free grace, from first to last. The night previous to her spirit returning to God

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who gave it, she attempted to stand up on the bed, leaning forward as if to reach something, and uttered these words: "Don't you see the gates of heaven opening? They are waiting to receive me, I am going there." After this she could only whisper, and fell asleep in the arms of her Lord the following night.

London, Feb. 20, 1872. H. D.

WILLIAM HANCOCK.—At Malmesbury, March 11th, aged 77, William Hancock.

I have often heard my dear father say he was the ringleader in every sort of wickedness, until the Lord was pleased to stop him in his mad career, which was in 1824, in the following way: Whilst driving past a churchyard in Hertfordshire, he saw the word "Eternity" so emblazoned on a tombstone that it followed him night and day, and caused him to come out from and for ever leave his old companions; and I recollect hearing my dear mother say she wondered what was come to him; for the first Saturday night he came home sober and early, instead of late and intoxicated.

But the word was gone forth: "Come out from among them;" and truly the word was with power, enabling him to obey, and after a while to cast in his lot with the poor despised Baptists, where he gave proof of the genuineness of a work of grace on his soul by a consistent walk of upwards of 40 years. He was indeed a warm-hearted Christian, and one highly favoured with soul-blessings, more particularly after he was laid aside on a bed of affliction.

A short time before his death the dear old man groaned out, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." After lying a while apparently insensible, he awoke, and, with a pleasing smile on his countenance, exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." His prayer was almost immediately granted by his happy spirit's departure to be with his Lord. He was buried on Sunday, the 17th, by Mr. Marsh, who spoke (by his request) whilst his body lay in the chapel, from 1 Pet. i. 5, and bore a sweet testimony to the solemn union of soul that existed between them, and when at the grave he lifted up his clear voice and as a lasting tribute and honest testimony to the dear departed one exclaimed, "I now commit his body to the dust in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection;" and the writer can truly say they found a sweet echo in his soul, and seemed as though they pierced the skies and re-echoed in heaven.

Southsea. FRANCIS HANCOCK.

THERE is a lawful filial fear of God's judgments, which ariseth from the consideration of the evil of sin and of God's righteousness, of his hatred of sin and his wrath against it; which fear produceth repentance, self-examination, a turning to God with our whole hearts, through reformation, and an endeavour to secure ourselves in God's covenant, and to hide ourselves. (Prov. xxii. 3.) A striving to get into Christ, and to get clear evidence of God's love to us in Christ. There is a base slavish fear of approaching evils, arising from our misapprehension of God; producing in us unworthy thoughts, sinking into despondency, and inciting to murmuring and impatience, and putting us upon sinful shifts, the use of unlawful means to prevent or escape dangers; a fear of despondency, a vexatious, distracting fear, that drives from God, and unfits for service; a tormenting, disquieting fear, that unsettles and discomposeth our minds, disturbs our peace, suspends our acts of faith, and disposeth us to diffidence, distrust, and impatience; this is the fear that Christ would not have his people's hearts troubled with.—*Bunyan.*

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

JULY, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

GOD'S MINDFULNESS OF THE POOR.

BY MR. HAZLERIGG.

"When the poor and needy seek water."—ISA. xli. 17, 18.

JOHN BUNYAN, in his letter to the flock over which the Lord had given him the oversight, writes, "My little children, the milk and honey are beyond the wilderness." This is true in more senses than one. The wilderness of this life must be entirely passed through, before the full sweetness and blessedness of the land of promise can be enjoyed; and through wilderness experiences in the soul and circumstances the foretastes and first-fruits are to be possessed; for through much tribulation we must enter experimentally into the kingdom of God. In our text this truth is set before us in figurative language. We have the children of God in the wilderness, and in extremities; and there we have God, according to eternal covenant love, appearing for them, and turning the wilderness into a fruitful field. The God of promise visits his people in their wilderness condition, and beneath his hand the wilderness rejoices and blossoms as the rose.

In our text we have four parts:

I. The *character* of whom these things are said, concerning whom the promises are made,—*the poor and needy man.*

II. The *state and condition* of this poor and needy man, as contemplated in the text. He seeks water, there is none, and consequently *his tongue faileth for thirst.*

III. The Lord's *mindfulness* of this man in his low estate: "I, the Lord, will hear him; I, the God of Israel, will not forsake him."

IV. What the Lord will *finally do* for this man: "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys," &c.

I. The *character.*

It is exceedingly important, in considering any portion of Scripture in which character is noticed, to pay attention to that character, and obtain a clear, definite perception as to who is really meant by the Holy Ghost. If this is neglected, the dogs take the children's bread, and the children are destroyed for lack of knowledge. We shall, therefore, commence by attempting to scrip-

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turally describe the character in our text, the poor and needy man. And first, let us consider him as a *poor* man. This, of course, means poor in spirit; as the Lord Jesus expounds it: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." And we must just notice here a distinction between the man spiritually poor, and poor in spirit. The spiritually poor man is the natural man who lacks the work of God's Spirit upon his soul; he has no life, no grace, no faith, hope, or love; no portion in Jesus the Son of Jesse; consequently he has no eyes to see, and heart properly to feel his destitute condition. But the man poor in spirit has the light and life of God's Spirit in his soul. Hence he sees and feels his poor and miserable state and condition, and thus becomes poor in spirit, little and low in his own eyes; but, beneath it all, he has the beginning of the kingdom of heaven in him. Now, this poor man is abundantly noticed in Scripture. The Lord, when he inspired holy men to write the Scriptures, had his eye upon this poor man. To this man he looks, and about him he writes again and again in the Bible. He knows him by name, and calls him by name, and claims him as his own, in the pages of inspiration. He notices his enemies, he notices his afflictions, he notices his conduct in the midst of his trials,—how he cries to God, expects help from God only, waits upon God, and commits himself unto God; and the Lord declares how really blessed his state is; for, "God of his goodness has prepared for the poor;" and "this poor man cries, and the Lord hears him, and delivers him from all his troubles."

But let us proceed to consider this poor man's characteristics. An old author remarks, "Who so poor as he that has not where to lay his head?" This is spiritually the case with the poor man of the text; he can find no resting-place for his spirit, in himself or in the creature. What was true literally of the Lord Jesus when upon earth is true spiritually of that man in whose heart Jesus begins to live by his Spirit; he can find in nature nowhere to lay his head. The man's righteousness becomes no refuge for his soul; he cannot rest in good deeds, good tempers, good frames.

"His own bad heart creates him smart
Which only God can know."

The lusts which are the natural man's life and chosen companions become his plague and abhorrence, and, consequently, he cannot find a resting-place for his wounded, wearied spirit, until he is able to come out of himself, and find repose in Christ Jesus. Happy man, thus to be unhoused; happy man, to feel the fretting leprosy in that which is merely of the flesh; happy man, who is thus made poor in spirit! For when we fail, Christ receives us into everlasting habitations.

But we may set forth this man's poverty in other ways. Who poorer than the man who is destitute of money, food, raiment, yea, all possessions? But this is the case with the poor man of our text. Hungry and thirsty, and destitute of bread to strengthen

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his heart, and even water to quench his thirst, his soul faints within him; naked, stripped of all righteousness in which to stand before the judgment-seat of God, he flies to the Rock for a shelter; devoid, as to his flesh or old nature, of faith, he feels his unbelief; of hope, he sinks into despondency; of love, he groans under a sense of his enmity to God and goodness; without one thought that's good to plead, he feels that if anything is required of him, whereby he must himself please and satisfy a holy God, he must perish everlastingly. Such is the impoverished state and condition of this man, poor in spirit. But, further, his case is worse than what has been hitherto represented; he is also in his feelings an insolvent debtor; owing God, his great and just Creditor, five hundred pence, or ten thousand talents, rather, with nothing to pay. He believes in his heart, and feels in his conscience, that God is a just God, rightly demanding of his creature man, worship, service, and complete obedience. But he has sinned, and fallen short of God's most just requirements; "forgat God, his Maker;" broken his righteous law, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is over all, God blessed for ever, and rightly demanding, and justly worthy, of the full and continued allegiance of his rational creatures. O! He feels himself a debtor to God, a vile, fraudulent debtor; a sinner, and most justly liable to eternal wrath, which he is persuaded must come upon him to the uttermost, unless he can obtain a just discharge from God's prison-house, a full and complete deliverance from all his debts.

Such are some of the feelings of this poor man; homeless, naked, penniless, insolvent, whither shall he go? To what kind hand can he have recourse? Like David, he looks on his right hand, and in this matter no man, no creature, can know or help his soul. Jesus, and Jesus only, can do such a poor man as this good. To him he looks, on him waits, to him he cries; and if Jesus makes as though he heard him not, he becomes in his feelings like one who goes down into the pit. Such is the poor man whom Christ secretly blesses.

But we will a little further notice some of the things which tend to make and keep this man poor in spirit.

1. A due and sanctified remembrance of a man's past sins will tend both to make him poor and keep him so. The Lord has said that he will reprove sinners, and set their evil deeds in order before their eyes; this he fulfils in this life unto his people, for judgment begins at the house of God; and when the Spirit of God is come, he convinces God's people's hearts of sin. Then the law unfolds its righteous requirements, and forbids all iniquity, and threatens with death the transgressor; and then a man's sins are arrayed before the eye of conscience according to that law which is broken by them. And not only are sins of unregeneracy thus set before the eye of awakened conscience, but sins of obstinacy, perverseness, folly, and backsliding, sins against light, knowledge, judgments, mercies, and warnings since the Lord has dealt with

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the soul, are also set home upon the conscience; and the sinner is made to feel, not only that it was a bitter thing to sin as in unregeneracy against a God of creation, but an exceeding bitter and evil thing to sin against a God of mercy and grace. Just as it was an exceeding evil thing for Israel of old to sin as they did against the God of their fathers, as he led them by the way,

2. A spiritual opening up of the evil of a man's heart will tend to make and keep him poor in spirit. To become really acquainted with a man's own self as he is by nature, there must be a new nature implanted. Flesh and blood cannot reveal in a true light the corruption of fallen human nature to a man. These things are all spiritually discerned, where profitably discerned. Nature can make some natural discoveries of the flaw in human nature, but grace in the heart alone can make saving discoveries. A man must be born again to see the kingdom of heaven in Christ, and the mystery of iniquity—the kingdom of Satan, and sin, and darkness in self; and thus, through the doors of a double discovery, enter the kingdom of heaven. But all this discovering work is very humbling. To be shown under divine teachings that in us (our flesh) there dwells no good thing; that fallen nature is a body of sin and death, opposed to God, prone to evil, averse to God and the things of God, inclining always to iniquity, these things are very lowering, and tend to impoverish the spirit, or make and keep a man low and little in his own eyes.

3. A man's failures in duties will tend to make and keep him poor in spirit. What a debt of love, gratitude, obedience, self-devotion he owes to the God of all his mercies; to the Father, who chose him unto the adoption of a child to the God of heaven, the Father of glory; to the Son, who redeemed him by priceless blood on Calvary, and presents him faultless in himself before the eyes of infinite and eternal purity; to the Holy Spirit, who has quickened him from his death in trespasses and sins, turned him from darkness unto light and his feet from the ways of sin and ruin to the paths of safety and of God. "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" becomes, under a due sense of these things, the question of his heart. "Lord, I am indeed a debtor to thee, the God of mercy and grace, and a debtor to thy creatures also, according to the gifts, capacities, and relationships bestowed upon me. My Father, my God, my King, my Lord, my All, to thee I owe the most perfect allegiance, the most constant self-devoting obedience, not only as my Creator, but through the sevenfold more binding obligations of mercy, redemption, and grace. Yea, and I feel myself, in some degree, as thy apostle represents, a debtor both to the Greeks and the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise; for I am far from believing or wishing that thy divine grace should dissolve all ties of duty even to my fellow-men. Lord, as a child of thine, I would adorn thy doctrine, and walk in all respects orderly, fulfilling all natural and supernatural obligations, not for wrath, but for love and conscience' sake." But here the spirit, when right, is wil-

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ling, but the flesh is weak. We would do good, but evil is present with us; the good which we would we do not. O wretched men that we are! How little grateful, how selfish and undevoted, how sensual and unheavenly, grovelling upon earth, fond of these empty toys, careful about trifles, overwhelmed with a multitude of great-seeming vanities! Sin is mixed with all we do; our prayers, what poor, cold, half-hearted prayers; our praises, what languid performances. Did God look sometimes at our prayers as they are, he might rather count them as requests not to do what we are asking for,—so much insincerity, so little earnestness is in them. Did he hear our praises, unaccompanied with the music of the bells of the high priest's garment, he might rather count them as a cold manifestation of thankless contempt than real praises. Measure our prayers by what they should be in such needy creatures depending only upon God; measure our praises by what they should be to a God of such infinite mercies; measure our gratitude, love, trust, devotion, obedience, by what they should be; our hearings, readings, attendance on ordinances, by what they should be; our performance of family duties, worldly duties, by what they should be; and surely we shall cry, "O poor prayers, poor praises, poor hearings, poor performances, and poor, poor wretch, who carriest about from day to day a body of sin and death, defiling all, marring all!" O, surely these things tend to keep a man, that has in his heart a sense of them, poor in spirit, less than nothing and vanity in his own esteem.

4. Satan's assaults, and fiery darts, and frequent prevalence, in one way or another, will tend to make and keep us poor in spirit. He tempts us, and again and again he gains partial and temporary advantage over us. "Gad, a troop shall overcome him;" and Satan does overcome us, not only by force, but fraud. Some he prevails against by tempting them to grosser sins; their natures, perhaps, being peculiarly open to these attacks. He lays wait for them, he proposes that which is suitable to their corrupt flesh unto them; they are entangled in affection; conscience cries out; then the wicked one will come in, and speak of gospel mercy, yea, of how God's people have sinned and recovered; and thus he weakens resistance, until the will yields, and lust has conceived and brings forth sin, and a dart strikes through the liver, and anguish seizes the heart. Some he attacks in quite a different way. He tempts them to cast away their confidence; distrust God, in spite of manifested mercy, goodness, and care; to deny the good hand of God upon them, and murmuringly exclaim, "If God were for us, would things be so with us? Can he be our tender Father? No; we were mistaken; we made a vain boast in God; we deceived ourselves and deceived others; God cannot be amongst us; nay, perhaps there is no God, but all men are liars." Others he tempts to pride and carnal security. Their mountains, they think, stand strong, and though in lip they say by God's favour, the eye is less upon that favour than the firmness of the mountain in itself. Thus

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in various ways Satan ensnares the soul by temptations; then he will harass it by accusations:

"Ifs, buts, and hows are hurl'd
To sink us with the gloom
Of all that's dismal in this world
Or in the world to come."

He tells us our sins cannot be forgiven, they are so great, so unprecedented; not only against law but gospel; yea, unpardonable; God will not hear our prayers; God will make us spectacles upon earth, and monuments of wrath hereafter; and if we speak of Christ's blood, and God's mercies, and so on, then he casts in, "If thou art a son of God. But is it so? Can it be so? Have God's sons such hearts and such ways? And does he deal so hardly with them?" And when he has fastened this *if* upon the heart, the hands hang down, and he leads us off captives; "He does catch the poor when he gets him into this net." Then he will at other times pour in his blasphemies against the Lord,—horrid, preposterous, deadly injections. We read in the Revelation of the beast inspirited by the devil opening his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name and his tabernacle and them that dwell in heaven. Thus the devil and the flesh together can pour forth upon the heart of a poor child of God floods of horrid and dreadful thoughts, every one of which, and they are legion, is felt by the poor distressed soul to deserve a hell. Well, all these snares, accusations, assaults, fiery darts of Satan tend to humble a man into the dust; for, even as to the blasphemous assaults, if we can see, which we cannot for a time, that God does not charge us, but Satan and the flesh (now dead and buried on account of its sin with Christ) with the guilt of these things, yet what hearts must ours be by nature that these fiery darts can kindle upon them,—that this venom of hell can infect and rankle in them! O how foolish must we be in ourselves who can be again and again so tricked by Satan's temptations, and taken by his delicious baits of sin; how weak must we be who can be so overthrown by his accusations and his *ifs*, and robbed of our blessed confidence; and how deadly must our own carnal nature be that can become thus filled with raging blasphemies beneath the deadly breathings of the wicked one, who sets the heart thus, as it were, on fire from hell. O, surely these things duly seen and felt must make a man poor in spirit, vile, contemptible, worthless in his own eyes.

5. Long-continued trials, particularly if of varied kinds, will tend to make and keep us poor in spirit. Sometimes, though by no means always, a child of God will go bravely into a new trial or adverse circumstances. So it was with Job. Hear him at first: "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; but still blessed be the name of the Lord." "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" Here, indeed, is a Christian hero! But then time, as well as trial, greatly wears poor Job out in the long run. He never curses his God as Satan wished; still he

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cursed his day and maintained his own righteousness, though in so doing he justified himself rather than God, implying that Job was more just than his Maker. Job had acted as a just, upright man, his Maker as a sovereign, to whom there could be no saying, What doest thou? Thus Job's patience was greatly worn out by his long-continued trials; still the issue was good in God's gracious hands. Job's self-righteous spirit received a deadly wound, and that upright man became thoroughly poor in spirit: "Behold, I am vile," and "repent in dust and ashes." Long-continued trials and afflictions will work pretty much so with us, as well as Job; they wear out that which is merely natural about our faith, integrity, and patience, and they make us see and feel what poor, weak, worthless creatures we are in ourselves. Thus they tend to make us poor in spirit.

6. Our convictions of sin will tend to make and keep us poor in spirit in another way than has yet been noticed, even by our sense and feeling of their defectiveness. We see so much hardness, profaneness, and insensibility to sin about us, feel our sins and godly mourning over them so little, compared with what their greatness and aggravations seem to demand, that sometimes we wonder whether ours are convictions of sin of a right sort at all. We are not ignorant, indeed, that we do feel the guilt of our sins, and mourn over them in some degree; but are ours natural or spiritual convictions? Are they such as accompany salvation? If they were so, would they not be more intense? Should we not be shaken in soul more over hell? Should we not feel more of a broken heart than we do? Could there be so much carelessness, levity, stupidity, insensibility about us, if we were really by the Spirit of God convinced of sin? Thus, dissatisfaction with the degree of our convictions prevents our becoming proud of them, and keeps us poor in spirit. We are in convictions, as in all else, part flesh, part spirit,—partly hard, cold, blind, false, dead, and partly feeling, sincere, tender, broken; but from what is real we cannot be satisfied with ourselves, because we thereby discern how inadequate our convictions, sorrows, repentings are. Thus, God keeps us low, and from the deadly snare of resting in or being proud of our convictions, which is a snare that some who will talk a good deal about sins, darkness, &c. &c., do not escape. The fact is, God will let his own people rest in nothing but coming out of themselves into Christ. Their rest is venturing to be nought; they cannot be pleased or satisfied with anything in or of themselves; and thus they are driven as well as drawn out of the flesh into Christ Jesus as all in all. Divine teachings are

"All to make us
Sick of self and fond of him;"

poor in spirit and prizing Jesus.

7. Lastly. Manifestations of mercy, revelations of God in the face of Christ, sweet and bright shinings of the God of glory in upon our souls, all these things tend in their own proper working to make and keep us poor in spirit. Indeed, these things

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crown and confirm our poverty of spirit. Never do we feel less in self than when God manifests the riches of his grace in Jesus to us. When we dance before the ark, we are ready to make ourselves yet more vile, not by abusing grace and sinning, but by humbling and abasing ourselves before the Lord, and proclaiming to all around how vile and worthless we, the receivers of so much mercy, are, and how rich, sovereign, and free is that grace which could visit and take compassion upon such abject wretches as we are. Do we see our eternal election of God? This brings us on our knees before the Lord with,

"Why me, why me, O blessed God;
Why such a wretch as me?"

Like Abraham in days of old, we laugh a laugh of holy joy and gladness in our hearts, at the same time as we fall on our faces before the Lord. Are we enabled to thrust the hand of faith into the side of Jesus and say, "My Lord and my God, who loved me and died for me?" We marvel at his dying love, and cry,

"And did the Holy and the Just,
The Sovereign of the skies,
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty worms might rise?

"He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead;
For me,—O miracle of grace!
For me the Saviour bled."

Have we a humble hope that the blessed Spirit has begun a good work in our souls, dwells in our hearts, and is engaged in bringing us to Jesus? We cry,

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
While thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

"Dear Lord, and shall thy Spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling, glorious Guest;
Favour astonishing, divine."

Thus our songs are sweet, yet humbling. Burning seraphim vail face and foot with their wings as they proclaim the praises of the Three-One God, the Holy One of Israel; so when our views are brightest and our hearts are warmest, self-glorification sinks the lowest:

"Self-abasing, Christ adoring,
To the Lord our songs arise."

Thus we have attempted to describe the character of the text in respect to his spiritual poverty; but he is not only said to be poor, but needy; and this last word still further marks and distinguishes him. A needy man must be a living man. A dead man, before he can be properly said to have necessities, must be quickened and made to live; then he stands in need of food and raiment, and various other things. So it is spiritually. Before a man can really need the things which God has treasured up in

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Christ for the poor, he must be quickened into divine life by the Spirit; then he needs the bread of life, the water of life, and various other blessed things which are to be derived out of the fulness of Christ Jesus. And it is a most comfortable consideration for the man who really needs Jesus,—needs his blood to cleanse his guilty defiled conscience, his righteousness to clothe his spiritually naked person, his Spirit to adorn his heart with those sweet graces and fruits of righteousness which he cannot find in himself, that Jesus's need may, in a scriptural sense, be said to have preceded his. The Lord, be sure, has need of the man, or the man would never have been made to see and feel his need of the Lord. As the Mediator and second Adam, Christ has need of the church, as well as the church need of Jesus. This is one of the sweet mysteries of God's love. He has bound up in one bundle of life the Lord Jesus and his people; they cannot, they must not be separated. We may with reverence say it would not be good for the second Adam to be alone; the paradise of God as well as the paradise of Adam must have its Eve; that is, the church has need indeed of Jesus; but this proceeds in the wonderful ordination of God from things having been so ordered and arranged that the second Adam has need of the church; for "neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man in the Lord." These things are calculated, when applied, to be wonderfully encouraging and cheering to the poor and needy. We have need of Jesus; what then? Jesus in the ordination of God has need of us. Our felt necessity demonstrates this. May we, then, drawn by the cords of his own most sweet love and grace, go to him. This is his own Spirit's work. He makes us needy, he leads to Jesus, he gives us to draw out of his all fulness, grace according to the grace that is for the needy in him.

(*To be continued.*)

Reconciliation implies that there was a former friendship. There were once good terms between God and man. There was a time wherein they lovingly met and conversed together. Man loved God and was beloved by Him, till man left his first love and broke out into rebellion against him. God pronounced all his creatures good, and man at the last "*very* good," with an emphasis. A God of infinite goodness could not hate his creature which was an extract of his own image. Man had the law of God engraven upon his heart, and therefore in that state could not hate God, while he was guided by that law of righteousness and exact goodness in himself. Thus was man, God's favourite above all creatures of the lower world, styled his son. (Luke iii. 38.) But how quickly did he prove a parricide, and a quarrel was commenced between God and him! Now, reconciliation is a piecing up of a broken amity, and a reglutination (a bringing together) of those affections which were disjoined. And the miracle of this reconciliation made by God in Christ excels the former friendship. *That* might be broken off, as we find by woful experience it was; *this* as to some acts and fruit may be interrupted, not abolished; as the beams of the sun, it may be clouded, but the influence of the sun cannot be eclipsed.—*Charnock.*

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THE LATE MRS. GORTON.

My dear wife, Eliza Gorton, was born in Jamaica, April 21st, 1799. Her mother died in about a month after her child was born. In about a year the child had the small-pox. Her father thought he should lose her; but she got well, though she was weakly. Her father consequently sent her to England; but he never lived to see her return to Jamaica. He died about five years after his wife. Eliza was then sent from England to Jamaica to live with her uncle, Sir M. B. Clare; and it was in Jamaica the Lord was pleased first to convince her of her state as a sinner. This was when she was about 23 years old. I now refer to what she wrote with her own hand: "Dec., 1823, I was on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Page, who resided in a low mountain in Jamaica, where it never was too hot in the hottest season of the year; and on that account my uncle used to send me there every year to escape the greatest heat of the climate, I being in a bad state of health. When there, I never attended a place of worship, because the distance was too great; but Mr. Page used to read the Church Morning Service; and one Sunday, when he had concluded, he observed to me that there was one thing in the Apostles' Creed he could not give his assent to, viz., the resurrection of the body. I was surprised; for I had never given it a thought whether I believed it or not, supposing that repeating it was all that was required. I was no Bible reader; for about twelve years I do not remember opening it; but one Sunday night, before the Lord met with me, I read a chapter, and I thought I should never arrive at the end of it, it seemed so dry and uninteresting. However, I told Mr. Page that I did not know, but I thought it must be the body that was raised; for the soul never died. Still, not placing dependence on what I thought, I said I should like to see a book that treated on the subject. His wife, his wife's mother, and his own mother were present when I made the remark. His wife's mother went shortly after to visit a relative who lent her a book. But I should say in the meantime, the weather being unfavourable for walking, I was obliged to remain in the house; and lighting upon a Bible with the Apocrypha in it, which I had long wished to see, because, just after I left school, grandmamma, who read the psalms and the lesson for the day, was reading in the Book of Wisdom, and I thought to myself what nice rules of conduct it contained; which made me wish very much to read it myself; so that I took the Bible into my bedroom and began reading it; but I had not read far when I was obliged to put it down, my sins flashed upon my mind, and my Babel-building was all thrown down, and I was convicted as a sinner against God; it was against *God* I was a sinner. I had often confessed myself in church a miserable sinner with my lips; but at this time I felt myself to be one in deed and of a truth; and the sense of it filled my soul with dismay and trouble. I paced up and down the dining-room like a mad crea-

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ture, and every now and then ran into my room to weep; sad evil thoughts assailing my mind the while. I tried to learn portions of scripture, hoping by that means to get rid of the evil thoughts; and while I was in this state Mrs. Page's mother put the book into my hand, saying, 'You will find in this book what you wished to see respecting the resurrection of the body;' but I was too distressed to look into it at that time.

"One day these words came to me as if a voice had spoken them: 'I will cleanse thee from all thine idols.' The words seemed to portend trouble; and I ran from room to room to try to get rid of them; but still they followed me; and I did not know till four years after that they were in the Bible. Mr. Page took me down to Spanish Town; and, when I arrived at my uncle's, my aunt came to meet me and kissed me. I burst into a flood of tears. I could not bear kindness; it overwhelmed me; and when my uncle smiled upon me, if he had taken a knife and thrust me through I could not have felt more pain. The very blessings that surrounded me were like so many daggers to my heart. I ran into my room to escape a recurrence of his kind looks towards me; and while I was pacing up and down my room, my aunt came in, and said, 'Eliza, what *is* the matter? It is evident that something weighs heavily on your mind; it appears on your countenance.' I replied, 'I am a sinner against *God*.' She told me I was nervous, and that I should work or read. I told her I could do neither. She asked me if I had done anything more than usual since I had been at Ranger's Lodge. I answered 'No; but I am a sinner against *God*.' She then asked me if they had been kind to me. I replied, 'No one could be kinder.' She then left my room, and, having a pain in my side, I lay down on the floor, thinking the bed was too good for me; and while I lay there I prayed the first prayer from soul-necessity that I ever prayed in my life; and that was, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' And I smote on my breast from the anguish of my mind, though I really knew nothing of the publican, not being a Bible reader. My aunt came in, and made me get on the bed, and began to speak kindly to me. I begged of her not to do so, as I could not bear it. I said, 'The greatest kindness you can do me is to put me somewhere where I cannot see the light of the sun, and give me bread and water; for the blessings that surround me reproach me.' I did not close my eyes for ten days and ten nights, owing to the anguish of my mind, because I was a sinner against God; it was against *God* I was a sinner. There was the emphasis in my mind. The thought of hell never once occurred to me. The doctor's shop was next door to our house, and I could send for any medicine I liked without it being observed; and I sent from time to time for a little red lavender; lest by having a large quantity at a time I might excite suspicion, as I had heard my uncle say that a *pint* was sufficient to kill a person; and I intended when I had procured it to have taken it to put me out of my misery. But the Lord was graciously pleased to prevent me, blessed be his holy

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name, by enabling me to look in the book that had been put into my hand. I did not read far before he opened up to my mind the way of salvation, of which I had no more even head-knowledge than a new-born babe; and he caused me to hope in his mercy and spoke pardon home to my soul, through the blessed blood of atonement. 'He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him;' and, 'Be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee.' It was like a new world to me. Old things seemed to have passed away, and all things become new. I felt that I had been among them that sit in darkness and the region of the shadow of death; but a great light had arisen upon me, and I was rejoicing in the forgiving love of God; yet I felt my inbred corruptions so strong, and I had such a sight of my heart as a sink of sin, that I cried out with the apostle, 'Who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?' I felt great self-loathing, while at the same time I rejoiced in the Lord. I felt that my heart was like the dark room mentioned in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which was full of dust; but as long as the shutters were closed it was not observable; but as soon as they were opened the filth was discovered. I had heard my aunts read the 'Pilgrim's Progress' when a little child, and was very much excited by it, but looked upon it as a common story.

"I was not under a gospel ministry when the Lord met with me. Indeed, I had not been under any ministry for nine months, having been ill for six months, and in the country for three months. I had not a single professor near me. I was in the world and of the world, and had no desire to become religious, nor was there any inducement whatever to be so; but, on the contrary, to continue worldly. I cannot doubt but that it was the Lord's work.

"Shortly after this I came to England, and stayed with Mrs. Rees, the captain's wife, until my aunt arrived from France to take me over there, my uncle having written to her for that purpose. After my aunt Clara arrived we were detained in England some time longer than we intended by pecuniary affairs that required settling. At this time the steeple cleaved to me, and I would not go where I could hear the gospel, because it was a dissenting place of worship, though my aunt wished me to go. I did not sit under the gospel for four years after the Lord met with me. There being no gospel in the place where I resided with my aunt in France, I went on Sunday mornings for a time to the French Protestant chapel; but I heard so much of the dignity of man that I was quite disgusted. It was wonderful how the Lord opened the scriptures to my mind at this time that I was deprived of the outward means. Portions were brought to my mind that I did not know that I had ever read. When I prayed, I was tempted to believe myself a hypocrite, though I had made no profession. Then, I was so wavering in my mind I feared I should never hold out to the end; but this text was a

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great encouragement to my mind: 'Shall I bring to the birth and not cause to bring forth? saith the Lord. Shall I cause to bring forth and shut up the womb? saith thy God.' Another time, I felt low in my mind, and I said, 'Lord, have mercy upon me;' and the answer I received was, 'I will have mercy and not sacrifice.' Another time, my prayer was, 'If thou wilt thou canst make me clean!' I was at this time much pursued by sin and Satan, more than I had ever been before; and I feared that the Lord was giving me over to a reprobate mind. But these two lines in Hart's hymns were a great encouragement to my mind:

"'He will never, *never* leave us,
Nor will let us quite leave him.'

My aunt Eliza was very anxious to convert me to the Romish religion; and had I gone to France before the Lord met with me, I believe she would have succeeded; for the change in her disposition was so evident that I should have thought it was the religion that had effected it, and that would have been my strongest inducement to join that communion. My aunt Eliza took me to mass twice, and lent me Romish books to read; but I often offended her when I told her my opinion of them. Amongst others she lent me the 'Life of Madame De la Mote Guion,' who, I believe, was a good woman, though hampered with many errors; for I had the Lord's presence all the time I was reading her book. She was very much persecuted by her own people on account of her religion. In her life were many penances mentioned that she had had recourse to; and there being one evil to which I had a very strong temptation, I thought I would also have recourse to a penance, in hopes that that might help me against it; but invariably when I thought of doing so, which was three several times, this scripture struck my mind with such power that I durst not think of it: 'My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness.'

"One day my aunt Eliza said to me, 'I have great hopes of seeing you a member of the true visible Church.' I said, 'I know of no true visible Church.' I only knew of the church of Christ, which I believed to be the souls of all believers. She said the Church of Rome was the true visible Church. It was proved by its antiquity; and there the conversation ended as far as I can remember.

"About this time my uncle wrote to say he wished us to go to Havre de Grace. When we were there I seldom went to church, it being only a legal ministry, or at the most only an attempt at preaching the gospel; for I thought it more profitable to read the Morning Service and Lessons, with a portion of 'Theron and Aspasio.' We were about a year and a half at Sanvie before the gospel was brought to Havre; and some time before I was very dark in my mind, and I had entreated the Lord several times to restore the light of his countenance, without receiving any answer. I thought it was useless to pray, yet I thought I would pray

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once more; and when I had finished, I opened my Bible at Luke xviii., about the unjust judge avenging the poor widow, because of her importunity; and when I came to: 'And shall not God avenge his own elect, who cry unto him day and night, though he bear long with them? Yea, I say unto you, he will avenge them, and that speedily, such light flowed into my mind, and so many precious promises, that I had a revival in my soul and a most sweet time.

"A little after this the gospel was brought to Havre by Mr. Dallas. He opened a sailor's reading room, and Mr. Palmer was engaged to come over from Honfleur to lecture every Tuesday evening. I never remember missing one of these opportunities, though I had about three miles to walk. I suppose if it had rained torrents I should have gone. The word of God was precious in those days. I have often sat with my shoes full of water, and the promises of God flowing sweetly into my mind.

"After this, with the exception of going once to church, I used to go over to Honfleur to hear Mr. Palmer on the Sunday. I went over on the Saturday, and stayed at the inn till Monday, and then returned home on the next Monday. Once when I was about to return home, they asked me to stay a month with them. As I had a bad cough, they thought the change might be beneficial. I thanked them, and said if my aunt were agreeable, I would return and avail myself of their kind invitation; so, my aunt having no objection, I went, and I spent a very happy time; for I heard much of the scriptures expounded, and there was nothing to me at that time like the scriptures. Shortly after this my aunt and uncle arrived from Jamaica, and came to see us, and went over with us to Honfleur to look for a house, and we went to reside there; which I was very glad of, because I had so many more opportunities of hearing the word, and we were often invited to drink tea at the clergyman's, and I generally found these edifying seasons, for he would frequently expound portions of scripture very sweetly; but if trifling conversation prevented, I came away disappointed. I had so much of the Lord's presence about this time that it was quite irksome to go out anywhere, and I was not satisfied till I returned home again. I longed to go to my better home, that I might have full communion.

"About this time I had severe pains in my back and head, and I remember fearing to lose the pain, lest I should lose the pleasure which the sweet presence of the Lord afforded me. I left France because our minister had been disabled from preaching about five months, and there seemed no prospect of another coming to Honfleur; although it was not more than three weeks, I believe, after I left, that Mr. Aubury came there, which, if I had had any idea of, I should have remained, he being a gospel minister. When I came to England, I went to board with Mrs. Swallow for a week, not intending to remain there; but, finding she was a Christian, I made up my mind to continue with her; and

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instead of asking for the nearest church, I asked where I could hear the truth, and I was directed to Shouldam Street Baptist chapel. I was so delighted to find myself once more in a place of worship where I could hear the gospel that I wept for joy; for I had been deprived of hearing the word for five months. I remember the text: 'My little children, I write unto you that ye sin not; but if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous!' He spoke of a Friend at court. I heard him well, and was much pleased with that observation. Mrs. Swallow and I went to hear together almost every night in the week. I had not then lost my first love. I was never so happy as when I was with the Lord's people. I would rather have had the company of a few God-fearing old women than the most courted worldly society that could be.

"One day Mrs. Rowe, a Christian friend, said she wished I would go to hear Mr. Irving, he was such a powerful preacher. She said he was preaching from the first chapter of John's gospel, and he would take the 14th verse for his text. I said I would go, for if he held the doctrine I had heard he did (but which he denied in a printed letter signed by himself and elders) he would be sure to broach it on that text; but before I set out to hear him I prayed the Lord that if I was going to hear error he would show me the fallacy of it from his own word. Mr. I. spoke of Jesus taking upon him a fallen sinful nature; and he said if he had not, where was the merit of his understanding? And many other such blasphemous assertions; and he had recourse to heathen mythology to support them. He spoke of Hercules and the serpent; and he leaned over the pulpit and said, 'Is this dishonouring to God?' I would have said, 'Yes,' if I durst. I had some distance to walk home, and all the way passages of scripture flowed into my mind, proving the fallacy of what he had said; and when I arrived at the house, I opened the book I was reading, where I had left off. The book was Dr. Owen, 'On Communion with God;' and it was as if he had heard Mr. Irving, and was refuting him. It was so much to the point that I extracted it.

"One day I felt very dark and dead, and I said to the Lord, 'Where is my life?' And I immediately received this answer: 'Thy life is hid with Christ in God.' And I thought, 'So it is, and I have been looking for it in myself.' I was groaning and sighing all the night at another time; and next day I spoke to Mrs. Rowe, and told her what I felt. She endeavoured to comfort me, but I could not take it, and was obliged to have recourse to the word of God. I read Ps. xxxvii.; and when I came to the words: 'Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him,' I thought, 'Often as I have read this psalm, I never observed these words before;' and I felt encouraged by them. That night I went to Mount Zion Chapel, and heard a man of colour from Nova Scotia. His text was: 'These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' It seemed to me that the text and sermon were both for

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me. I heard him well, and was relieved of my trouble. He seemed so full of matter, that he was like wine in a bottle wanting vent. Mrs. Rowe told me, as soon as he gave out his text, she thought it was for me, from what I had told her."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ON ENTERING UPON THE MINISTRY.

I HAVE counted the cost, I have counted the cost,
If the blood-stain'd banner's display'd;
With my God on my side, his word for my guide,
And looking to him for his aid,
I'm nothing deterr'd by the dangers incurr'd;
With his arm for my stay, his light by the way,
His presence to cheer me, I pray for the day,
I venture and am not afraid.

I have counted the cost, I have counted the cost;
Neither friendship nor foes must I hear;
But looking away from the best and the worst,
I proclaim I have nothing to fear.
Their frowns cannot hinder, their smiles not assist;
'Tis a solemn position I stand in, but blest;
I look unto Jesus to perfect the rest,
And venture in faith to draw near.

I have counted the cost, I have counted the cost;
Afflictions my glory shall be.
I have long'd for the day, yet trembled to trust,
And been tempted such trouble to flee.
But with God on my side, and his truth for my guide,
Still onward I press, let whatever betide.
He has promised to uphold, with me to abide;
'Tis in God that I trust, and am free.

I have counted the cost, I have counted the cost;
I know in the harvest there's room;
My Jesus, my God, I make only my boast,
And pray, "Dearest Lord, quickly come;
Fill my vessel with love, all my soul, Lord, inflame;
And though leaky it prove, fill again with the same;
An utterance give my tongue to proclaim
The glad news for lost sinners a home."

Still with counting the cost in Jesus I boast,
And fall at the feet of my Lord;
Depend on his Spirit for unction and power,
And savour and dew to afford;
For a sanctified memory, sanctified cares,
And crosses and joys, temptations and fears,
Enlargements, contractings, and praisings and prayers,
And a lively rich trust in his word.

Liverpool. S. G. S.

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THE LOWLY.

My dear young Brother,—I have not seen you for a long time; neither do I hear from you. I know you are busily engaged, and have far to go every day to attend to your calling, and may be tired, and willing to rest when you can; and you may, at times, be indisposed in your frail body, and the body and mind have their reciprocal influence. Especially in the truly godly there are three stages, or degrees, at which every believer will arrive; that is, a sucking babe, a weaned child, and a weaner; especially when under the care of an experienced matron. But a child kept long upon the breast hates to be weaned, and resists with all its might; a fond parent will sometimes indulge it for the sake of peace; but the evil consequences of such indulgences are frequently manifest.

"Everything is beautiful in its season," and "there is a time for everything." By whatever motive we may be actuated, whatever acts we perform, whatever schemes we may propose, or whatsoever course we may pursue, unless these emanate from the mind of God, they will eventually be frustrated, and bring trouble, confusion, and sorrow in their train.

I subjoin a few thoughts upon Ps. cxxxviii. 6: "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." This was in accordance with David's own experience,—a sacred fact, and worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance. He here sets before us the character of a true believer. He is a *lowly* person, one emptied and abased in his own eyes. He sees nothing in himself to recommend him either to God or man; on which account he is called "poor in spirit." He has received the mind and spirit of Jesus, and learned of him who was "meek and lowly in heart," and found rest to his soul.

The psalmist sets before us the transcendent greatness of God. (Isa. vi. 1, 6.) O how infinite is the distance between him and us! None of the sons of men can be compared to him. Cherubim and seraphim are his ministers. Though the distance between us and him is infinite, yet hath he respect to the lowly. "He giveth grace to the humble." God is good to all. He distributes the bounties of his providence, and they are shared both by "the just and the unjust;" but the meek and lowly are the objects of his special regard. "The meek will he guide in judgment; the meek will he guide in the way. All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies."

Lowliness is a grace of the Spirit; it is a relative grace, and therefore must be considered as having respect to *ourselves*, to *others*, and to *God*. It hath respect to the *subject* of grace,—the lowly person. Such a one has low thoughts of himself. He makes little account of his parentage, and of his natural or acquired abilities. He saith, with David, "What am I, or what is my father's house, that thou hast brought me hither, or made me

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what I am?" He considers himself "a degenerate plant of a strange vine." He "looks to the rock from whence he was hewn," mourns over his guilt and depravity, and says, "Behold, I am vile." The lowly man in his right mind is not proud of his attainments, or vain with regard to any work or service to which he is called, or which he is enabled to perform. "I am not," says he, "sufficient of myself; but my sufficiency is of God; to him be all the glory." Sin and imperfection are seen attending every duty, and cause him to cry, "Lord, if thou shouldst mark iniquity, who can stand?" And he casts himself upon the mercy of his Judge. This lowliness consists in self-abasement. It counteracts vain-glory and hypocrisy, and forbids ostentation in religion as well as in all other matters.

Again. This lowliness must be considered as it respects others. The apostle's advice is, "Let each esteem other better than themselves." He speaks of himself as not worthy to be called an apostle. This lowliness, when truly felt, will induce us to look upon the gifts and graces of others without envy. So Moses: "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets." It teaches us not to be high-minded, but to condescend to men of low degree. "Love as brethren; be pitiful, be courteous." To love those who are kind to us is in some sort but natural; but to love our enemies, and to return their bitterness with blessings is the work of supernatural power.

Again. This lowliness must be considered as it respects God. When God discovers himself, the man sinks into nothing. So Moses: "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? Who is like thee? Glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders." We cannot in our thoughts, by our lips, and our lives, sufficiently exalt the name of our great and glorious God, ascribing unto him the glory of all his perfections. The truly lowly man will not "burn incense to his own drag, nor sacrifice to his own net." He is not like Jehu: "Come and see my zeal for the Lord of hosts." He will be nothing in his own eyes, but Christ will be "all in all." To his grace every good thing in us, or done by us, must be ascribed, and at his feet our crowns in glory will be for ever laid.

God's respect is peculiar to the lowly. "He is nigh unto them of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit." He has a twofold residence, so to speak,—one in heaven, and the other in the hearts of the lowly; and what crowns the whole is, that this God is their God for ever and ever, and he will be their guide even unto death.

God sets the mark of life upon them, and they can never perish. He considers them his peculiar treasure: "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up my jewels."

Here I remind you of a few of the numerous marks of the sheep of Christ; and may God grant us the grace to wear such marks as a seal in our foreheads before a gainsaying world. You

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know that what we profess to know and the doctrine which we preach and believe and support are opposed to what has been held as popular in all ages in this degenerate world, and we are watched more than all others taken together; and because we know this, it becomes us to watch and pray to God to keep us from falling. Read, and may we practise 2 Pet. i. O! If we could ever put these injunctions in practice, we would appear what we profess to be, before God, angels, and men. Yours in love,

Dunwich, Ontario, May 11, 1858. THOMAS M'COLL.

"SEEK, AND YE SHALL FIND."

My dear Son,—Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto you, the knowledge of God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, from the fulness of the Lord Jesus and the revelation of the eternal and ever-blessed Spirit. A father's care should be unremitting, his labours indefatigable, his love red hot and ever burning; but where you are to look for and find such a parent now living is not for me to say.

I was last evening at the pleasant village of Frant, and in the meeting house with the usual assembly; but before I went into the assembly and while there it seemed to be such an imposition upon the public, as if I must give up my public office in administration and sit down in any little tin-pot business whatever I could get to do or to follow. My ignorance I saw and felt in so great a degree that I must say I "have not the understanding of a man;" and my conflicts and depression of spirit were so great, occasioned by some unexpected removals of my hearers (especially my son-in-law), that I felt as if I should sink under the same; and that of my son, because it so thwarted my way with and towards him, crossed me, blasted my expectations and my hope, and overthrew all my prayers for him, especially as it respected his temporal estate; therefore could be no other than a cause of very great grief. But this one scripture affords solace or stay to my otherwise tossed mind and sinking spirit: "By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation, who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth and of them that are afar off upon the sea." It is pleasant when providence keeps pace with the promise, and every day turneth up with an answer to prayer with some deliverance or supply of the Spirit and grace of the Lord Jesus, or some interposition of the kind providence of the Lord of the whole earth; but when delays, crossings, and disappointments attend us it is very painful for flesh and blood to bear. But why do I write of such things to my son? Enough of confusion, darkness, bondage, fear, and despair, I dare say you think, falleth unto your lot; and God forbid that I should add any particle thereunto. Rather would I help to knock off thy shackles than rivet them faster on. Therefore let my son remember his Creator in the days of his youth, and the words of his mouth by his beloved Son, which

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are, "Seek, and ye shall find." Now to him and to all that he has done and said "give all the prophets witness," that whosoever, as a sensible, broken-hearted, lost, and helpless sinner, believeth on him shall receive the remission of sins, a subject that of all others is of the greatest moment, what they principally desire and choose as before all other things for the safety, prosperity, and happiness of their souls, and that which prepares them for and ensures eternal glory. Now, remember that he is not a man that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repent of what he has done or promised unto poor sinners here below. His word is truth and *the* truth; therefore it will be sure to stand. "Heaven and earth shall pass away; but my word shall never pass away." This, by the Spirit's application, affords great encouragement, strength, and boldness to the faith of confessing and returning sinners.

And what can be said beside? Why, "as the snow and rain descend or come down from heaven and return not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give bread to the eater and seed to the sower, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. It shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in that whereunto I sent it." Thus as God has fulfilled his word after so many hundred years, in sending his only-begotten Son into the world, so also will he fulfil it in sending salvation to all that truly feel their lost condition, and cry unto him and seek after the same. Hope, my son, perceives that the highest honour does accrue to the Almighty in the salvation of sinners, and highest praise is won by the wonderful and notable deed. Search not thy life for good deeds, nor thy disposition or mind for good frames, but thy heart for the principle or grace of faith, and that which is accompanied with works or acts in the word which the Lord hath spoken; for all without it is a dead state, a dead faith, a dead service, not accepted by the Almighty, not of any benefit unto the person employed therein. "For the word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith;" and "he that cometh to God must believe that he is and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

Now, as I suppose there is no want of industry in your vocation, nor want of bread as the reward of that labour, so also in spiritual matters will you find the same; for he has never said to the seed of Jacob that he seeketh him in vain. Therefore, as there are men to be found whose word you can credit, how much more, then, the word of the Lord, who has never failed nor disappointed them that put their trust in him, or that would be found to do so in the right and saving way. Here rest and be still, and the Lord will appear.

WILLIAM CROUCH.

"IT is better to be in the Lord's furnace than in the devil's palace."—*T. Charles.*

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A PASTORAL EPISTLE.

To the Church and Congregation assembling at Providence Chapel, Stoke.

My dear Friends,—Separated from you for a season, it is my desire to give you some evidence of your not being forgotten by me. Often have I besought the Lord on your behalf, that you may possess his blessing, which maketh rich; and sincerely do I trust that those who fear God may walk as children of light." The grace of God, wherever it is received, invariably produces two effects. It humbles the soul before the cross of Christ, and makes it "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts;" so that it is seen to be the "work of the Lord, that he may be glorified." Christ's preciousness cannot be felt where his honour is disregarded, and his enemies continually made to blaspheme his worthy name through the conduct of those who profess it. Such of you as have tasted that the Lord is gracious have prayed earnestly, and do pray that you may know Jesus more, and love him sincerely, be obedient to his commands, walk in lowliness of mind, take up your cross daily, and follow him, avoid the very appearance of evil, cleave to truth in heart, and exemplify it in your conduct, contending in the spirit of Christ for sound doctrine, vital experience, and gospel practice. Well do you know and deeply do you feel that you have been the willing slaves of Satan; but now that your souls are alive unto God, you seek to "live in the Spirit," and thus bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. Happy is that man whose heart is right with God, whose ransomed soul loves supremely that Saviour who suffered such unspeakable agonies to save him from the "wrath to come," and whose conflict with sin, the world, and Satan, demonstrates that grace reigns in his heart, and that his body is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

But what manifold temptations, what peculiar exercises, what numerous trials, what repeated sorrows are the lot of God's living family, sufficient to keep their souls from boasting in their own strength, goodness, or wisdom, and to make them sensible that all their springs are in Jesus and that all their help must come from his fulness. Theirs is not the "lot of the wicked;" and, therefore, "the rod of the wicked" rests not upon it. The only rod that is laid upon them is that of a parent who loves them, and chastens because he loves. He has chosen their inheritance for them, and he leads them into it by "a way which no fowl knoweth, and the vulture's eye hath not seen." In this way the dead in sin cannot stand. Into this way the dead in a profession of religion cannot enter. Here no hypocrite in Zion walks, here no presumptuous Antinomian is found; but the ransomed of the Lord walk herein, and with his favour are they compassed as with a shield. In this path stood the *self*-condemned publican, who smote upon his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" while the boasting pharisee stood under the

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curse of a broken law, beyond its sacred boundaries. In this path Mary Magdalene kissed the Saviour's feet, when she washed them with her tears of contrition, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and anointed them with precious oil. There John leaned upon Jesus's bosom; here Peter wept bitterly; here the dying thief sought and found pardon and peace; here Paul exclaimed, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief;" and here are found all who truly know the plague of their own hearts, all who have "fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before them, all who hunger and thirst after righteousness, who mourn over their sin and after Jesus, who are meek and poor in spirit, and feel that Jesus only can save them from the guilt, filth, power, and love of sin, and whose souls are athirst for God, the living God, whose testimony and blessing alone can satisfy them.

Are our hearts at any time softened and enlarged by the love of Christ? It is here that his grace is bestowed. Have we any sweet invitation to encourage us, or promise to assure us that God is our God, for ever and ever? It comes to us in this path. Do we sigh and grieve over our sins and follies, our inconsistencies, shortcomings, backslidings, and rebelliousness? In no other place are those things experienced. Here, and here alone, descend the good and perfect gifts from the "Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." In this path no death, no wrath, no curse can come. All who are found in it will be saved in the great and trying day; but all who are found out of it will perish for ever. We have many cares, many anxious thoughts, numerous fears, and great desires about the things of this world; but are we equally solicitous about the things of eternity? If our health be failing, we are troubled until it is restored. If our substance be endangered, we have no rest until we know it to be secured. But are not our souls of more value than the health of the body and all the wealth of the world? "Seek ye first," said Jesus, "the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be *added* unto you."

May we not, my dear friends, well blush for shame when we think how often we are like a silly dove, without heart? May we not with truth say with Asaph, "So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee."

Again. If a man steal our purse, we avoid him until we believe he has repented of his dishonesty, and gives proof that he is grieved for his act. If a tradesman sell worthless articles for gold and silver, we forsake his shop until he shows he is to be relied upon. If a guide lead us into a wrong path, we take care not to follow again his directions, or to walk in his steps. If a man be a liar, we mistrust his words; and if any be immoral, we admit them not into our families and should be ashamed to call them our friends. But are we equally cautious to shun the society of loose professors? Are we as jealous for the welfare of the church of Christ as

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for our families? Do we seek for proof that those who profess to be Christians are so indeed before we call them our brethren? Do we show by our conduct that we esteem liars in religion, and false guides in spiritual ways, as more hurtful and more to be shunned than those who are so in temporal things? Alas! Must we not confess that we need to be made more zealous for the glory of God, and to be kept more vigilant, and more closely following the directions of the Lord in his holy word? It is something to *know* what is right; it is more to desire to *do* what is right; but it is the greatest thing to be drawn by God's grace so as to *follow* what is right, and to submit ourselves in filial fear to what our God enjoins. Of these things we still require to be put in remembrance, although we know them; and when our souls are stirred up to pray fervently for the power of the Spirit, and the constraining love of Christ to attend them, our prayer is not in vain.

God knows that I desire your true welfare, and that it is a cause of thankfulness to me when I can see that my labours among you are not in vain in the Lord. I much feel my own weakness and unworthiness, and have to put my mouth in the dust before him, and to cry with Job, "Behold, I am vile." All my trust is in the grace of God in Christ. I have no other hope, no other refuge; and here also do you who are taught of God take shelter, and here do you find all your consolation. Jesus is a Friend indeed. He receives and never casts out the weary burdened soul that comes to him. He bears with it in great mercy, restores it in his unfailing compassion, loves it freely, and gives liberally, and upbraids not. In vain do we look to any other. In vain do we seek comfort from earthly resources. With all our sorrows, wants, and cares, we are obliged to go to him just as we are, confessing our unworthiness and pleading his blood, his righteousness, his promise. We are sinners, but he is mighty to save. We have nothing, but he has all things we require. We are weak, but he is strong. We are foolish, but he is all wise. May we, therefore, be found looking to him, and living upon him whose mercy endureth for ever.

I have lately received some clear encouraging testimonies that God has blessed my feeble and imperfect labours in preaching the word to the souls of his people, and I desire to give him all the glory. If it is his pleasure, I shall be glad to hear that our friend Dark's ministry among you is accompanied with divine power and savour. May you be enabled to pray for him, and also for me.

I hope the Sunday-school prospers, and that the teachers look to God for his help and blessing. And I now commend you unto Him who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless (in his righteousness) before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy.

Yours ever affectionately and sincerely in the Gospel,

Leicester, May 29, 1850. G. S. B. ISBELL.

[Some account of Mr. Isbell may be found in the "G. S.," April, 1860.]

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LETTER BY MR. D. HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF HYMNS.

My kind, generous Friend,—I have had many fears lest you should think me both ungrateful and unmindful, in suffering so kind a favour to remain so long unacknowledged; but I flatter myself that the reasons I have to assign for my long neglect will be esteemed by you a sufficient apology.

Know, then, my dear friend, that when your kind favour reached Sudbury I was in London, where I spent the whole of January; and, after I came home, I was taken very ill indeed; so that I was brought very low in body, but lower still in mind. But I can truly say, with David, "The Lord hath helped me;" so that I still continue to tell of his goodness. A few weeks back I thought myself within a very little way of that blessed country that flows with milk and honey; and I trust I felt a longing to have a taste. But my dear Lord was pleased to order me back into the wilderness, that I might taste a little more of the wormwood and the gall. I, poor, weak creature, thought I had had my share; but blessed be my God that it is as it is. I am still waiting and longing for the fruition of what I am hoping for.

I am, my dear friend, most truly obliged to you for your kind, affectionate, and scriptural letter, and for its friendly contents. I have no other return to make but to acknowledge it. But ah! My kind friend, though I cannot, I know who can; and my prayer to my Almighty Friend and constant Banker is that he may fill your bosom and your lap with a tenfold reward.

I assure you I am very low in my mind. A circumstance has just now taken place that has rather shaken my nervous frame. I was applied to for the keys of our chapel, and, what is worst of all, was forced to give them up to the Arminian Methodists. The four who are of the trust are pretended Calvinists; but, I believe, have long wished to get me, the poor Antinomian, out. As such, they have lent the place to the Wesleyans for a year or two, I suppose for putting it into repair. I have laid out more about it than I could afford. Ah! My dear friend, I can hardly tell you how I felt; but it was suggested to me as if somebody had spoken to me, saying, "You see you are wrong, and the Lord has stopped your mouth." My ejaculatory prayer was, "Lord, if I have done wrong, pardon me, and I will do so no more." Now, my dear friend, I conceive of myself to be thrown by as a useless piece of lumber, and I feel a wish that I had never attempted to open my mouth in a public way, and I think I shall never have courage to do it again. Sudbury is now completely enveloped in Arminianism. I do verily believe there is no more real sterling gospel in the place than there is salt in the white of an egg. But, blessed be God, I have got a Bible, and when my Lord is pleased to shine upon it, I can credit what my Father has declared, that "the righteous shall never be moved;"

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and I trust amongst those constituted righteous in the eye of Jehovah stands the name of the poor scribbler.

I very recently received a most affectionate and kind invitation from my worthy and truly-beloved friend, Mr. Smith. Tell him there is not a man in the world I wish more to see; but I feel almost ready to persuade myself that will never be again. I must be a great deal stronger in body than I now am to undertake such a journey, and I must be many degrees higher in spirits to encourage me to attempt it. Why should I encumber my dear friends, who, I am very sure, if they entertained the same opinion of me that I really do of myself, they would never wish to have me there again? I must confess there are a few friends in Lincolnshire to whom I feel a greater attachment than to any others in the world, and it affords me often a secret pleasure that I am thought of, prayed for, and loved by some of the lovers of the Lord Jesus there. But if it is the will of God, the manager of all our concerns, that I should ever visit Gosberton again, he must strengthen my body and encourage my mind; and unless the Lord is pleased to whisper into my soul, and say, "Go, and my presence shall go with you," I can never go again.

Tell my dear friend, Mr. Smith, I will answer his kind letter as soon as I get a little better; for, while I am writing these lines, I feel debilitated, so that my hand almost refuses to hold the pen.

Kind remembrances to Mrs. Smith and your kind brother. One thing I am sure of; that is, if we should never meet together again in this land of wretchedness, we shall one day join the ransomed throng, and unitedly shout an eternal "Victory" over sin, death, and hell.

Farewell, dear friend. When it is well with thee, think of me, a poor Sudbury outcast. Let me share in your prayers, correct my errors, fill up my omissions, and believe me

Your Brother in the best Bonds, and your truly grateful and obliged Friend,

DANIEL HERBERT.

Sudbury, March 20, 1821.

Objection: You are preachers of the gospel of peace, and must set forth the peace and grace and mercy of God, and not be so tart and sour.

Answer: We are so, and must do so; but when or to whom? 1st. Shall we preach peace before men see the need of it, or before their hearts be ever troubled for sin? Or the grace and favour of God to a graceless wretch that spurns at the grace of God? Or mercy to him that presumptuously sinneth and addeth drunkenness to thirst? May we say that God will fill vessels of wrath with mercy? 2nd. To whom shall we preach peace? To every graceless sinner who loves his peace in his sins better than peace with God? Shall we preach peace unto such as grow into open hostility with God, to such as blaspheme his name, his servants, his graces, to such as upon pretended malice wickedly spurn at God's ministers, and slander the doctrine that is according to godliness? God speaks no peace to these, nor may we from God. He can have no peace with God till he war with his sins; and he must begin with the law who must conclude with the gospel of peace.—*Dr. Taylor.* (1663.)

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THE LAST ADDRESS

TO THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT BETHEL CHAPEL, ROTHERFIELD, BY MR. PHILLIPS; DELIVERED JAN. 7TH, 1872.

SOME of you may be rather surprised at my not ascending the pulpit this afternoon; but my strength will not allow me to speak long. I shall try to speak a little, the Lord helping me, in my poor way, from 1 Pet. ii. 7: "Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious."

This is a kind of old-fashioned text, and is often quoted by professors of religion. We must remember that Peter was addressing this epistle to the elect people of God; and if we have not been quickened into life, but are destitute of that spiritual life which all God's people are partakers of; if we are destitute of the power and sweetness of the words I have quoted: "*Unto you,*" he cannot be precious to us. Peter had certain characters in view: "Unto you, therefore, which *believe*, he is precious." This implies that the Lord Jesus Christ cannot possibly be any way precious in any of the offices and characters he sustains towards his church and people but to those that believe in his name: "Unto you that *believe*, he is precious." Let us reverse it, and say, "Unto you to whom Christ is precious, ye are believers." For unto the natural man he is nothing but like a root out of dry ground, there is no form, nor comeliness, nor beauty in him that he should be desired.

Let us, then, try and trace out for one moment the *characters* to whom the Lord Jesus Christ is really precious, and *how* he is precious. I like what Hart says:

"Sinners can say, and none but they, How precious is the Saviour."

O, my dear friends, some of you can remember the time when under the yoke of the law, and you could see no way of God being a just God and yet a Saviour of your poor souls. Yet the blessed Spirit in his own time revealed Jesus Christ in all his beauty and grandeur, suitability and offices, to your souls, with a sweet hope that you had an interest in it. And how sweet was the name of Jesus then! Because it was salvation. It brought peace; it brought righteousness; yea, it brought everything that thy poor soul stood in need of; and then thou couldst sing with the *heart*, and not with the lips merely:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," &c.

What can you and I say this afternoon? Is there any name like that of Jesus? Is there any object more precious to our souls than Jesus Christ, in his love, power, and grace? And is he not precious in his promises and in the ordinances of his house? Why, there is no name like that of Jesus; and he becomes to the soul that has realized and felt some sweet interest in the Person of the Lord Jesus Christ more precious than ointment that is poured forth; and the soul can say (I have said it with sweetness),

"Nothing but Jesus I esteem; His name has been so dear"

and sweet while everything else has been like nothing at all. O, what a mercy not to be tired of hearing the name of Jesus. He

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is the "Shepherd, Priest, Prophet, King, Counsellor, Wonderful God, the Everlasting Father, the Eternal Prince of Peace." And all these characters the Lord Jesus Christ is to his people. He is, indeed, exceedingly precious.

My dear friends, was Jesus Christ ever so precious to your souls that you could not sleep at night? Have you not had your work when the Lord Jesus Christ has come and broken your heart down? There has been nothing then but Jesus. Jesus has been your sustenance here, and will be your support all through life, and support and strength when you come to die. And what will you have to sing about when you get the other side of the grave but the preciousness of Christ?

"Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious." Not that believe merely by giving assent and consent to his truth, or because you attend the ordinances of his house; but because you have been brought to that faith of God's elect which purifies the heart; so that you can embrace him, and say he is the altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand. It matters not to me who you are, nor where you come from, nor what your religion is. If Jesus Christ is not the whole sum and substance of it, depend upon it you will be found wanting when you die. The poor soul that has felt his unworthiness here, his sufficiency in the grace of God, and felt that he had on the precious robe of Christ's righteousness, God the Father looks upon him as he stands in Christ. Poor doubting soul, longing soul, who may be writing bitter things against yourself, hear what the Father says, "Ye are complete in him." And as Christ is precious to his Father, the objects of his love are also precious. They are accounted jewels. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I come to make up my jewels."

I tell you, my friends, I hope, and my prayer is, that when I come to the swellings of Jordan I may be found in Christ, washed in his blood, and be clothed in his righteousness; and hear the Father saying, "I am well pleased, for his righteousness' sake." I am quite willing to be saved in God's way in a precious Christ, who has, if I am not awfully mistaken, been meat and drink to my soul, and been so precious that I could

> "Tread the world beneath my feet,
> And all that earth calls good or great."

O the preciousness of that dear Redeemer, to suffer, bleed, and die on the behalf of his dear people! How the soul hungers and thirsts after the bread of heaven!

Now, this afternoon we have come to commemorate the death and sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ. My soul's desire is for you, as a church and people, that by precious faith you may have that precious bread of life to your souls which, if a man eat, the word of God declares he shall never die. What a thought,—never to die! Ungodly sinner, you will die! But you, poor hungry souls, who are craving after the bread and water of eternal life, you can never die, because you have tasted that the

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Lord is gracious and precious. "Taste and see," says Peter, "that the Lord is gracious." So there is a tasting and handling of the good word of life; something more than notion; something that the soul handles, tastes, and feels.

The Lord Jesus Christ is precious from eternity; for he is God's equal and co-eternal Son. And I hope some of us here have had a crumb since we last met here of the Bread of Life; and if so, your heart has been going out to the Lord with, "Evermore give us this bread."

Here we have the emblems of the sufferings of his broken body. May the Lord give you faith to enter into it. This is an institution of the Lord's; and he says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." And God knows I have no other motive this afternoon than that we may meet with a precious Christ, and hear him saying in our inmost souls, "Eat, O friends; yea, drink abundantly, O my beloved." Is it not comforting and consoling to the poor soul that has been devil-harassed, tossed up and down in the week that is past, to surround the table, and feel that Christ makes himself known to him? He can go away rejoicing, as did the eunuch whom Philip baptized after he had been preaching to him.

See the bread, I have broken it! What is it for? Is it not to show our love to and opinion of Him who has loved us, and washed us, and given himself for us? Therefore I shall try to ask him, while we partake of this bread, that he may bless our souls with the Bread of Life.

UNITY.

When the love of Jesus reigns,
And to unity constrains,
Brethren like a harp we see,
Tuned for heav'nly harmony.

Then no discord can we hear,
No false notes offend the ear,
Bass and treble well unite
Every listener to delight.

But when self or pride abounds,
Nought is heard but jarring sounds,
Groans the bass, the treble shrieks,
And the harp untuned bespeaks.

Satan loves the discord well,
Most resembling sounds of hell,
Runs his fingers o'er the strings,
And Tartarian anthems sings.

Blessed Spirit! Let us be
Ever kept in tune by thee,
Making harmony divine,
Pleasing both to thee and thine.

G. S. Isbell.

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A GOODLY HERITAGE.

My dear Friend,—Thanks for your line of sympathy. We are personally unknown to one another; but we may meet some time, if not on earth, I trust we may around the throne to cast our crowns at the feet of Him who is worthy of all majesty and praise. Men may dishonour us; but we can afford to be trampled upon, if thereby Jesus is exalted in our affections. The partners of our life may be torn from our embrace; but when it is to make room for Him who is the Chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely, what can we do but admire the exchange? Our hearts are like a beam-scale; if one side is raised up, the other will sink; if Christ is held in the galleries, time things will go down; but if the world and idols lift us up, causing us to build airy castles of creature happiness, our first Husband (Hos. ii. 7) will be put into a very low place in our hearts. God has given us all things richly to enjoy; but there are but few of the Lord's people who can thrive spiritually when surrounded with riches as Abraham, or with court honours as Daniel. And if the Lord takes away a God-fearing wife, he takes from the man who fears God his greatest earthly treasure. And yet it is no robbery. He simply recalls his loan; and if it *were*, how often do we rob him in tithes of praise and offerings of thanksgiving? God stands in debt to no man; but daily experience proves to me if ever I get to heaven it must be entirely of *free grace*.

I have found my late bereavement a blessing, in confirming the work of God in my own soul. My loved one was brought to a very sweet persuasion of her safety on the Rock of Ages; and since her death the Lord has granted me a blessed visit of his love; so that I felt I could fall at his dear feet and say, "The lines are fallen to me in *pleasant* places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Indeed, I felt a longing desire to depart from terrestrial scenes. But our times are in his hands.

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

Yours very sincerely,

Deptford. JAMES BOORNE.

He that believeth the scriptures to be the word of God believeth that men must be born again, and also be partakers of that faith which is of the operation of God (according as he hath read and believed), or else he must and shall be damned. And he that believeth this aright will not be contented until, according as it is written, he do partake of and enjoy the new birth, and until he do find, through grace, that faith that is wrought by the operation of God in his soul. For this is the cause why men do satisfy themselves with so slender a conceited hope that their state is good, when it is nothing so; namely, because they do not credit the scripture; for did they, they would look into their own hearts and examine seriously whether that faith, that hope, that grace which they think they have, be of that nature and wrought by that Spirit and power which the scripture speaketh of. I speak this of an effectual believing, without which all other is nothing unto salvation.—*Bunyan.*

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REVIEW.

Memoir; being an Account of the Lord's Dealings, both in Providence and Grace, with Jane Walker, of Islip.—Oxford: Pembrey.

COWPER says:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Is the path that leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

The living family of God, in every age, have proved the truth of this, as well as the truth of the apostle's words: "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous." To patiently and humbly submit to the chastening hand of God, and meekly kiss the rod that smites, is as much above the power of nature as it was for Abraham to consider *not* his body as dead, but against hope to believe in hope, and to be fully persuaded of the fulfilment, in God's own time, of that particular promise which nature would only have disputed. It was by a living faith, wrought in Abraham's soul by divine power, that he was enabled to stagger not at the promise of God through unbelief, but to believe that what God had promised he was able to perform. So, when the Lord is graciously pleased to work in our hearts submission to his dealings, we are enabled, even in our severest trials, not only to bend our wills to his, but to bless the hand that lays us low, and even say sometimes, with an upright heart, "Sweet affliction."

Some years ago it pleased the Lord to lay his afflicting hand upon *us* in a way not easily to be forgotten. For about three wearisome months our soul lay in a furnace, which burned with such vehement heat that our moisture seemed turned into the drought of summer. Day by day the burden pressed heavily upon our spirit, and we could say most feelingly with David, "O Lord God of my salvation, let my prayer come before thee. Incline thine ear unto my cry; for my soul is full of trouble, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave." But in the midst of fatherly anger we experienced much fatherly mercy. It was that kind of affliction which made us love God the more for his scourging. The affliction was not without its sanctifying fruit. It produced a softness of spirit, a tenderness of conscience, and some humility at the feet of Jesus, and was a means of our being favoured with more of the sensible presence of God. We could say with Hezekiah; "Himself hath done it;" and with the psalmist, "Blessed is the man whom thou chastenest, O Lord, and teachest him out of thy law. For the Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance; but judgment shall return unto righteousness, and the upright in heart shall follow it."

Having suffered for years, especially at intervals, from a sluggish and somewhat deranged liver, the affliction we are now referring to was an attack of this constitutional malady; and those who know best the nature of the disease, how insidiously it works, and what a gloom it will often cast upon the mind, even in its more favourable stages, will be too painfully conscious

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of the truth of our statements to call them in question, when we say that such are the effects of the disease, when its symptoms are more aggravated, that all domestic comfort, and all the pleasant associations of life are so embittered by it that life itself becomes a burden and a drag. In some periods of our life, when suffering from this inveterate invader of bodily health, we have known most painfully what it has been for the enemy to strike at our faith. The mind being sunk down in a morbid state, and the spirit being oppressed within us, it has been a fitting moment for Satan to league with our internal foe and use our physical disorder as a weapon to shake our spiritual peace and confidence in the Lord. And well, at times, has the arch adversary succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. Perhaps he has pointed to our numerous defects and shortcomings in godly walk and practice, or to our past sins and follies against light and conscience. Perhaps he has insinuated that our past manifestations of God's mercy and tokens of his love and favour were not real, that they were not from God at all, but only what our imagination had led us to put down *as* manifestations and tokens for good; and by such craft and subtle devices has Satan succeeded in darkening the mind and sinking our poor soul into a deeper "slough of despond" than what a disordered body had cast it into before. O the bitterness of some of these experiences! So low in the dust have we lain at such times that our soul has been removed far off from prosperity, and we have been able to say with Jeremiah, "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me."

But in the particular season of affliction to which we now call special attention, though our sorrow was deep and pungent, and though our heaviness of spirit was such that we had no power to rise above it, yet Satan was not permitted to triumph over our faith, neither were we suffered of God to cast away our confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. So far from this, we were favoured more than usual in our own soul,—favoured with more access to and communion with God, with more of the light of his countenance, and with more sweet peace in believing. We had more faith and confidence and more contrition. We could feelingly adopt the language of the hymn:

"When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to fly away.

"Sweet to look inward and attend
The whispers of his love;
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

"Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

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But, notwithstanding that we were so much favoured in soul experience, we were not without being sorely tempted; yea, most sorely. But the temptation turned more upon providential matters than upon soul interest. Strange as it might appear to some, yet it was true in our case, that at the time referred to we had more faith to trust God with our soul's salvation than we had faith to trust him with the daily supply of our temporal needs. But, then, it was *only* a temptation, and not matter-of-fact circumstances, that made us think as we then thought, feel as we then felt, and mistrust a gracious God as we then did for the supply of our temporal needs.

Indeed, there was little to justify such mistrustfulness. But we had no more power of our own to escape than has a bird from the snare of the fowler. Our poor nervous system was unstrung, our bodily disorder had so clouded the mind with despondency, and so strangely did our despondency turn on temporals, and not, in the present case, on things spiritual, that day by day the most groundless fears haunted our breast that physical unfitness for ministerial labour would be our unfitness for every other occupation; and, with cessation of labour, we saw the cessation of income; and, following upon this, our poor mind, powerless to rise to a better lot, pictured nothing in the future but poverty and distress. For three wearisome months our inward gloom was far worse and more impenetrable than the deep autumnal gloom which nature, we well remember, had that year cast on every hand around us. Still, as we have said before, we were far from being bereft of spiritual consolation. Like as a father pitieth his children, so did the Lord pity us in our affliction. He remembered that we were but dust; and, though he suffered our soul to be cast down within us, in the imaginary prospect of much earthly adversity, yet sweetly and blessedly did he comfort us in our tribulation, by opening up a better prospect beyond the grave, and by enabling us by the same faith which eyed the land where sorrow is unknown, to say with Paul, "We have a building above, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

We believe, moreover, that this is the way the Lord often takes with his children, that when he hath tried them they may come forth as gold. Often when providences run smoothly, their spiritual exercises and conflicts are more severe; and not unfrequently, when they are more favoured in things spiritual, they are more sharply tried in things circumstantial. In some way or other, afflictions will befall us:

> "The Christian man is seldom long at ease;
> One trouble's no sooner gone than another doth him seize."

But the Lord, who had shown us great and sore trouble, was pleased to quicken us again, and bring us up from the dust of the earth. As the wearisome winter months ran their course,—folded up their mantle of gloom, and stood back to fill up the days that are past, so creation rose up from her desolateness in

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all the vigour of youth and in all the freshness and beauty of renewed life.

And, as if to keep pace with revolving seasons, *nature physical* struggled within us to overcome her own disorder. She battled as hard to cast aside the mantle of gloom in which she had been wrapped as ever one season in nature struggles hard to advance beyond another. Besides which, the Lord's time was come to give us a deliverance from our affliction; and at the same time that he was pleased to bless simple means for the restoration of bodily health, he was pleased to crown with his blessing means quite as simple to deliver us from our fears of temporal want, and thereby to effect our escape from the temptation which had so unrelentingly beset us, and which for three dismal months had held us as fast in its folds as Samson was bound fast by the green withs of the Philistines. We cannot, however, go into particulars as to what the simple means were. They are too complicated to admit of detail.

Having, moreover, to notice the little work mentioned at the head of this paper, we must forbear making any further remarks in reference to our own experience; and if what we have written should prove unacceptable to our readers, we must plead as an apology that the Memoir of Jane Walker, being but a shilling book (though better worth half-a-crown than many that are published at that price), it can the less afford to give us long extracts to fill up our paper. Liberty, moreover, being given us to write a page or two by way of introduction to a more immediate reference to the work under review, we have preferred to fill up this little space at our command with something in which heart and pen might, with the Lord's help, run together.

In turning our attention, then, to the Memoir, we find by the preface that the Memoir was read in manuscript by Mr. Philpot, which fact he mentions in "Gospel Pulpit," No. 137, pp. 14, 15, under the title "Divine Omnipotence." Both in the above sermon, and in a letter written by Mr. P., dated Sept. 1, 1869, he expresses a favourable opinion of the manuscript, and hopes it will one day be published. The little work is now in print; indeed, has been published for some short time; and if our readers will turn to the sermon we have referred to, they will find so much said in favour of the Memoir that little more is required in recommendation.

We consider the book fully carries out its title. It is not *only* "an account of the Lord's dealings, both in providence and grace," but it records in both some very striking dealings of God. Laid, as Jane Walker was for 36 years, on a bed of affliction, often tried in the extreme about the way in which her temporal wants would be supplied, and often doing business in the deep waters of soul experience, she was not all that time under such sharp disciplinary means without deriving much spiritual profit to herself, as well as being fitted by such a fiery process to be a means, through the medium of her little work, of giving words

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of instruction and comfort to many others of God's people. As Mr. Philpot says in the sermon we have mentioned:

"For a considerable period, the whole income to support them both (herself and nurse) was four shillings a week and two loaves of bread; out of which two shillings were required for firing, her complaint requiring frequent fomentations; so that for three years they never knew the comfort of a drop of tea, and had to subsist on a scanty supply of bread and a little coffee. Yet this poor and afflicted creature was so supported by the power of God, and, though often hungry in body from positive want of food, yet was, at times, so fed with the bread of life that she could rejoice in her tribulation. She was deeply taught in the truth of her own utter ruin as a sinner, and that she was saved alone by the free, sovereign grace of God. 'My weakness,' she could say, 'endears the Lord's strength; my sinfulness his righteousness; and, blessed be his name, I find a supply for my every need out of his fulness.'"

Such were the powerful manifestations of the love and goodness of God to her soul that, like dear Kershaw before he died, she seemed, at times, to be full of the glory of heaven. On one occasion, when thirteen persons were present, she said:

"I am collected in thought and mind, and all I want is for you just to look upon me and admire the riches of free grace; for I am now as full of glory as I can be, which you can behold with your own eyes, but you cannot feel it as I do. I could not have thought of such happiness even in heaven; for what I now feel surpasseth every description given in the word of God; and what will heaven be if this is but a taste of it? It has banished all my pain and sorrow; and if this were all the heaven I was ever to enjoy, it is worth all the sufferings I have endured; but, my friends, this is not all, for I am as sure of heaven as if I were already there. Every stumbling-block is removed by my precious Jesus; but do not think it is for any goodness in me, or because I have suffered much. O no. I am a poor helpless sinner in myself; but Jesus is a rich Saviour! I have been trying a long time to make myself perfect; but found all my labour vain."

With the most striking interpositions of God in a providential way, and with some most remarkable revelations of his grace, yet was she kept as blessedly low and humble, ever renouncing all ground of trust even in her own experiences. She could say:

"I have not the least ground to boast. All boasting is for ever excluded. Self is forbidden to glory in the presence of God. I have nothing to glory in but the Lord, who has enabled me, in some measure, to bear suffering patiently and thankfully, it having been sanctified by divine grace to my soul's eternal profit. In my greatest conflicts with the flesh, and battles with Satan, I have taken some of my chief spoil, which I have dedicated to the house of the Lord and to the honour and glory of his holy name."

Her end was peace. A friend who had visited her two or three times during the week says:

"On Sunday morning, when I went to her bedside, she said, 'I had a glorious day yesterday. Is it to be Saturday?'—meaning the day before her eternal Sabbath. On the previous day (Saturday) she shouted out:

> "'O glorious hour, O blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God;
> And flesh and sin no more control
> The sacred pleasures of my soul.'

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She said, 'Can you give me up now?' I said, 'My nature shrinks at the loss, but my spirit says,

"'Go, happy soul, to that blest home
Where pain and sorrow are not known.'

She replied, 'That is right;' and added, 'Turn me.' I did; but she soon asked to be placed in her former position; and taking a dear friend's hand in one of hers and mine in the other, said, 'Dear friends for many years.' She then dozed off, and remained in that state all day. I left at eight o'clock in the evening; after which she became a little restless until about twelve o'clock; then, placing her hands on her chest, she remained in that position until half-past nine the next morning; when she breathed out her soul so gently they could scarcely discern that her spirit had fled."

Obituary.

WILLIAM BELL.—On Feb. 14th, Mr. William Bell, Baptist minister, Framingham Earl.

In sending some account of his last days I shall chiefly send extracts from his own writings. On May 21st, 1868, he thus wrote to Mr. Freeman; but it was never sent:

"Dear Brother Freeman,—I must tell you that after many months of silence I do feel a desire to put my thoughts on paper. Many have been the times I have thought of you since we parted on that memorable day, Whit Tuesday, at Framingham. Many have been the letters I have written to you in my meditations, but could not find courage nor desire so strong as I do to-day, nor so sweet a peace and a line of good things. It is not from fear of you; not at all; but I do feel I am a poor thing in all the things of Christ and his truth. I am a poor scholar in the wisdom of this world, and I am sure I am in that wisdom that cometh from above; but such as I am and such as I have I hope you will have without hypocrisy.

"The Lord called me to feel his wrath and the power of his word, the law of commandments, before he called me to feel and rejoice in the pardon of my sins and the freeness of his grace by Jesus Christ. It will be 36 years in a few days since my soul tasted of these solemn things; yet to this day I often wonder at his wonderful ways to me, a poor sinner, the only son of a poor infidel shoemaker. I have looked back in the line of my forefathers, father's side and mother's side, and cannot see one clear call by the grace of God amongst them; and even up to this time my heart has often cried, 'Why me, no better than any of them?' Yes, my brother, it has been with many a tear rolling down my cheeks that I have looked at love so great and love so free and strong; and yet, after all these years, after all my joys and comforts, and after all the Lord has showed me, I am often in the spot where good Mr. Tiptaft was, wanting to have the Lord shine and make clearer my call by grace and my call to the great and solemn work of the ministry. My fears often rise when darkness covers my soul or the guilt of daily sins stings my conscience. I do know from heart-feeling that whoever can sin cheap, a child of God cannot. Some part of Ps. li. has come with power into my soul when by an unguarded word or fall in some act of transgression I have lost the Lord's sensible presence. I have cried in the language of David: 'Take not thy Holy Spirit from me;' yes, and I do believe I am not the only man that has sent up that petition; yet not an adulterer in deed; for from this the Lord has

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kept me! And I pray he will ever keep me and all who have felt his fear and his love.

"O, my brother, what debtors we are to the Lord for his keeping and holding up and guiding these many years in this world of snares and gins. What marvellous deliverances he has wrought for us! He has for me, or I should now have been amongst the unclean and walking in all uncleanness. Bless the Lord, O my soul. I know you can also join with me in thanking and blessing the Christ of God and the Holy Ghost for not leaving us to suck down or take in any new doctrine or cursed heresy.

"I know we are the poorest cause of Christ in the kingdom in money matters; for we have not much over £15 a year to keep the pulpit supplied and all other little expenses; and this is all at an uncertainty. Truly we have to look to the Lord to keep the doors open. Never shall I forget my journey to Suffolk from ——. My heart felt broken. After I left the train to walk seven miles, it was seven miles of tears, cries, and groans out of my soul to the Lord, I felt what a blessing it would have been for me to have found a peaceful grave for my weary body and a haven of rest for my weary soul. Little did I think when I first stood up to speak in the name of the Lord what thorns and briers I should meet with in the way. Indeed, my brother, when I look back on the path I have come since I became the unworthy pastor of five little causes in the space of 28 years, what from the strange people I have found among the members and the people that attended, what from the many temptations in the world and from Satan and my own heart's evil, the hidings of the Lord's presence, a sealed Bible, the spring of the blessed Spirit of God shut up, affliction of body, and the badness of my trade, for I had to make and mend shoes, I am lost in wonder at the goodness and kindness of the Lord who kept me, provided for me, and heard my cry in the day I called upon him. Whoever knows the want and worth of a throne of grace, I can speak for one of the blessings of it. The psalms have often been made a blessing to my soul; Ps. cxl. in particular, in 1864, when men and women were trying to spoil my name, turn me out of my home and send me away without means to pay my debts and get a piece of bread, at that time I opened my Bible and read Ps. cxl. on my knees before the Lord with a broken heart; and never may I forget and never may I cease to proclaim the goodness of the Lord. I felt as if the Bible had a mouth to speak, such words of comfort came to my heart; and never did I see a clearer opening of the hand and heart of the Lord. He did indeed provide for me and brought me honourably away from that place. I preached at the Baptist chapel, Downham, until my time was up, and then the Lord brought me to this place, more like a dying man than one that was to have a people gathered by his preaching. Truly the Lord brings down and the Lord raiseth up. This I have proved many, many times. In sickness of body, in the castings down of my poor soul, in the providing for my bread to eat and a home for my head, he never forgot his own blessed promise that he spoke to my soul 86 years ago: 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'

"'Although I have him oft forgot,
His loving-kindness changeth not.'

"Dear brother, I have felt free in letting out some of the bitters and sweets, trials and afflictions my soul has known in this wilderness and in the labour and work of the Lord. If you should feel any blessing come into your soul while looking this poor letter over, it is to the Lord you and I must give all, yes, *all* the praise. Sometimes our poor eyes are running over with sorrow, and sometimes the oil of joy is running

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in the telling of the goodness and the loving-kindness of the Lord Jesus, who loved us and died for us. If I have had my bitters, I know I have had my sweets. I shall never be able to tell of all the sweet times and seasons my soul has had. I have had blessings from his word, the Bible. Many times have I kissed it and called it precious; and many a sweet line of a hymn from dear Gadsby's book has come into my soul. I never heard a pure gospel sermon till from his dear lips in that little chapel in Norwich. There I felt its power. O, what a union I felt to him, and O what a time to my soul! Time would fail to tell of the many sweet crumbs gathered under the ministry of men sent of God, Tiptaft, M'Kenzie, Warburton, Grace, Brown, Godwin, Samuel, Smart, and last, but not the least, that highly-honoured servant of God, Philpot; also a host of others whose faces I never saw but have read what they penned and was recorded in the 'Gospel Standard.' I bless the Lord that he ever put it into the heart of Mr. Gadsby to send the 'Gospel Standard' forth. What words of reproof and rebuke, as well as instruction and comfort, I have received from the pens of the men whose dust is in their graves, but their memory is fresh in the affections of many in this land.

"May the Lord, whose servant my soul has no doubt you are, when you leave home, go with you; may he well water your soul, and may your preaching of Christ and him crucified be blessed to some poor hungry, needy soul. May he bless you in soul and body, bring you safe amongst us, and carry you home in peace. May we feel a stronger union than ever, and meet and part in love. May the Lord give you a place in the soul's breathings of his dear people, and may you have us in your heart and prayers. Yours in love, for Christ's sake,

"W. Bell."

He was indeed greatly attached to the late Mr. Gadsby. When speaking of him, his tears have often chased each other.

On Dec. 2nd, 1870, he thus wrote:

"Very solemn thoughts have for some time been with me about the closing scenes of my days. I have no feelings of guilt on my mind, nor am I in any alarm as to my departure from this world of sorrow and woe; neither have I great joy and rejoicing about my departure. But, bless the Lord, my soul is calm, peaceful, and solemn. I feel I should be glad to have more of the Lord's presence, and a clearer sight and precious feeling of the love of God in my soul, and feel the Rock of my salvation with a more blessed feeling, and have more heavenly communion with my precious Jesus. I do want him to bring me nearer to his footstool with meltings of heart and a removing of all coldness, and to fill my soul with honest confessions of all my wanderings from him. I feel I want that sweet time of love in my soul that the church had when she said, "I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me." But he will come at his own time, according to that sweet promise which he spoke home to my poor soul 40 years back, in the first days of my profession and, I hope, possession, when I was weeping on my bed of straw, and my poor soul was pleading for the Lord to keep me and hold me up, and provide for me, body and soul. Many times in the space of 40 years have I told him of his promise, when in soul trouble and in the troubles of this life, and he has not forgotten me."

Again, in January, 1871:

"How short are our soul's joys! Our sun often goes down at noon; yet it is a mercy to have a few sweet moments, and get a few short glimpses of the heavenly things. It is, indeed, an unspeakable mercy not to be left to be taken up with the things of this world. I have read

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my Bible, and hope I have seen some new things and felt some fresh feelings. The things of God are beyond all other things."

Again, in February, 1871:

"How true it is, if we had no soul trouble, we should have no soul prosperity, nor ever cry to the Lord to deliver us out of trouble. We should like to go to heaven when we die; but we want to go on a smooth road. The flesh dislikes the troubles of the right way. I am wonderfully well in body, and comfortable in mind. I was awake early this morning, and had a good feeling of the wonderful goodness of the Lord to me in the decline of my days. My soul felt overwhelmed when I looked back, and my poor soul tried to thank him, but could not find words nor feelings to speak and thank him according to his marvellous dealings. I begged he would keep me, that I might never think more of the mercies than of his blessed self. What a mercy it will be, when we come to die, to see that all our troubles have worked for our good, and that love was at the bottom of them; and how blessed to thank the Lord that he did not leave us like thousands to go smoothly down the stream of life into a world of sorrow and woe. May we be more on our knees than ever, and feel we want him as much in a calm as we do in a storm,"

On March 20 he thus writes:

"I hope you and your little household are well in body, and if it has pleased the Lord to bless you to feel well in soul, to him be all the praise. The words of a hymn by Cowper have brought tears to my eyes:

> "'When darkness long has veil'd my mind,
> And smiling day once more appears,' &c.

I wonder when the time will come when my soul will sing with all my powers in the enjoyment of the blessing of that season. The last verse quite broke me up:

> "'Thou art as ready to forgive
> As I am ready to repine;
> Thou, therefore, all the praise receive;
> Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.'

I went to bed early, tired in body and clouded in mind. I think I can say, with Job, in a small measure: 'I am made to possess months of vanity, and wearisome nights are appointed me. When I lie down, I say, When shall I arise and the night be gone? For I am full of tossings to and fro unto the dawning of the day.' Not one word would I say against the Lord. He is good, and doeth all things well, and is just in all his ways. I am willing to lie at his dear feet; but I want to feel his mercy and enjoy his presence, get softly to his footstool, and tell him all my soul trouble. It is for some wise purpose. The end will speak, and he only knows what the end will be. I am wonderfully dealt with after all. Goodness and mercy are around me in temporal things. May he keep me from rebellion or hard thoughts of him. I feel a poor thing in my body; very feeble."

In the beginning of April he was taken ill of the disease that ended in death, although he did not give up preaching until August; but he ofttimes went into the pulpit in much weakness, yet the Lord strengthened him, and he sometimes said he felt better at night than he did in the morning. He spoke like a dying man to dying people, very solemnly; but I will give one more extract from a letter, dated June 8, which will show how his mind was exercised:

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"My mind has been dark and gloomy, and empty of all good. I felt a little peace and comfort from reading the first psalm and part of the first of Genesis; but it is like the early rain upon the thirsty ground, soon dried up, and wants another shower. I often wonder I should be so empty and barren when the Lord is sending me so many earthly comforts, and has given me a comfortable home; but I learn, by teaching, that my Adam nature cannot send forth any good thing, and my new man must grow and bear fruit as the heavenly husbandman cultivates it. I am every day learning the great and grand truth of my Bible, that the Lord is a sovereign, and rules and reigns over all worlds, and works and blesses when and where he pleases. He does not ask the creature for liberty or leave to do. I am the clay. He is the wise Potter; and when he takes me in his hand he moulds me according to his mind, will, and wisdom, and makes my soul to say, 'He does all things well.' I hope I have to bless him for a broken heart, and for the healing balm. He often binds it up, and I am willing he should have all the rule, and all the praise, and all the glory. He is worthy, and it is his lawful right. I hope one day to lay my crown at his dear feet, and say, 'All glory to the Lamb!' I do not want to live in this wicked world any longer than he pleases, for it is full of wickedness and deception; and, what is worse, the Lord says, even in his house he has found it. I want to feel the power, truth, and sweetness of Jas. v. 7, 8. If this epistle were cut into our hearts, it would do us good."

During his last affliction there were many of the hymns in Gadsby's book that were blessed to his soul; but especially 293. He wrote by this: "My soul feelings." Also 896, 910, 911.

In October he came to Brooke. I had many conversations with him on the things of eternity. He was afraid of being deceived. He would say, "If I am deceived, how solemn!" One morning, I well remember, he told me with tears, he had had a faith's view of the Son of God, as staining his garments with blood, his own most precious blood; and he dwelt sweetly on the love of God. I can say with truth he preached some good sermons while walking up and down my house, unable to rest from pain of body. He used to say, "If the Lord raise me up again, I shall have to tell of the Lord's delivering mercy." One morning in the beginning of December he was in great pain. My husband got up to go for the doctor; when he broke out all at once, "The Lord has sent relief. I don't want an earthly doctor. Now he has heard my cry and delivered me." As his disease seemed not to decline, he was advised to try the hospital, which he did. He went in on Dec. 30th. He says in his first note to me, "I am a speckled bird; but the Lord stood by me;" and on Jan. 18th he says, "I feel better in health, and have had a short visit from the Lord." When I asked him the state of his mind, he said, "I am willing to live if it is the mind and will of the Lord for the good of his people and the glory of his name; but the bias of my mind is to depart and be with him. My times of peace are short, but I have not forgotten Saturday last. May the Lord abundantly bless you! What a long tale of things I shall have to tell you if spared; but above all to have the Lord's presence and love visits. His presence makes heaven on earth."

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I saw that he got weaker; and when I went on Feb. 10th, he wished to come home. He said, "I want to go home to die in peace." He had his wish complied with. As soon as the fly was off, he said, "I'm going home. I feel like the pilgrims let out of Giant Despair's castle." When he got to Poringland Hill, he let the window down, to take a last look at the spot where the chapel stood and his house; but he made no remark. His heart was too full for utterance. He sat up till 9 o'clock that night, and rose at 6 the next morning; but was obliged to go to bed again at noon, and did not come down again till brought down for his funeral. He said to me while I sat watching him on the Sunday night, "I want wings. I want to hear him say, 'Arise, my fair one, and come away.'" I said, "It will not be long."

He slept a great deal from the Sunday at noon, except when the pains came and awoke him. I said to him on the Monday, "How do you feel now?" He said, "I feel that the everlasting arms are underneath, and I am resting on them." I said, "Will the truths you have preached do to die by?" He said, "Yes, they will." He afterwards said, "Mark the perfect man," but was unable to finish the sentence. I concluded it for him; and he said, "Yes, that is my experience—peace."

He fell asleep in Jesus on Wednesday, Feb. 14th.

LYDIA GOLDSMITH.

ELIZA THORNBER.—On May 14, aged 68, Eliza Thornber.

She was baptized by Mr. Thomlinson, and was a member of Providence Chapel, Bedford, for upwards of 30 years. She was greatly beloved and much esteemed for her consistent conduct and truthfulness of character, and was a true lover of the poor children of God, ever ready to sympathize with them in trouble, both temporally and spiritually. She is deeply lamented, and will be much missed by the church. Her death being sudden, caused by apoplexy, she could not speak; but the day previously she turned down several hymns in Gadsby's Selection, 214, 174, 263, and was reading most part of the day. She was observed to shed tears frequently, but said little. She appeared to derive comfort from the Meditations on the Song of Solomon in the "Standard." The word was often sweet to her soul. She had been ailing for more than a year, so that no immediate danger was anticipated. I was not privileged to see her the day before she died, or I believe she would have told me many things. She ate a good supper, and retired to rest as usual.

I have lost a dear, faithful friend and sister, she being a good supporter of the cause as far as her means permitted; but my loss is her eternal gain.

May 17, 1872. JOHN THORNBER.

MR. BRYANT.—My dear Friend,—Last mail I sent you a short notice of the death of our dear beloved pastor, Mr. Bryant. I also said you should have further particulars by next mail. I had a promise from a dear friend, a near relative of the deceased, that

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he would supply me with the particulars; but he has failed to do this; and as I promised to send you further particulars, I attempt to do so, but I am quite sure they will not be worthy of the man I write about. I shall chiefly confine myself to what I knew about him.

About three years back it began to be noised about that there was a man at George Street, Fitzroy, who preached with great success and much feeling and power. A few of us met at that time for prayer and reading sermons in my house, and myself and some others went to hear him. I was much struck with his manner, and the feeling with which he preached, though at that time he was much wrapped about with the napkin of Arminianism. I at once saw he was likely to be a great preacher of the truth. I could plainly see there was life. I heard him with much feeling, and spoke to him. He freely entered into conversation with me, and he told me how the Lord had been leading him. I at once put some books into his hands, amongst others Gadsby's hymns. They had an extraordinary effect on his mind. He wept aloud, and danced for joy. This feeling lasted three days and nights, almost without intermission. Here he saw his feelings traced out. He had more and more his mind led to examining the Bible, and the blessed truth was more and more opened up to him.

He was a great reader, and was one of those who could not sleep for days and nights together. He seemed to have no desire for sleep. This continued; so that it became painful in the extreme, as it was very weakening to the poor body.

Things thus went on spiritually until he became thoroughly established in the truth, and he preached boldly and fearlessly. Opposition soon sprang up from those who would a little while before have plucked out their eyes for him. They hated the word he spoke. Many left to go to the world to which they belonged; but scores of the living family, who had been scattered for years, now met to hear the blessed truths their souls loved. Here the hungry were fed, the weary found rest, and the thirsty drank to quench their thirst. I know many here who heard the best preachers in England of the present century, who say they never heard the word preached with more feeling and power than while hearing this man of God. Many times was it said it was too powerful to last long.

His complaint is well set forth in the case of Mrs. Gee in the "Gospel Standard" for February.

The church of which he was pastor was Open Communion. But in course of time he was led to see it was wrong. He called the church together; also the congregation; and gave a lecture upon Strict Communion. Every one was taken with surprise at the powerful manner in which he proved that Strict Communion was scriptural. He always studied well such things before he spoke of them; but when he was led to see truth he was never backward in boldly setting it forth.

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I must now come to the first Sunday of this year. Mr. Bryant was at the chapel, and heard a sermon preached by an aged servant of God. After service, to the surprise of many, he presided at the table to commemorate the dying of our Lord, and as a dying man gave an address to the members then present. This was the last time he spoke in public. Although very ill, it was entirely hidden from him that his death was near until about two weeks before it took place. Up to that time he thought he should get better. On Thursday, the 14th of March, a brother spoke to him about departing. He said the Lord had not told him about it. The friend said one sign of it was the breaking up of his earthly tabernacle. He at once began to see such might be the case. After this several called to see him, and he spoke to them of the solemnity of death in a most feeling manner so as to cause some to weep and tremble. To his officer he said to this purpose: "Thus runs the covenant,—Chosen by God the Father in his own sovereign act, given to his Son upon condition that he would be manifest in the flesh, and would become my Surety to work out for *me* a righteousness in his life, and make an atonement for me in his death; a co-equal, co-eternal Person accepted the condition and covenanted to be made man, and to live and die for *me*, whom he was to bring to glory. Another co-equal, co-eternal Person covenanted to breathe life into *me*, and to be to me the Spirit of life that I might be regenerated from a death of trespasses and sins and be manifested a child of God. *Praise*, eternal praise, to the Triune Jehovah! Precious, precious Jesus, who shed his blood for me!

"'And since I must die,
Receive me, I'll cry;
For Jesus hath loved me,
I cannot tell why;
But this I do find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not be in glory
And leave me behind.'"

Once, after a season of great darkness,—for, at times, he was almost in despair, the following hymn was much blessed to his soul:

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?
Then Jesus is for ever mine."

One day he asked why he was kept here suffering so long. He was told it was because the Lord had not come to take him to himself. He answered, "He is come!" And then added, "What are all my sufferings compared to what my precious Jesus suffered for me? They are as nothing."

On Sunday, March 24th, his last on earth, about 2 o'clock, after a severe struggle for breath, he said, "Am I here yet? It has been a hard struggle; but it will not be for long." And then, raising his hand, he said, "It *is* victory! Victory! Not *will be*, but *is!*" He often repeated the following:

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"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing thy love?"

A friend told him of a house that had fallen. He immediately said, "Had it no foundation?" and repeated:

"On the Rock of Ages founded,
What shall shake my sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes."

The kindness of friends seemed too much for him; he felt so unworthy. Many times he prayed for patience to wait the Lord's time. He remarked that he had done with earth, and longed to be gone to be with his precious Jesus, and said if he had strength he could tell us many things about his precious Jesus. "It is so bright so glorious. *Bright* and *glorious!*" and he added:

"When this poor lisping, stammreing tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy *power* to save."

He died on Tuesday, March 26th, 1872, repeating "Glorious!" at the age of 32.

Truly a great man has fallen in Israel. His was a great work, but very short. He leaves a widow and five children to mourn his loss. He preached several years without any salary, and has left his dear wife and children unprovided for as regards this world's goods. He has also left a mourning church, who deeply feel their loss.

His great deliverance, when the Lord first manifested peace and pardon to his soul, was when amongst the Wesleyans. He often referred to it, and spoke of the spot, the place where Jesus met with him. His was a short life, but a most valuable one, and much blessed. This is a very meagre account, considering the deep exercise, temptations, and trials, with years of affliction, he endured; also his great blessings and deliverances, both in providence and grace, and his keen insight into truth, and the great gift of utterance which he possessed.

Melbourne, April 23, 1872. H. S.

[Speaking of the funeral, a Melbourne paper says "the *cortége* could not have been less than three-quarters of a mile long. It was one of the largest funerals seen for some time past, and shows the respect in which the deceased was held."]

GEORGE T. RANGER.—On March 3rd, in his 51st year, George Thomas Ranger, of London.

When at the age of 22, he was passing Gower Street chapel, and went in. Mr. Taylor was preaching. A few days afterwards the Lord arrested his conscience with a sense of the Almighty Being. He exclaimed, "Surely there is a God, and I knew it not." To get from a guilty conscience he went to a theatre; but the horrors he experienced while there prevented him from ever repeating the visit. Every companion was given up at once, and good books and good men became his

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choice, and the truth as it is in Jesus was afterwards made dear to him, though he never realized a full deliverance until near the last.

His complaint was asthma, &c., which laid him by for about three years, though he suffered for many more. The last four months his sufferings were very great, not being able often to lie down through difficulty of breathing. He was in much darkness of soul.

A few days before his death the widow of the late Mr. Freeman called. He was then sitting up. A light was lighted up in his soul which went not out. He said to me, "I could have wished you had not come in just then." On the Saturday a change for the worse took place, with heavy sleep and groans, and then he slept no more for three days and nights. On Wednesday he told me of his beginning, which I have named. I reminded him of the goodness of the Lord in bringing to mind the beginning at such a time. "Yes," he said, "I have not thought of it for years; but I want the Lord's presence." I said, "It is the valley of the shadow of death; it will be light at the end. You suffer much." "Ah!" he replied. "All the effects of sin. There is no suffering worthy to be named but one. O to be redeemed to God!"

On Thursday, he said, "Can you hear me? I wish you could." I answered I could; and then, with a sweet, placid countenance, he said, "I have had those words, 'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.' Yes; I shall go out in peace. O! What an opening up I have had of the difference between a true and a false faith! If it could be seen what I now see, there would be less joining the church. This has been a trying, but profitable affliction. I have had much to learn."

At three o'clock the next morning we saw a great change, and sent for all the family. He often repeated, "Hold out, faith and patience! There is plenty of room for the flesh to work." He said, "It is as much as I shall do to see Sunday. I do not want it otherwise." "No," I said, "you want that Robe wrought out by Christ, which he imputes, and faith puts on." He replied,

"'Holy Ghost, repeat the word;
Full salvation's in it.'"

And, at times, repeated the lines; adding, "Come, Lord! Come, blessed Spirit, into my poor soul." He often said to me, "If you find you can take me to the Lord, do." I told him I did; and as there was no hope of his recovery, I could not wish his sufferings to last. He was only going a little before. He would soon be safely landed. He said, "Yes; but I want more of the Lord's presence."

He was in my daughter's arms on Saturday morning, when his dear face brightened up, and he said, "Mother, He's come! He's come! I told you he would. No more going back. O blessed eternity! Blessed hope,—blessed, blessed hope! It will soon be over now!"

Little else was said but, "Mother, soon over!" and a little after noon his peaceful spirit took its flight to eternal glory.

My husband's sufferings were very great; but he was so moulded to submission to the Lord's sovereign will, that it was a pleasure to wait upon him. The last week was one of intense suffering; but there was such a holy solemnity in drawing near the Lord, that

"Though my cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

P.S.—I am a member of a Baptist church, and some account of the Lord's dealings with my soul were published in the last three numbers of the "Gospel Standard" for 1868. My husband was not strong enough in faith to enable him to go forward; as he was wont to say, "I am weakness itself."

A. RANGER.

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THE "GOSPEL STANDARD" AID SOCIETY,

FOR THE RELIEF OF AGED AND INFIRM STRICT BAPTIST MINISTERS AND THE WIDOWS OF STRICT BAPTIST MINISTERS.

In accordance with the advertisement in the "Gospel Standard" last month, a general meeting of the friends of this society was held on July 12, in the Lecture Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, London. A full report of the meeting has been published, and may be had, with the Articles of Faith and Rules, price 3d. We, therefore, here only give the following, which were adopted as Articles of Faith in addition to those already published.

We believe in the sanctification of God's people; the term sanctification signifying a separation and setting apart by and for God. This, in the child of God, is threefold: By election by God the Father (Jude i.); by redemption by God the Son (Jno. xvii. 19); and by the almighty regenerating operation of God the Holy Ghost (Rom. xv. 16). We believe that the blessed Spirit is the Author of what is styled in Scripture the new creature, or creation (Cor. ii. 5, 17), or new heart (Ezek. xxxvi. 26); being, in truth, an implantation of the Divine nature, through which the child of God would, according to the inner man (Rom. vii. 22) be holy as God is holy, and perfectly fulfil all the good pleasure of the Father's will; but groans, being burdened, being constantly opposed by the contrary workings of the old man. (Rom. vii.) We reject the doctrine of progressive sanctification, or that a child of God experiences such a gradual weakening, subduing, or rectification of the old nature, called in Scripture the old man (Ep. iv. 22; Col. iii. 9,), or such a continued general improvement, as shall make him at any time less dependent upon the communications of the Spirit and grace of God for all goodness, or less a poor, vile, wretched, helpless, sinner in himself and in his own estimation. (Jno. xv. 5; 2 Cor. iii. 5; Rev. iii. 17.)

We believe that the grace of God produces a real change in a man, and teaches him to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live godly (Pet. ii. 11, 12), and that there is a growth in grace, which consists principally in a growing experimental knowledge of a man's sinful self, the vanity of the creature, the glory of God, the spirituality of his law, and the want and worth of Jesus Christ. This is accompanied by a deepening distrust of everything but the grace and love of God in Christ for salvation, and is not a growth in conscious goodness, but in felt necessity, and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. (2 Pet. iii. 18; Mark iv. 28, 29; Jno. ii. 12, &c.)

We reject the doctrine of perfection in the flesh, or that the believer ever becomes free from indwelling sin in this life, or whilst in the body. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us." (1 Jno. i. 8.)

We reject the doctrines that the children of God cannot backslide, and that God does not chastise his people for sin. For though we believe that a child of God is called from a death in

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sin to a life of righteousness, and would, according to the law of his mind, or new nature, in all respects obey God's holy will, as declared in the scriptures; yet, through the temptations of Satan, the allurements of the world, and the power and deceitfulness of indwelling sin, he may fall for a season like David, Peter, and other Bible saints did. (Jer. iii. 14–22; Hos. xiv.) But we believe that when the children of God thus sin against God, and transgress his holy revealed will, God does in various ways and degrees chastise them for it (Ps. lxxxix. 30, 32; Ps. iii. 11, 12), not in vindictive anger, but in tender love, as a father does the son in whom he delighteth. We believe, too, that in this matter of chastisement for sin, God will deal in a most sovereign way, and as a God of judgment; so that though the punished child shall be made to discern the reason of the rod (Mic. 6–9), it is seldom safe for others to judge according to the outward appearance. We further believe that no man living in habitual sin gives any proof that he is a child of God, and we cannot, therefore, have fellowship with him, be his profession what it may.

We believe, as expressed in Art. IX., in the doctrine of the final perseverance of the saints, and that however much the elect of God may be tried by sin, and opposed by Satan, they shall all eventually attain to everlasting glory. Not one of them shall perish, for none can pluck them out of the Father's hand. (Jno. x. 29.)

We reject the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked; and believe that all who die out of Christ shall be turned into hell, the fire of which shall never be quenched, the wicked there suffering for ever the torments of eternal fire. (Matt. ii. 46; Rev. xix. last part of ver. 20; Rev. xiv. 10, 11.)

We deny duty-faith and duty-repentance; these terms signifying that it is every man's duty to spiritually and savingly repent and believe. We deny also that there is any capability in man by nature to any spiritual good whatever. So that we reject the doctrine that men in a state of nature should be exhorted to turn to God.

We believe that the glorified body of the Lord Jesus Christ is the same flesh and bones now in heaven as that which hung on the cross.

We believe that the invitations of the gospel, being spirit and life, are intended only for those who have been made, by the blessed Spirit, to feel their lost state as sinners, and their need of Christ as their Saviour, and to repent of and forsake their sins.

☞ The next Committee Meeting is appointed for Friday, Aug. 2, at twelve o'clock, at 18, Bouverie Street.

"GOSPEL STANDARD" AID SOCIETY.—RECEIVED up to July 18th.—Mr. Porter, Allington, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Hatton, Red Hill, £5 5s. (don.), and 21s. (ann.); Mr. Perrett, Reading, 21s. (ann.); Mr. King, Barking, 21s.; Mr. Levett, Chesterton, 40s.; Mr. Prince, Abingdon, 10s. 6d; Mr. Nightingale, Southwich, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Hill, Mortlake, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Mockford, Heathfield, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Lake, Ilford, 21s. (ann.); Mr. James Gadsby Richmond, Manchester, £20; Mr. Knight, Liverpool, £20 (don.), and 42s. (ann.); Mr. Massey, Forest Hill, £5 5s. (don.), and 42s. (ann.); Mr. Turner, London, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Ritson, Bilston, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Mattingley, Abingdon, 21s (ann.); Mr. Mitchenall, Norwood, 42s. (don.), and 21s. (ann.); Mr. Pavey, London, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Griffin, Muresley, 10s. 6d.

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

AUGUST, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

THAT WHICH WE HAVE HEARD.

NOTES OF A SERMON PREACHED BY MR. COVELL, AT CROYDON, ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 30TH, 1858.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."—1 JNO. i. 3.

(*See "Gospel Standard" for February.*)

WE took a little notice in the morning of what God's people were brought to see, and we noticed they were brought to see their ignorance, and the badness of their hearts; and that this drove them out of conceit with themselves. We noticed they were brought to see Christ is the way, the truth, and the life; and the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; and feeling this, they blessed God for his unspeakable gift. We noticed that they were brought to see such beauty in the Son of God that it caused them to fall in love with him, and to feelingly say, "Whom have we in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth we desire beside thee." Thus they were united together in faith, and cemented in love; which graces were wrought in their hearts by God.

And now we will pass on. "That which we have seen and heard." So there is not only *seeing* something, but there is *hearing* something; and the prophet Isaiah says, "Who hath believed our report; and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" That is, "Who hath heard what I have heard, and what God's people are made to hear? They were so fallen who had ears to hear it that he saith, Who hath believed?" But, saith the psalmist, "God hath spoken once; yea, twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God." As the psalmist had both heard and seen, this brought him to say in those days, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul; that the saints in those days might have fellowship with him, as John speaks to you and me, that we may have fellowship with him. When God speaks home to the heart, there is such faith attending and mixing with the word that the soul feels it to be the power of God. When God speaks, the soul feels, and says, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." And what God speaks to the heart the soul never forgets. He may lose the comfort of it, which brings him to say, "Remember the

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word to thy servant on which thou hast caused him to hope." Though, at times, hard put to it, the soul will say as Jacob did, "Didst thou not say to me?" and so puts God in mind, when things seem so contrary to what he expected. I have no doubt the good man expected to find a good passage; yet he is no sooner on the road than Laban is after him in anger and malice. No sooner has he quitted him than Esau is coming with four hundred men. Now he had lost the comfort of what God had spoken. When God speaks, there is faith mixing with the word, and the soul finds it, and eats it, and it is to him the joy and rejoicing of his heart. All hearing short of this is receiving it in the judgment, which never confirms the soul, or enables him to run in God's ways. But when God drops the word into the soul, he then says, "Never man spake like this man;" there is such power attending it. It was the power attending the word that made John say, "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us," having heard the same things. When God speaks home to the heart, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee," there is such faith and joy attending it that not all the power of unbelief can bring the soul to question the reality of it while the sweetness of it lasts. What a point he is at about it! How he speaks out with divine confidence, "The Lord is my light and my salvation." As John says, "Little children, I write unto you because your sins are forgiven you;" so he can speak of the same things to those that love and fear God. Then there is faith mixed with the word, and then the soul feels, "How sweet are thy words to my taste; yea, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." How they encourage the heart! What strength is conveyed! When God speaks, there is no rooting it out.

There is another thing. When God speaks this to the heart, it is not in the power of the law, men, or devils to bring thy sins back again. What God does is done for ever, and he doeth it that men may fear before him. This makes the soul speak, at times, in holy confidence. Because God spoke to Paul's heart by Ananias, he could say, "Christ is in my heart, the hope of glory." When God spoke pardon to my heart, after I had lost the power of the visitation, I remember how I tried to put myself back again, that I might sorrow on account of my sin. I found his helping hand and mercy; but what made me fear I was not right was, because I could not bring my sins back again. The Lord knows I ran in feeling to many places where I had committed sin, and tried to fix the weight of them on my conscience, but they would not stick; therefore I concluded I knew nothing about the matter, till it pleased God, in his mercy, to direct me to Huntington's "Justification of a Sinner." In reading that book, God instructed me in his way and work, and Mr. Huntington and I shook hands in feeling, and I believe we shall never part, though, of course, I never saw him. It is this that begets a union. God doeth it that men may fear before him.

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"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." This is what the soul hears; then he can speak in faith with holy confidence, and God own and acknowledge it. At times God drops a promise into the sinner's heart, and there is such sweetness attending it that up springs hope and faith, and the man seems confirmed that God has pleasure in him; and, notwithstanding the suspicion that may have been hanging about him for months or years, how it anoints his eyes. A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver, and is as a nail fastened in a sure place. When the soul gets into the company of those that fear God, he speaks of what he has seen. He never forgets it. It is as choice silver. It is as goods given forth by the master of assemblies, and he will speak of it, and will bring it before God. For God says, "Put me in remembrance; let us plead together; declare thou that thou mayest be justified." Now the Holy Ghost has communicated something to the man's soul, and so he speaks of it for the encouragement of others who are questioning their state. That which he hath seen and heard enables him to hold fast till God says to him, "Come up higher." Often the poor soul hears God speaking to him when in trouble, and knows not what to do. Then he is brought in feeling to lift up his eyes to the hills whence cometh his help. Then it is, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? How shall I stand, Lord? Am I in a right path? Wilt thou bring me out? When perplexed and tried, at times, how God speaks to his heart, either in a way of promise that he will bring him out of his trouble, or saying to him, "This is the way; walk ye in it." When it is thus dropped into his heart, how he feels that God will be with him. With what holy confidence he steps forward. Where the word of a king is there is power; there is such majesty in it, the soul believes it is the word of God, as it is. It is not what we may say to each other; power belongs to God. How this decides the question for the poor soul; this settles it. Now he says, "Now it will be straight." Let the exercise be what it may, there is a looking back, running to it, turning it over, and he never can let it go, but he will speak of it again and again to those that fear God, declaring how he was confirmed by it.

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." So they speak from a feeling heart. It is to hear what God shall speak that brings them to his house with, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." Herein they learn what the psalmist declares, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." As the Son of God told his disciples, he spoke in parables to others, but he expounded them to them; so preaching is a parable to those untaught by God. They have no idea of anything beyond having their passions moved. But God speaks by the word to the heart; and as these things are felt in our souls, and only as they are, can we have fellowship with the saints. There is no real fellowship unless some of these things have been felt in your heart.

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You may admire the character of Abraham, and the patience of Moses; you may admire holy Daniel; but, as to any fellowship, drinking into their spirit, blessing God for what they saw, weeping with them, or rejoicing with them, it is a path that God's people only know. As it was in days of old, so it is now; there is no fellowship with men and women who have only the things in their judgments, without broken hearts. How two broken hearts agree! It is as the scripture says, "Bone came to bone." In runs their hearts one to another. This is the fellowship; it is never finally broken; it is begun and carried on by the Spirit. This causes them to say, "This people shall be my people, and their God my God;" I will go with you, for I have heard that God is with you." This brings them to understand what David says, "Peace be with thee, and with thine helpers; for the Lord helpeth thee."

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us." We drink into the same spirit as the Old and New Testament saints, and become one body bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord Jesus Christ.

"And truly our fellowship is with the Father." Then if there is fellowship with the Father, there must be walking together; for "how can two walk together, except they be agreed?" "If we say we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Now what I think the Holy Ghost means by this is, that though we have fellowship with the Father, yet there will be picking up some defilement from day to day continually; so that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin, removes it from the conscience, and purifies the heart. The Son of God said to his disciples, "He that is washed is clean every whit, and needeth not save to wash his feet." As if to say, "Although I have saved you with an everlasting salvation, you will need a fresh application of it from day to day, because your feet, in your life, walk, and conversation will pick up defilement." So to comfort our hearts in this, though we have fellowship with the Father, and the soul finds and feels he is burdened with infirmities, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses him from all sin, because his heart, in the main, is right with God. Thus he realizes a fresh application of that cleansing blood, again and again, and walks in peace and equity with God.

Now there is no walking in fellowship with God, if we are walking in darkness. "If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth; but if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another." Now there must be walking in light. What is it to walk in light? Why, to be honest in heart; to be brought before God, saying, "Search me, O God, and try me;" to be

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made willing to be set right, and have our sins brought to the light, and discovered, and turned therefrom. The scriptures declare, "He that hateth the truth walketh in darkness." Now if there is a cloaking of sin, if there is flying from the light, and no real honesty of heart, nor wishing to know the worst of ourselves, there is no fellowship with God. If you have fellowship with God, there is a cleanness of hands in his sight, there is a coming before God with this cry, "Lord, teach me! Lord, where am I? Is there anything wrong about or concerning me?" If you cannot come here, there is no walking with God. If these are your feelings, there is fellowship. John leaves us at no uncertainty: "If any man say he is in the light, and hateth his brother, he is in darkness." God is light; so to walk with God there must be walking in light. As this is realized in the soul, and felt in the heart, I know from experience what a deal of access there is to God, what coming there is to him, with, "Lord, thou knowest thy servant!" No making excuse for or cloaking sin. Why? Because communion with God in the heart is more to such a soul than all other things beside. It is only as you and I walk in the light that we have fellowship, and there is sweet fellowship felt in the soul when such is the case.

There is nothing wrong in God's word, nothing wrong in what God says; but there is a falling in with it, and delighting to do God's will. What blessed fellowship this is!

Again. "Truly our fellowship is with the Father." Now John saith, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world is the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, and these are not of the Father." Now if you and I are walking in fellowship with God, we have got our backs to the world. There is no mistake about that. No, no. It is of no use for you or me to doubt whether it is so or not; it is settled. When the world gets in a man's heart, it steals away his thoughts, and brings him into such captivity that there is no fellowship with God, whether he is in this state for a day, week, month, year, or more. You find after Samson laid his head in the lap of Delilah, and told her all his heart, and she caused his locks to be shaven off, he wist not that the Lord had departed from him, and he went out to shake himself as at other times; but the Philistines took and bound him. There was no fellowship with God. Before this he was walking with God; but now he discloses the secret: "There has not a razor come upon mine head." Now the fellowship ceased. Previously to this, when the Philistines were upon him, he snapped the cords he was bound with, carried the gates of Gaza to the top of the hill, and smote the people with great slaughter. Now the Lord has gone, the world has got his heart; so now he grinds in the prison. Hearken to what Hart says:

"God and mammon? O be wiser!
Serve them both, it cannot be."

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Why, says the scripture, "How can two walk together, except they be agreed?" "What concord hath light with darkness,—Christ with Belial?" The Son of God saith, "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hold to the one and despise the other, or cleave to the one and hate the other." So says the Holy Ghost by John, "Love not the world;" for if it gets into the heart there is an end to the fellowship. I do not mean to say there is an end to your religion, or that God will send you to hell, though that is your desert; for "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him;" but I am telling you the consequences that will follow. If the world is in thy heart there is no access to thy God; there are no sweet words dropping into thy soul from Sabbath to Sabbath; there is no finding God's word and eating it. It is true you may bend your knees before God; it is true you may read his word; but there is a solemn bar to sweet intercourse. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." As the blessed Spirit quickens thy soul, and enables thee to shake thyself from the dust, the world gets under thy feet; and then it will be, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." As God brings thee out, and says, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," so thy affections will run away from thy first husband, and thou wilt find there is room in thy poor heart for God. "Love not the world," says God. "No," says the soul; "I hate it."

"Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me."

God says, "All that is in the world is the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life; these are not of me." "No, Lord," says the soul; "subdue these things, and root them out of me." There is running to God, crying, "Cut off this; pluck up the other." It is only as these things work in thy heart that there is fellowship with God. There may be grace in thy heart, a life thou canst never lose; but all be barred up and smothered in rubbish, by reason of thy folly. Thus the soul finds the truth of what God declares: "With the froward I will show myself froward." Here the soul finds there is no fellowship; so he is brought to say, "Lord, do cleanse the thoughts of my heart." The Holy Ghost brings the soul to feel where he is, and causes him to cry, like Samson, "Come this once, Lord, that I may be avenged for my two eyes." Then God in mercy returns, and the soul finds God is a jealous God. When we provoke him, he makes us smart for it.

What the child of God wants is reality. When the things I have just mentioned are going on in theheart, there is no reality. When these are felt, the soul is like a man shut up in a prison, and he says, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." This fellowship is only maintained as the soul is enabled to walk along with the world under his feet, and he goes heavenward. "Then there is but little fellowship," say you. That is

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because thy heart is left to be so much more in the world than it is after heavenly things; therefore, the Son of God comes to thee with this solemn scripture: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." But you and I think we will look after worldly things first, and heavenly things by and by; but we find in the long run we have been but fools.

Again. There is fellowship with the Father when you and I are brought into trials, and are enabled to feel, "Not my will but thine be done." The child of God is often put into trying places. As God brings him to walk in these paths, whether close-pinched in circumstances, or trying things in his family, as they pinch him hard, he feels this disposition: "I do well to be angry." While that is felt in the heart, there is no fellowship with God. He may come to God's house to hear, and bend his knee before him; but there is no fellowship till his spirit is brought down, and he knows what it is to lay his hand on his mouth, and submit to God. When he comes here, what fellowship he has with God! He drops into the hands of the Lord, and feels:

"Choose thou the way, but still lead on."

"It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." As soon as this is felt, he can go on, and carry the trouble to God. Do you know what is done? As soon as this is done, the cross is not half so heavy. Now he can have fellowship with God. Now he can say, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" What a good God I have! "Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Now he walks in fellowship with God; but before this his tongue muttered perverseness; there was no communication with God, no dropping into the arms or at the feet of the Lord. No, no. But as soon as submission to his Maker is wrought in his heart, then there is fellowship, and they can walk together, because they are agreed. "It is good," says God, "that a man bear the yoke in his youth;" and the man says, "This is a mark of thine approbation towards me," and he says to his soul, "Wait, I say, on the Lord." There is only fellowship between God and the soul as these feelings are enjoyed.

Another thing I would say. You may try to confess it in your judgment, and bring yourself into it; but you cannot. The soul walks in fellowship with God, because God's way is his way; and thus they walk together. Though, again and again, there is some rising up of evil, yet the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses from all sin. God knows his frame, and remembers that he is dust. Thus he bears with him, on account of these things, in mercy, and in his tender compassion regards him. This is fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ.

But I see the time is gone. This fellowship with Jesus Christ is some of the sweetest, at times, when the Son of God spreads

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his banner of love over the soul, and the soul feels what it is to sit under his banner with great delight, and find his fruit sweet to the taste. O the fellowship, when the Holy Ghost draws up his heart's affections, and gives him to feel that this is his Beloved and his Friend, and when he creeps into the heart of Christ, and feels Christ in his heart! How he tells him what he is, while his righteousness justifies him, and he feels, here he would sit for ever, tasting these things.

There are other ways of walking in fellowship beside these I have spoken of. Sometimes the child of God has to bear reproach for the name of Jesus. All his religion is called in question, and lightly esteemed by sinner and by saint. Here he has fellowship with Christ, walks in the same manner as he did; for neither did his brethren believe him. "If thou art what thou profess to be, show thyself to the people." He has fellowship with Christ, at times, when he knows what it is to be puffed at, and sorely tempted, by the father of lies. He has fellowship with Christ, at times, when he walks under a darkness that may be felt, and which brings him to cry out, "Make haste, O my God, for my help!" So there is fellowship in these things. Therefore what Hart says is true:

"A faithful friend of grief partakes,
But union can be none
Betwixt a heart of melting wax,
And hearts as hard as stone;

"Betwixt a head diffusing blood,
And members sound and whole;
Betwixt an agonizing God,
And an unfeeling soul."

Poor child of God, art thou walking in a path of trials? Art thou puffed at by the devil as to the reality of thy religion? Thou art walking in the same path with Christ. In all things he was tempted like unto his brethren, yet without sin; and, being tempted, he is able to succour those that are tempted. He has fellowship with thee. Art thou driven into straits, into close places in circumstances? "The foxes have holes," said the Son of God, "and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head." See how you can walk together. Art thou really crying out, "O that God would speak peace to my soul, and make me happy by lifting upon me the light of his countenance? That is what I want; that will put more joy in my heart than ever the wicked knew, when their corn, or their wine, or oil increased." Thou art walking with Christ. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Therefore says John, "We have fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

God bless you with more of this one with another, and with the saints of old; bless you with this fellowship with Father and Son, that you may walk in peace, and thus feel that their God is

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your God, and sweetly sing together here, then you will sweetly sing together to all eternity, and crown him Lord of all.

The Lord grant it, for his mercy's sake.

THE LORD'S HELP NEEDED.

Dear Friend,—As the Lord may be pleased to assist, I will try to lay before you a few of the many workings of my poor mind. There are times and seasons when I trust I can say without hypocrisy, as before a heart-searching Jehovah, that it is my chief concern to know, fear, love, and serve Him who hath, I humbly trust, quickened my poor soul into spiritual life and feeling, causing me, at times, to abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes at his dear feet, hating myself as a vile, polluted sinner, unworthy of the least mercy or favour at his blessed hands; yet, blessed be his name, he does, at times, notwithstanding all the badness of my base heart, break me down under a sense of his goodness, mercy, and tender compassion towards such a poor, unworthy wretch, that deserves nothing at his hands, but to be banished from his presence to that place where hope never can enter. There are other times, alas! too often when all is darkness, deadness, carelessness; and indifference; when I feel shut up, and cannot come forth; when I would be different, would pray, and believe, and love and serve him in newness of life with a pure heart fervently; but have no power to do so, being completely helpless and ruined in and of myself; but, blessed be his great name, he has taught me, I trust, that salvation, from first to last, is of him, without money and without price.

After all, I cannot rest in a bare, speculative knowledge; but I want a feeling religion, the life and power of vital godliness, to feel the blessed Jesus precious to my heart, and the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. At such seasons everything is right and straight; no wanting my own will and way then; but he causes me to fall as clay into his hands, that he may mould and fashion me as seemeth good in his sight. O this is a sweet place to be in; but I cannot get there by my own exertions, free-will, or power; but it is wholly of his own free favour and unmerited grace. Blessed be his name for ever. Amen.

The Lord knoweth the way which I take; and, when he hath tried me, may he bring me forth as gold purified in the furnace, that I may show forth his praises, who hath called me out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light. O may these light afflictions, which are but comparatively for a moment, work out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, that I may be enabled to look away from everything temporal, and view by faith the things which are eternal and that never fade away, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

Stamford, June 22, 1860. W. ROBINSON.

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A "DO DO" RELIGION USELESS.

My Unknown but Well-known Brother in the Lord,—I was born and lived in Trowbridge, the town where that dear man of God, John Warburton, for so many years was enabled earnestly and fearlessly, in spite of opposition, to preach a free, full, and finished salvation through the blood and righteousness of our dear Redeemer. It was there, in Zion Chapel, where the Lord was pleased to use him, as an instrument in his hand, to reveal to my poor soul that my fourteen years of good works could not save me, and that if I had no better righteousness than that to appear before God with I should be damned.

From my early childhood I heard nothing but a "do, do," religion. It was all tied up in this: "Be a good boy, love God, and when you die you will go to heaven; but if you are bad, God will not love you, and when you die you will go to hell." With this teaching I grew in years and in self-righteousness, hating the discriminating truths of God. But I worked, O how I worked! No tongue can tell how I worked. I prayed, I read, I groaned, I cried. Almost every night for years, except Saturdays, found me at the evening service held in one or another of the chapels. "I want to be saved! O! I want to be saved!" was my cry. Early on Lord's day mornings I would be praying and groaning that I might be prepared for the seven o'clock morning prayer meeting, and that I might not have a bad thought through the day. God's law I saw to be most holy; but I was unholy; and having no experimental knowledge of the way of salvation by grace, I sought it by the works of the law.

During all this time I hated Mr. Warburton, the people who sat under his ministry, and the very chapel in which he preached. So deeply seated was the enmity of my heart that I should have rejoiced to have seen the chapel burned to the ground, and if a pail of water would have saved it, I should not have been the one to have brought it. Why all this? I had been told that John Warburton believed and preached election, and that none would be saved but those who were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world. This doctrine not harmonizing with my working, I fought it with all my might. Everything I could say against it I did. The devil and sin were never hated by any one more than I hated predestination. My life was a life of misery. All the preachers in the town, except Mr. Warburton, I went to hear, cried, "Do, do! You *can* do. It is your own fault if you don't do, and to hell you will go if you do not." O how I did strive to do; but I never felt I had done enough. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them;" "He that offendeth in one point is guilty of all;" "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart," &c. O how these texts, with many others, not understanding them, kept me working. What with labour of body and mind, my health began to fail, and I began to fear I should have to be

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taken to the madhouse. Still I kept toiling at the law, hoping in some favoured moment I should find I had fulfilled all its demands. Work, work! O how I worked! God only knows how I worked! My acts, my words, my thoughts, how I watched them. O the sin I discovered in all; my very heart at last seemed like a cage of unclean birds. The more I worked the more vile I felt. Sin showed itself in all I did. I cried, "What shall I do? How shall I escape the wrath to come? How can I endure the torments of hell?" Sometimes I thought I would harden myself, and be like others, alike careless; for I could be but lost. One day I went to a public-house and called for a pint of beer, determined to drown all my feelings. Having warmed it, I poured it into another man's pint, not knowing but it was my own. For this I was called a fool, and lost my beer. At times, when my business called me to public-houses, sin and guilt so overpowered me that I had to go where I could give vent to my feelings in groans and cries. Live carelessly I could not; give up working I could not. When alone, I beat my breast with my fists, while I cried, "I am lost! lost! Lord, thy holy law I cannot keep! What shall I do? O what shall I do?" Yet work I would, and work I did. With the horrors of the lost upon me, I at last exclaimed, "Lost or saved, I will work no longer." Soon the thought came, "You are now ruined! This has added to your untold sins!" My burden became greater; so to work again I went, praying, reading, groaning, "If it can be possible, O Lord, save me, the worst of all thy creatures! I have deserved hell. It is a mercy I am out of hell. God be merciful to me, a sinner! Lord, save, or I perish!"

In this almost despairing state, one Tuesday evening, my mind was moved, I believe by the living God, to go and hear John Warburton preach,—the man I had learnt to hate. As I sat in the right-hand gallery, looking at the congregation, and dear Mr. Warburton in the pulpit, I thought, "What fools these people must be to believe in election; and what a fool I must be to come!" I felt almost like standing up and going out; but in the mean time the first hymn was sung, and the dear man of God commenced to pray. O! Such a prayer I never before heard. It was short; but in it he told the Lord just what I was,—lost, ruined, and undone; the vilest sinner out of hell; just such a case that none but a Triune God could save. O what a softness of feeling! In a moment my hatred was turned to love for both him and the people he preached to. The text the Lord led my departed brother to preach from that evening was Ps. cxxvi. 3: "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." How closely I kept my eyes on him while he took the spectacles from his eyes, wiped them with his handkerchief, put them in the case, and returned them to his vest pocket. In a few moments he looked around upon the congregation, and thus began:

"I shall notice, first, some of the great things God the Father

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has done; secondly, some of the great things God the Son has done; and, thirdly, some of the great things God the Holy Ghost has done. One great thing God the Father has done is that of making choice of a people ere the world began, and that choice, said he, is unchangeable. Many look on this as a mean thing, because, say they, it is not giving every one a chance; but how differently with those who have been through the slaughtering-house of God's law, seen themselves guilty, lost, and condemned; with not a word to say why they should not be cast into hell. They, through the Spirit, will bless God for his electing love, knowing that was it not for that not a soul could be saved."

How differently, although not prepared just then to receive it, did election appear to me!

"Three things," said he, "God the Son has done for those whom God the Father has chosen. He bore their sins in his own body, suffered for them in the garden and on the cross, wrought out for them just such a righteousness as the Holy Son of God requires."

Here he wove in his own experience, telling how long he had been under the law, how he had laboured to keep it, what he had suffered from its curses, expecting of a certainty that to hell he must go. He also told the place where, and time when, he was delivered from it, together with the joy and peace that flowed into his soul. My soul was brimful and running over with joy. I saw, I felt, I believed that Jesus was my Law-fulfiller, that he had stood as my Surety, that all the wrath and punishment I had deserved from the hands of a just God were laid upon him, and that in consequence there could be no condemnation for me. From the "ought-to-do" preachers I had never heard a word of experience, what it was to be under the law, or how to be delivered; but now to hear it from the lips of a man I had been taught to hate, it was all I could do to keep from telling him there and then.

"The work of the Holy Ghost," he said, "is as necessary as the work of the Father and the Son. So depraved is a poor man that a precious Jesus would never be sought after if it was not for his divine influence." Here he told how the Holy Ghost wrought in the hearts of the elect, and the different ways he took, in convincing them of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. Said he, "Poor sinner, thou hast been fearing for months past, perhaps, that because thou canst not get such a righteousness as thou wantest thou must be for ever lost. Thou hast been thinking that everything is going against thee. But now let me ask thee, Who told thee thou wast naked? Who told thee thou wast a poor helpless sinner? Who revealed the hidden depths of iniquity of thy heart? Who hitherto has kept thee from depending on thy fig-leaf righteousness? The Holy Ghost has done this; and in his own time he will show thee why he has done it. Why," continued he, "if thou hadst not been just so taught, Jesus would never have been precious to thee. Where art thou now?" said he. "Just here,—damned or saved, nothing to trust to or depend

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on but the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus. Sinner," said he, "if this is thy experience, thou hast passed from death to life, and to heaven thou wilt go."

My heart leaped for joy. I had never heard such glorious, soul-comforting truths before. I felt that shout I must; and how I kept from it I know not. I left the chapel; but O how different my feelings to what they were when I entered! I hastened to the fields to give vent to my feelings. There I danced, sang, and shouted. "No longer under the law, but under grace! No longer have I to do with Moses, but with Christ." My Jesus I called by all the endearing names I could think of, until my bodily strength was exhausted. O how precious Jesus was to me, and how odious my sins appeared! I felt that if I could I would tear sin from my heart and be as holy as my Maker. My conversation with my professing friends soon showed them a change had been experienced. All my talk was about my dear Jesus, what he had done, suffered, and died, the Just for the unjust; that through his death I should surely be saved. "Parson Warburton" then became the butt of their ridicule. For a time I was pitied as a weak-minded person, carried away with his Antinomianism. My telling them that my toiling to do all the "ought-to-do" preachers told me to do only increased my bondage; also how God had used him as an instrument in his hands in bringing me into gospel liberty, only increased the natural enmity already in their hearts against the glorious doctrines of sovereign grace.

About this time I became acquainted with Jabez Gingell, an account of whose death may be found in the November "Standard" of 1867. Being older than I, and knowing more of gospel truth, he was made a blessing to me. Through him I heard of the "Gospel Standard," and for it I now long every month. Mr. Gadsby's writings, Mr. Warburton's life, Hart's hymns, and other works, are indeed food in this far-off country. O the sweet moments I used to enjoy in that dear man's company (Jabez Gingell), as we went to and from Zion Chapel. We talked of our doubts and fears, suspicions and jealousies, hopes and triumphs, and, most of all, of our dear Jesus, and what he had done to save such worms as we.

At that time so great was my love for Mr. Warburton and other men of God who preached the same truths in his pulpit, that it seemed that nothing but death could part us. The bounds of our habitation are fixed by God; for in the year 1846 one of Mr. Warburton's members proposed to me to go to America; and, astonishing to say, in a few weeks we were on the way. We made a promise before we left that we would keep together; but in this we have been disappointed, the bounds of my dear friend being New York City, while mine have been varied. With tears and many fears we left for our new home, hoping we should find the same glorious free-grace truths preached here as we had been accustomed to hear in Zion Chapel. In this, to a great extent, we have been disappointed. Nevertheless, we have found here and

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there a man raised up by God who fearlessly and faithfully preaches the discriminating truths of God's word. In New York City we found several small interests, though I am informed there is now but one, and their number few.

In a few months the Lord in his providence made it plain that Haverstraw, 40 miles from the city of New York, was to be my earthly home, at least for a time. I moved my family with joy, having heard that a few miles off the truth was preached. Thither I went; but O how sadly I was mistaken! Not because doctrines were not preached; for election, predestination, particular redemption, effectual calling, final perseverance, were in the mouths of many; but that rich experience and practice dear Gadsby, Warburton, Philpot, Tiptaft, and others, through grace, preached were all wanting. With this people I found no spiritual union, and my contending for an experimental knowledge of these truths in the heart only made them shy of me. In secret I mourned, and wished I had never left the shores of Old England. "Back to England," I said, "the Lord willing, I will go; even if I have to beg my bread." But the Lord's ways are not ours; and thus my experience has proved; for I have been watching the hand of providence to make my return clear, but up to the present time I have not seen it. From some of my English brethren I have received letters, others have called on me; all seem to speak the same things,—a land of spiritual dearth, even among those who professedly hold to the truths of grace. I have before me a letter I received a few days ago from a female friend, formerly a member of Mr. Warburton's church, saying, "I am spiritually starving. The truth as I used to hear it,—I hear of no place where it is proclaimed." I do not mean the truth is not preached in this country, for it is. God has his own sent servants; but they are few, and widely scattered. Near where I reside is an Elder Smith; all ministers are called elders here. He is an American, and a man richly taught of God, and preaches a free, full, finished salvation, through the death and sufferings of our adorable Redeemer. The congregation is small, as is the case where the discriminating truths of God's word are preached. I hear him occasionally, and the Lord makes his ministry a blessing to my hungry soul.

Twenty-five years have passed away since I first landed a stranger to all in New York City. I have shared the trials common to poor humanity, having lost six children, and within a few years nearly £400. My health has never been good, and yet through mercy I am alive, and have a good home. I believe I am perfect as I stand in Christ, and that my heavenly Father sees no sin in me; but in myself, O how vile! When the Lord by his Holy Spirit shines in my heart and gives me a faith's view of the finished work of my dear Redeemer, how I can rejoice! It is more than a match for my corruptions, or even the father of lies; but when, for wise purposes, he is pleased to hide from me the light of his countenance, O what sad work I make! Doubts

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and fears come, and I begin to question whether I ever knew anything of a work of grace.

Thus far the Lord has led me on; the future the Lord has not seen fit to reveal. I have always had a desire to know it; but, for wise purposes, it has been hid from me. To me the "Gospel Standard" is a welcome visitor. The glorious truths it brings are the truths my soul feeds upon and lives upon; and I believe enjoyed in the heart, put there by the Holy Ghost, they will enable me, as they did Mr. Warburton, to die in the triumphs of faith.

This country is a land of great profession; but I fear the majority of professors know but little of a genuine work of grace in the heart. More is said here about what fallen, totally-depraved man can do, should do, must do, &c., than is said of what a Triune God has done. The precious Saviour is robbed of his crown by the exaltation of the creature. An American revival consists in holding meetings every night, sometimes for months. Certain seats in front of the pulpit are called "anxious benches." After preaching, the anxious are invited to occupy these seats. Men and women go to all the pews, and invite and sometimes actually pull persons out of their seats to come. These persons are called mourners. Prayer is offered for them, exhortation is made to them. Sometimes there is great excitement and confusion. Many under the excitement are persuaded they are Christians; and, poor creatures, they believe it, and are baptized. As soon as the excitement ends, a reaction follows, and many become more wicked than before. Some of them maintain their visible standing, but generally are ignorant, and sometimes haters of the discriminating truths of God's word. Among them in some cases are to be found those whom God the Holy Ghost has really taught. Contented with themselves they are not, neither are they contented with the preaching they hear. Without friends to whom they can open their minds, their religion is between God and themselves. God only knows their cries and groans. Many such persons have I found since I have been in this country.

I am glad Mr. J. Gadsby was moved to give the history of the "Gospel Standard." I have been one of its constant readers for thirty years. I feared when Mr. Philpot went home we should have it no more. So many times have the truths and experiences of the loving family contained in it been blessed to my soul that I felt its loss would be great.

I must draw to a close. I am a poor sinner, without a single rag of righteousness, and deserved long ago to be sent to hell. O the rich grace of God towards me through Jesus Christ, his dear Son. Sometimes I am enabled to say, "My dear Saviour!" My hope is in Jesus; my trust is in his merits. Lost or saved, I have nowhere else to go. When he begins the good work he will carry it on. Were it not so, long ago I should have deserted him. I stand because he holds me up, and follow after him because he draws me. My prayer is, if God's will, that the

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"Standard" may live to advocate the glorious free-grace truths of God's word, and that you may have wisdom given you from on high in the charge of it.

I hope to return, God willing, some time to Trowbridge, the place of my first and second birth.

Your unknown, unworthy Friend,

WILLIAM PIKE.

Delphi, Onondaga County, North America, Nov. 25, 1871.

THE PASSING CLOUD.

"The clouds are the dust of his feet."

SORROWFUL, weary, tempted one,
"Be still," and trust thy Lord alone.
Art thou afflicted? So was he,
And knoweth how to succour thee.

Wouldst thou his crown of glory share,
His cross then also thou must bear;
In fellowship to suffer now,
Then follow him, and patient go.

He's with thee, though he be not seen;
Perhaps clouds of darkness intervene,
To hide from thee his lovely face,
And thou his footsteps canst not trace.

These clouds he'll scatter by and by;
Then on his faithful word rely;
Wait still on him, till he appear;
The clouds betoken he is near.

They are the dust beneath his feet,
And fly before him; then how sweet
His coming is in truth and grace,
To show once more his smiling face.

His presence calms the troubled breast;
His power temptations doth arrest;
He speaks, the billows cease their roar;
Nought can withstand his mighty power.

March 2, 1872. E. B.

HERE on one side are heaps of sin that cannot be numbered; on the other side are riches of mercy that cannot be reckoned. There is sin to drown, here is a Christ to save. Hell and heaven, sin and Christ, damnation and salvation, are presented in their proper colours, and pressed upon the understanding, which beholds all by a clear light; and thus, by the illuminating virtue of the Spirit, the soul is laid at God's feet in a sense of its misery, and then drawn into Christ's arms by a sense of his grace. This is wrought by a convictive persuasion; for so the word means, Jno. xvi. 8, which causes both a sight of sin and a sense of righteousness, and produceth a full assent in the understanding." —*Charnock.*

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THE LATE MRS. GORTON.

(*Concluded from page* 288)

"Owing to affliction at this time, and also a cough, the doctor ordered me to keep quiet in my room and out of draughts. On the 6th of January I could not help praying for my uncle, who was in Jamaica. In the evening they had dancing down stairs, and I was so glad that I was out of it, being confined to my room; and I read with much pleasure a little tract called, 'Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh.' The house was not my own; I was boarding; therefore, of course, I could not prevent the dancing. I felt a presentiment that I was going to lose all my relations, and I told Mrs. Swallow so. I received a letter just after from France, announcing the death of my aunt Eliza. One morning, when I got up, my knees knocked together about my uncle, having a dread on my spirits respecting him, and I expected every packet to hear of his death. However, he lived to come to England, and to go to Scotland. My aunt Clara died about eight months after my aunt Eliza. I was writing a long letter to her, telling her everything I thought would be interesting to her, when there was a knock at my bedroom door, and Mrs. Rowe entered with a letter in her hand, which she had received from Mr. Aubrey, the clergyman at Honfleur, informing her of my aunt Clara's death. He said it would be necessary for a relation to go there, as the British consul had sealed up the things. I was obliged to go, as my uncle, who was the only surviving relative besides myself, was in the north of Scotland.

"The Thursday week before I heard of my aunt Clara's death I was baptized at Shouldam Street. While my uncle and aunt were in England, my aunt, in conversing with me one day, perceived I approved of adult, or rather Christian, baptism. She said, 'I hope, Eliza, you do not mean to be dipped.' I said it was my intention to be baptized. She said, 'Your uncle will be so grieved.' I answered, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me.' She said, 'They all say that.' However, I had never heard any say so. She said it was not essential to salvation. I said I should not do it because I expected to be saved by it, but because I believed I was saved. She said, 'You were christened when you were a baby, and confirmed when you arrived at a certain age.' I said, 'No; I never was confirmed by man, or I should have been confirmed in unbelief.' She said if everybody saw as I did the Church of England would fall. Here our conversation was interrupted by my uncle coming into the room. My aunt informed him of my intention. He said he hoped not, for my chest was so vulnerable that a cold bath might prove fatal to me. Owing to my uncle having told me this, I thought I would not be foolhardy; so when I applied for baptism, I proposed having the water warmed, and Mr. George laughed at it, for he said he had known people in the last stage of consumption baptized, and no ill consequences ensue. I

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was very much tried about the water after I spoke for baptism, though not many months before I had longed to bathe in the sea when the water was very rough. I begged the Lord to take away that dread, which he was pleased to do; and some who knew how much I had feared were surprised to see me go down the steps so boldly; and when I came out I joined in singing the words which I had chosen:

"'Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever,' &c.

"After my return from France I was very much tried in my mind, though I did not doubt my interest; and these words were applied to my mind with power and sweetness: 'No weapon formed against thee shall prosper.' And wherever I went these words followed me: 'The servant is not above his master, nor the disciple above his Lord.' I could not think why they should follow me, but I have seen it since. At another time, when I was tried in my mind, I had these words applied very sweetly:

"'Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take," &c.

On one occasion I had these words applied: 'I will turn my hand upon thee, and purely purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin.' While in Edinburgh I heard a sermon preached from Ps. lxxxix. 15, 16. I heard well, and happened to say it was the best sermon I had heard since I had been in Scotland; which gave great offence, because it was in a dissenting place.

"When my uncle and aunt came to Edinburgh, which they did in the spring on their way to London, I stayed a week with them. While in Edinburgh my uncle proposed that I should go to Cromarty; but I made it a subject of prayer, sincerely intending to go or stay as the Lord should direct in his providence; but everything seemed clear and open before me to go; so much so that others noticed it, and spoke of it; and I have had occasion to know since that it was of the Lord; for though I suffered much both outwardly and inwardly while there, yet I was to bring Margaret Ross, a servant that I hired while there, with me to England, and I was, though an unworthy instrument, to be the means of bringing her to a knowledge of the Lord, and of her brother's coming to England also to be brought to a knowledge of the truth under Mr. Edgecomb; and a lady sent her love to me some years ago, telling me that it was in reading good books to me that she first had a taste for those things. So that I am well satisfied I was not mistaken in going there.

"When I arrived at Cromarty House, and they showed me into my bedroom, the moment I set foot in the room these words came to my mind respecting my uncle: 'Man walketh in a vain show. He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them;' which is likely to be the case after my death.

"The first Sunday after I arrived at Cromarty Mr. Stuart preached from Exod. xxxiii. 15, 16. I heard him well. The next Sunday

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after, I heard a sermon from Rev. xxii. 14. I was much cast down under the sermon, and was overwhelmed with a flood of tears at a throne of grace; for it was not many months past I had been dandled on the knee, and longed to die that I might have full communion; but I got into such a low place that I began to think my former enjoyments were all delusions, or my inbred corruptions would not have bubbled up as they did. This text was borne into my mind, and just suited my case: 'Mine iniquities have taken hold upon me that I am not able to look up. They are more than the hairs of my head.' I went to Pontyfield on a visit, that I might attend the ordinance, and heard Mr. Sage from Heb. x. 22, 23; and I heard that day better than I had for some time. Mr. Stuart was preaching at Rassolis, and in the course of his sermon he quoted that text, at least the latter clause of it, 'And will by no means clear the guilty.' It came like a thunderbolt; for I felt guilty. I read all sorts of religious books that were put into my hand, and I became darker in my mind, until I seemed in a spiritual labyrinth, where I could see no way out; but the Lord had mercifully provided a way out, though not then. I was so troubled I could not speak, and my prayer was, 'O Lord, take not the word of truth utterly out of my mouth.' I seemed to see my likeness in Ephraim, who was a cake not turned. Strangers had devoured my strength and I knew it not; and grey hairs were here and there upon me and I knew it not. When I attempted to pray, I felt such weakness of body and mind that I was not able to utter a word, insomuch that I was tempted to procure a prayer, and fell under the temptation; but when I attempted to use it I felt myself a very hypocrite in so doing; for I knew not how to form my mouth to pronounce the words. They did not at all describe my case nor suit my feelings; so I was constrained to put the book on the shelf and there leave it; for I found it to be a hindrance instead of a help. I could sometimes ejaculate, 'Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation;' and sometimes, when walking in the garden, I darted up a desire Godward; but if I went upon my knees, for the most part I could not utter a word. I begged the Lord, at times, to restore his presence to me. I heard Mr. Taylor from these words: "I will also leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.' I was much encouraged and comforted by the sermon; but the cloud soon gathered again, and I again feared I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. Sometimes a word of scripture would be borne in upon my mind, and impart just strength enough to keep me from sinking, but not afford any comfort to my mind. I frequently opened my Bible at the following words, which used to distress me exceedingly; I feared they would be fulfilled in my soul's experience: 'Then will I cause to cease from the cities of Judah and the streets of Jerusalem the voice of mirth and the voice of gladness, the voice of the bridegroom and the voice of the bride; for the land shall be desolate.' (Jer. vii. 3, 4.) My soul was desolate enough, and I feared it

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never would be otherwise, and that the voice of joy and gladness had for ever ceased. When the Lord was pleased to enliven me a little under a sermon, or by a portion of his word, or in any other way, I could believe I was a Christian; but when he withdrew his presence I thought it was all over with me again, that I only fancied that it came from the Lord, or it would have continued with me. These words in my distress dropped into my mind:

"'The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.'

I could scarcely believe that any sweetness could come out of the bitter experiences of my soul. I heard Mr. Foreman preach from those words: 'And they all got safe to land.' I thought the Lord sent them on purpose for me; for I was on the point of giving all up. When he gave out his text, I could not help wondering how suitable it was; for it seemed as if the Lord had told me I need not think of giving up, for there was yet hope for me, and I was very much encouraged by the sermon. Afterwards I was tempted to think all my former enjoyments were delusions, and I did beg the Lord to restore the enjoyments of them if I had not been deluded; which he was graciously pleased to do. I went to Shouldam Street expecting to hear Mr. George; but he was unexpectedly prevented coming; and hearing a Mr. C. was going to preach, who was very legal, I said that would not do for me, and I ran away to Mount Zion; but when I heard it was a funeral sermon, I wanted to make my escape; for I thought I should hear the good and bad qualities of the person that was dead; but I was too nervous to leave the chapel; and glad enough I was afterwards that I was not permitted to do so; for the Lord condescended to give me a very conspicuous answer to my poor petitions. The text was: 'Sown in weakness, but raised in power.' Under that sermon the Lord was graciously pleased to revive all my former enjoyments and give me so sweet a foretaste of future blessedness that I could willingly have died under it. One time I begged the Lord to wean me from the opinions and judgment of the creature, to which I was very much wedded, and that I might be indifferent to the smiles and frowns of any; but after I had requested these things of the Lord I was more beset with them than before; and Satan used to tell me that I had asked amiss. I was obliged to ask the Lord again to do it for me, and I believe he has been answering me for years, but it has been by terrible things in his righteousness; for I do find that I am not moved by these in any measure as I once was. At that time, if one I believed to be a God-fearing person slighted me and did not shake hands with me, I used to think I could be no Christian or they would discern that I was, and give me the right hand of fellowship; but now if they do I see the Lord's hand in it, and if they do not I see that it is his will they should not; and I can trace in both these the answer to my former prayers. Indeed, many things recall to my mind petitions I put up years ago, which I had altogether forgotten. One amongst

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others was that he would revive his work in my soul so gradually that I might not take any of the glory of it to myself. Satan used to tell me I had not repented enough; and he tells me this, at times, to the present day, when he finds me in the dark and under desertion; but the Lord understood the language of my sighs and tears, though the enemy taunted me with telling me they were not like the prayers of the Lord's people. He always took advantage of my being in the dark to tell me such things; and as he often found me there he had great opportunity, and did not fail to improve it; but I find that the Lord always comes in with sweet peace into my soul now, when Satan assails me in this way.

"I remember one time Satan told me I should turn apostate; and this so alarmed me that when I went on my knees to ask the Lord to keep me from apostatizing, I trembled from head to foot, and it made me so weak I could scarcely keep off the sofa; but, blessed be the Lord, he hath said that where he begins he will carry on and complete until the day of Jesus Christ. Yes! Yes! How sweet the words:

> "'Grace will complete what grace begins
> To save from sorrows and from sins.
> The work that wisdom undertakes,
> Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.'

My fears were all chased away when these words came with sweetness: 'There is an end, and thine expectation shall not be cut off;' and I firmly believed there would be an end to my soul's exercises and conflicts, and that I should have a peaceful end, my expectations of heaven and glory not cut off."

I am fearful it will be too lengthy to put in the "Standard," therefore I must pass over a great deal of what my dear wife wrote. We had been married a little more than seven years, and she has often said she could see the hand of the Lord in all, in bringing us to be united together; also in bringing us to Cheltenham, which is now four years ago, though I never thought of living to see my wife's death, being in such a weak state when I came here. Many, many times we have rejoiced together, and sometimes wept together, and also blessed the Lord for his goodness to us. Someof the friends she felt a great union to, and there were none who knew her, far and near, and conversed with her on spiritual things, but loved her, being persuaded she was one of the Lord's. Amongst these I may name our dear friend the late Mrs. John Gadsby, who visited us, and with whom my wife had some sweet conversation. Mrs. G. several times spoke of it afterwards; and when my wife heard of her death she said, "I did love her. She is gone a little before me. It will not be long before I shall meet her again."

Little did I think the beginning of this year she would so soon be taken by death, she being so long able to go to chapel night and morning, not missing for about nine months. The last Lord's day she was out was the last in Dec., 1871. On the 1st day of January she was poorly, yet said she hoped to be at chapel the

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first Sabbath in the new year, and if not in the morning, she hoped to go at night; and then she said the ordinance of the Lord's supper would be administered, as she never liked to miss if able to go; but she was too unwell to go. The next week she got a little better, and came down stairs, and the doctor gave us every encouragement. She began to eat as usual, and got quite well, as we thought, and the doctor left off his attendance. In about a week or ten days she sank again for about a week. After that the doctor said if she would take her wine and beef tea, she would soon be able to get up and come down stairs; but she said it was unto death, and seemed willing to go. She dozed a little, and then said, "Through blood." I answered,

"'Mercy through blood I make my plea;
O God, be merciful to me!'"

"That's it," she replied. At another time, as she got weaker, she said, "I am *in* the valley now; but he hath said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.'" I answered, "He does not bring a soul into the waters and then leave them." She answered, "No, no! Quite through. That's a mercy."

Feb. 26.—In the morning I read part of Rom. viii., and asked her if she could say "Amen" to all. "Yes," she replied. "Nothing separate from him." I said, "Do you want to go home to him?" "Yes! Give my love to Tabitha." (That is my youngest daughter.) "She won't be long from *us*." She burst out, "Love! Love! He's full of love! What creatures we are; but he know's what is best for us." She lifted up her hands, and said, "Home, home! My home above! The Lord will give us a happy home! The Lord is good." "Yes," I said; "a stronghold in the day of trouble." She answered, "I have had those words: 'And he knoweth them that trust in him.'"

The following I received from Mrs. Smith, one of our members, who came to see her, expecting it to be the last time: "I saw dear Mrs. Gorton on Saturday, Jan. 27. She appeared in a dying state. She did not seem to know me at first, although she told me afterwards she did. She was quite sensible. I said, 'You are going home.' She replied, 'Yes! Going home, home!' I said,

"'Then you will see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.'

She said, 'Yes, for ever! Ever! Ever! Soon be landed. O yes! Soon, soon! For ever! For ever! For ever!' I said, 'You told me the Lord applied these words to you some years ago: "As thy days so shall thy strength be!"' She quickly replied, 'Yes; and it has always been so.' 'Then he'll never leave you nor forsake you.' 'No, never,' was her reply. 'The Lord is faithful to his promise.' She appeared to doze, and I thought I should never hear her voice again; and was about leaving, when I said to her, 'I hope we shall meet in heaven.' She

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said, 'We shall.' I said, 'You will soon be there, and I sometimes have a hope that I shall be there.' She then said, 'We shall! We shall! We shall!' with as loud a voice as ever I heard her speak. Then raising her feeble arms she shouted again, 'We shall! We shall!' several times; and then lay quite composed, as though waiting for the welcome summons to go up higher."

Saturday, Jan. 27th, she said, "The Lord is good. He is my God. He hath given me many sweet and precious promises." I said, "They will do to hang upon now, won't they?" She replied, "Yes! Yes! He is all sufficient. I had those sweet words spoken to me:

> "'Did Jesus once upon me shine?
> Then Jesus is for ever mine.'"

She was for two days and two nights and could neither eat nor drink. This was very trying to me. When I went to the table and my wife in bed not able to eat anything, there is no one can tell what my feelings were. Sometimes it seemed as if I should die before her; yet the Lord wonderfully supported me. I said to her, "You cannot eat with us; but you will soon eat at the marriage supper with the Lamb." "Yes, yes!" she smilingly said.

Sunday, 28th, I asked her if she was happy, and Jesus precious. "Yes, yes!" "You are going home." "Yes, *my* home; my *everlasting* home." After this we asked her to try and take something, as the doctor had told us to give her a little milk. She said, "Get it directly;" and she swallowed more than a wineglass full; and this was like healing balm to my wounded spirit. She afterwards kept taking a little isinglass and wine, with other things, till Saturday, Feb. 10th, when she fell asleep, about 9.30.

On the Sunday night previous to her falling asleep, it appeared as if she was battling with the enemy; but as soon as I said, "Mercy through blood," she smiled, and said, "Yes!"

The week after we could gather but little. She tried to speak, but could not. I said, "You can talk to Jesus. The Lord understands you." She moved her lips and looked up. At times she seemed lost, and did not know any one, not even me. My daughter standing by said, "That's father. Don't you know him?" "Yes, dear creature; bless him." I said, "You know Jesus, don't you?" "Yes, yes!" In a moment she would reply. One or two standing by the bedside, she was asked if she knew them. "No!" Our little grand-daughter was lifted up for her to have a look at her, and she was asked if she knew her. She answered, "Yes; that's mine."

Saturday morning, Feb. 10th, I read and prayed as usual by her bedside. She was quite happy. About half-past eight o'clock I received a letter to inform me of the death of Mr. Foreman. I went up to let her know, and said, "A little before you, Eliza." She moved her lips as if saying "Yes," and her eyes were fixed for a short time. She then closed them, and fell off into a sleep.

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In three hours we tried to awake her; but, no. The doctor came, but no opening of the eyes; they were for ever closed.

The night before she died I went into the room. There were two or three standing by the bedside. I found she was very near her last, and longed to hear another word. I said, "I wish you could speak to me. You long to go to Jesus, precious Jesus, don't you?" A heavenly smile came upon her cheek in a moment, as we all noticed and spoke of it afterwards. In about a quarter of an hour I went to the side of the bed, and read and prayed by her, and then repeated the words, "Precious Jesus!" The same heavenly smile came again upon her cheek; but there was no speaking nor opening of her eyes. I went and lay down. Three sat up, and as they found she was near her last they called me. I went into the room, and knew she could be here but a short time; but though I spoke of her blessed Lord as I had done before, there was not a word or look. Just at five o'clock, as she was about fetching her last breath, such a heavenly smile came upon her face that I shall never forget; and her spirit seemed to say, "Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting?" She could say in her soul, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Her languishing head is at rest;
Its thinking and asking are o'er;
Her quiet immovable breast
Now heaves by affliction no more."

She now knows the blessedness of the words: "There is an end;" and her expectation is not cut off. She has entered into the joy of her Lord.

Feb. 15, 1872. G. GORTON.

LEGALITY, NOT SPIRITUALITY.

ALL mankind, viewed as federally united to Adam, and naturally derived from him, are equal to him, and to one another, in the sight of God, as sinners. Every man's state and condition in the fall are described as follows: "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of his heart was only evil continually." (Gen. vi. 5.) And again: "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9.) This is not the character of some, but of all; and whenever anything is found better than this, it is not because they are less sinful, but it arises from the providence of God, and given that he may carry out his divine purposes. All that goes under the name of morality, and is really good to perform and follow, is the gift of God; so that, instead of God becoming debtor to his creatures for their good deeds one toward another, they are indebted to him for his keeping power. (Gen. xx. 5, 6.) The total depravity of human nature! The Holy Spirit asks, as above, "Who can

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know it? None but God in reality; but the blessed Spirit breaks open the dungeon and throws in a little light, and keeps gradually increasing that light on through life; so that a child of God sees and feels more of the depth of the fall the longer he lives. If he receives grace, it is to discover some fresh unsuspected sin; so that he who has the most grace will be sure to feel the plague of sin the most; and he who has the most gracious experience of the power of God will know the most of his own weakness and unprofitableness. Hence self-exaltation, or a legal spirit, never came by the grace of God, but is the deceitfulness of the heart, exalting itself upon the pinnacle of some supposed good that is not found in the heart of all. It can see the imperfection of others; but watch it. Does it point to Jesu's blood and righteousness? Does it speak of a gracious acquaintance of its own dependence on God? No; but it assumes a contentious, wrangling attitude; and when this spirit is found to predominate in the child of God, it seeks to show itself off to others as a pattern of holiness; but, with all its boasted sanctity, it derides the people of God, and looks down with contempt on the poor and needy. It blames them for their poverty, hinting that it arises from some open or secret sins. Such persons cannot preach the gospel, for their spirit leads them into bondage themselves and to treat all others as bond-servants. They think themselves more spiritual than any one else, and can spy out the carnality of others; but they never carry the mantle of love to hide a fault, nor faithfully reprove a man to his face, but will watch for time and opportunity when he cannot defend himself. Such can see the deadness of the church, and the worldly-mindedness of the ministers of the gospel, and, with great pomp, ask, "Where is your devotedness to Christ? Where is your zeal for his gospel? Where is your self-denial? And where is your fellowship with God? Alas! We see a great lack of real religion in you, and there is no heavenly fervour for the truth and for the good of souls; and therefore we leave so carnal, dead, and worldly a people."

Now, much of this might be true, when viewed from one point, such as the daily confessions of God's people, or as seen in the mixed multitude that have always been a plague to the church. But he who deals with the church of God generally from these considerations only sees her very worst parts. Hence his errors, when treating of her state. For sin is the daily burden, grief, and sore plague of the spiritual portion of the church; and they neither profess to justify it in themselves, nor yet in each other. No; it is a humiliating scene to them, which causes them to say, "Behold, we are vile!" But where is the remedy for this lack of spirituality? Will anything short of the divine power and gracious influence of the blessed Spirit produce spirituality? Must we, then, refrain from exhorting the people of God, and let them alone in their low conditions? No; but to infuse in the church of God a self-righteous spirit and to set them a legal task would

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only make bad matters worse, and would never aid the sick and helpless poor in spirit. There is a way pointed out in the word of truth how to exhort the children of God after apostolic example: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." (Rom. xii. 1.) There is no bitterness of spirit, but a sweet reminder of past mercies. What true obedience have past favours produced when reviewed by the light and power of the Spirit! They draw as with the cord of love, and the feet move with delight in the ways of God. For every child of God knows that the goodness of God leads to repentance, and the rebukes of the blessed Spirit are received then with all humility and godly sincerity. Sin is confessed and forsaken at such times, and the rod accepted. Now, every rebuke or exhortation must be ministered after the same manner to be effectual, or otherwise it will only create a spirit of discord, dissension, and much bitterness.

But does not this self-righteous and legal spirit often spring from mortification at not being esteemed according to some high notion a man has of his own parts, zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice he has made? Is it not frequently observable that the lashing at the ministers of the gospel and the exposing of their infirmities is mortified pride? Yes, truly; and it makes a rod from the twigs of the failings and spots of the godly to administer its revenge on its devoted objects of envy. It does not arise from a godly sorrow and a pained spirit for the lowness of Zion's condition. Let such examine themselves, and see if there is a self-abhorrence of themselves and a secret crying to God for the prosperity of Zion. For may there not be the greater sin in him who sows a legal spirit in the church than in him who keenly feels and grieves over the things for which the other abuses him? But it would appear that this self-exalted spirit, feeling itself unable to deal in spiritual matters, takes advantage of the faults and failings of the children of God to show itself off to advantage, rather than from a godly sorrow for the low estate of Zion.

Every godly person can but grieve at the strifes, contentions, and discords which are found to exist in the church of the living God; and each individual has cause to confess his lack of faithfulness and forbearance; yet no amount of deadness, or indifference, found within the family of God, will justify any one to take advantage of it to introduce error thereby, or to use unscriptural means to remove the prevalent stupor pervading the church; because the real church of God is not dead; she is not without the Holy Spirit; neither is she abandoned to her weaknesses.

But it is not among the contrite in spirit and broken of heart that this worldly-mindedness is to be found as a ruling passion. Among these are found the spirit of mourning, self-abasement, and godly sorrow for sin. These are lashed enough by their sins, foolishness, and a sense of their continual shortcomings. The

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fear of God keeps them from presuming, and preserves them from living in sin. But it is one of the devices of Satan to make use of the low condition of the saints to stagger the weak and try each one of them. Some he drives to seek help from Egypt, some he makes taskmaster of, some he keeps out of the church under the plea that they cannot find a perfect one (if they could it would be imperfect as soon as they joined it), and some he leads into legal bondage; and all through the low estate of the people of God.

If there should be any staggered and ready to conclude there is no home on earth for a godly person now, let them think this again, that, notwithstanding all the blame the church of God is worthy of, it is the dwelling-place of a Triune Jehovah, and he who keeps his throne in the heart of one who often cries out, "Can ever God dwell here?" can equally keep his throne in the midst of a company of the same kind of sinners.

But is it true that the church of God is really sunk so low and become so bad as some represent her to be? She is low, it is true; but is she so low as to have none to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints? Have all the watchful, prayerful, and spiritually minded ceased to present themselves before God and plead for Zion? Why, the very low condition of the people of God gives them a plea and a cause before God. See the poor harassed and tried soul, mourning before God, and complaining of his frequent and lamentable deadness, his hardness of heart, and bemoaning his worldly-mindedness and the stupor that pervades his mind almost day and night. What is the effect of this sight and sense of himself? Does it not cause him to feel broken-hearted, tender-hearted, affectionate, humble, and forgiving, because he feels his own need of pardoning mercy, and grieves over and confesses his unworthiness to God. Yet underneath all this there is another picture to see. There is a sacred love of the truth that would rouse the whole soul if the truth is attacked, and a burning zeal for Christ's gospel, when he would know no man if he came between it. God never left his church so low that she could not show any love and zeal for his truth and Person.

While we mourn, then, over our own unprofitableness, let us be careful not to forsake the divine power and gracious influence of the blessed Spirit for the spirit of legality, which opposes his operations by an arm of flesh; for the letter of truth cannot move the heart, however well expressed or forcibly pressed. Neither can an experimental exhortation touch the heart without the Spirit's influence. It is the power of godliness and the gracious teaching of the blessed Spirit that hold a man on to the truth to the end. If a man boasts himself of a deep experience, and uses great words to set himself off by, and he has not been taught it by the Spirit of God, he is sure to depart from it when he gets old. For his experience being shallow and more words than power, his latter days exhibit more letter than spirit and more head acquaintance with the scheme of salvation than a heart acquaint-

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ance with its powerful operations. It is the power of godliness felt in the heart that binds the living family of God to himself, to each other, to the precepts of the gospel, and to the love of the truth. Keep a jealous eye, then, on any teaching, however earnestly pressed, that implies or supposes a tree well planted and well watered ought to grow of itself; for when such doctrines are advanced they bring glory to the planter and the waterer, not to God, which is contrary to the scriptures: "I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase." (1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.)

Red Hill. J. H.

FELLOWSHIP.

My dear Friend, whom I love for the truth's sake, which I do believe dwelleth in you, and shall be in you for ever. This Truth is the dear blessed Son of God, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, who is full of grace and full of truth, and who, I believe, is in your heart the hope of glory. In this confidence I have had sweet communion with you, and in this confidence I now write to you.

As regards myself, I am often such a heap of confusion I seem to know nothing at all, where I am, or what I am, and yet I have had such sweet communion with the dear Friend of sinners, and felt so sure of his eternal love to my soul, of the pardon of all my sins, past, present, and to come, and have been filled with such joyful expectation of eternal glory, that I have been made so dead to the world and all the things which gratify old filthy nature, and so to loathe and abhor myself for all my many, many, many sins, that, if I try to my utmost to come to the conclusion that God hath done nothing for me, I find it impossible. But now and then I am permitted even now to come near to the Lord in prayer and supplication, and with my whole heart to bless him and give thanks unto his most holy and sweet dear self, for all the wonders of grace, mercy, and truth which he has made known unto sinful me. But I soon forget his mercies, and feel to fret and murmur in my gloomy and melancholy thoughts; for I seem to carry such a "slough of despond" about with me, and I find the fruit of it to be sin, bondage, hardness, and sorrow; but faith worketh by love, and produceth all the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and fills my heart with food and gladness.

I received your kind message from dear Mr. Brown, and send you this to say that, if the Lord will, I intend to be at Oxford on the 15th of November next, and will endeavour to come to you the day following; and I should feel much obliged to you if you would kindly, and as soon as convenient, let Mr. Higgons know this; for he wrote to me, but I am such a bad hand at writing, and so much dislike it, that I get out of all I can.

My wife and Caroline join me in love to you and your dear

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wife. I hope you are all well. Please give my kind regards to Mr. and Mrs. Paxman and all friends, as you have opportunity.

The blessing of the Lord be upon thee and thine. This is the sincere desire of a very poor thing, J. SHORTER.

Oct. 16, 1848.

I WILL ARISE AND GO TO MY FATHER.

FATHER! I have sinn'd; in that I've gone astray,
And following *ignus fatuus* have left the good old way.
My wanderings I mourn; my sinfulness I hate,
And now I'd flee to thee; through mercy, not too late.
A service with thy servants; the lowest place I crave!
Unworthy now thy son to be; yet believing thou canst save.

My Father! I have err'd; for, instead of trusting thee,
I've trusted in thy creatures, who now far from me flee,
And in my grievous trouble my worst tormentors prove,
And give me scorn and hatred, for all my simple love;
With poison'd words and lying, they seek my peace to mar,
And from my sore affliction they are removed far.

Father! I have sinn'd against thy light and word;
And now, thou sendest to my house the ever thirsty sword;
And men oppress! and dearest friends betray!
And I have nights of darkness, instead of gospel day.
My sin, my bitter sin! has work'd my bitter woe
And roused in fierce oppression my every friend and foe.

Father! I have sinn'd against all truth and right,
Have wander'd from thy fold till lost in night!
And now, I trembling and afraid do cry to thee,—
O God, my Father, Friend! Be merciful to me!
Save, Lord, or perish in the mighty deep
I must! O save thy wandering sheep.

Warminster, Dec., 1871. H. MCKENZIE.

I AM too weak to speak of the wonderful mercy of God to me; but, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." And why? Because "I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art *mine*." What beautiful reasoning! He will take care of his own; and this always follows: "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." I love those words: "God, the guardian of the poor." I used always to think when I came to die there would be such struggling, wrestling, and terrors, before he helped me; but instead of that, the Lord is very near to me, a very present help in the time of trouble. He keeps my heart. I cannot keep it myself. If anything depended on my prayers, where should I be now? In the evening (May 25th), after long labouring under great bodily weakness, he said, "Brought to this low estate, and lower still. What for? My sin." A few minutes afterwards he continued, "Being in an agony, he sweat great drops of blood; and what for? For my sin. 'And they shall be with me where I am,' that they may have a real, bright, clear, beautiful view of my glory. 'And he breathed on them, and said, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'"—*Dying Sayings of James Bourne.*

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INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

WHAT is the difference between the *workings* of a keen, sensitive, natural conscience, and of one made *tender* by the *new birth?* I mean in experience and working out.

Our correspondent, who signs himself "Sincerity," describes himself as a restored backslider; and after giving a description of his backsliding and recovery concludes by asking the above question. We suppose him to be exercised upon the following points: Whether the earlier workings of his mind as to sin were really such as indicated a new birth. If so, how could such a grievous state of backsliding have ensued? But apart from the consideration of his earlier days of religious impression, he would know whether his present state affords satisfactory evidence of a divine work of grace upon his heart. The entire question then will resolve itself into three parts:

1. The *different workings* of *natural* and *spiritual conscience.*
2. The *difference ensuing therefrom* between *natural* and *spiritual convictions.*
3. The *possible backslidings* and *restorations* of God's people.

These points appear to us of such great and general importance that we shall endeavour to throw out a few hints upon each of them; though this will make our answer rather longer than perhaps is desirable.

1. The *different workings* of *natural* and *spiritual conscience.* For the sake of some of our readers we shall give a brief definition of conscience. It is that faculty of the soul whereby we judge of ourselves, our states and actions, with respect to the judgment of God. God has gifted the soul with various powers of understanding, affection, and will. He also has bestowed upon it this power of considering its own state and actings, inward or outward, with or without the body, and constituted conscience a monitor and judge for God in a man's own bosom. But conscience, as the very word implies, must have a rule to work by. In both Greek and English the word signifies "knowledge together with." It is not merely a knowledge, but a knowledge coupled with some rule, according to which a process of inward judgment is carried on. Now the only proper rule is and must be the word of God; and this rule divides itself into two parts,—what God speaks to man in his holy Law, and what he says in his holy and gracious Gospel. If conscience departs from these rules, it is nothing but a rebel conscience. It has ceased to speak and judge for God. The light in the man is turned into darkness; for the eye itself has become evil. Judgment is turned to gall and wormwood. Man, at his first creation, had only the first of these two rules—the law—and the proper work of conscience was to speak warningly and condemningly in strict accordance with that rule, and to allow no other words but those God had then spoken to govern it. Man listened to Satan's lies, broke the law, and conscience then had nothing to do but condemn him as a guilty sinner, and

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signify his liability to undergo the threatened punishment. But grace came in. The new rule of the gospel was introduced in the promise of the woman's seed; and then, to the believer in this gospel word of God, came in a blessed rule, superseding the other in this sense, that, though conscience was still bound to condemn the man for his breach of the law, it was bound under a higher obligation to acquit and justify him as a believer in the everlasting grace and royal law of the gospel, which had become unto him from God his rule of life.

Now, then, from these principles we think the diverse workings of merely natural and spiritual conscience may be discerned, and what may properly be relied upon as the working of spiritual conscience discovered. It is perfectly evident that natural conscience may go very far, especially when peculiarly keen and sensitive, and made thus keen and sensitive by right preaching and religious association, and other means short of a saving work upon the soul. But still the workings of natural and spiritual conscience may be discriminated as follows. Natural conscience may work or speak according to a covenant of works. This is evident from the word of God itself, as in the cases of Cain, Ahab, and others, in whom was no grace of God. Spiritual conscience, properly, not only works and speaks according to the rule of the holy, just, and good law, but also according to the higher and more glorious rule of the gospel; condemning under the one rule, acquitting under the other, and speaking and acting according to this perfect law of liberty. Natural conscience may work and speak according to the letter of the word, but spiritual conscience speaks according to its spirit and true divine meaning. Natural conscience may work to a certain extent by the word without, but spiritual conscience by the word as within a man. Natural conscience is partial in God's law; spiritual has respect to all God's commandments,—his entire revealed will. Natural conscience, for the most part, acts and speaks according to a corruption of the word, listening to men who prescribe grievance, and teach the commandments of men for God's ordinances; but spiritual conscience speaks according to the purity of the word, being found even in the new-born babes, who desire the sincere milk of the word, to grow thereby.

We see, then, that the safe discrimination lies in this, that natural conscience does not properly own Christ, being uninfluenced by the gracious new creating work of his Spirit; whereas spiritual conscience does bow down to Christ; as Paul writes: "I say the truth in Christ,—my conscience bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. ix. 1.) Natural conscience may be very keen and cutting, especially in respect of greater, grosser, and more open sins; but it lacks the life of the covenant, and is seldom of much depth in its operations; whereas spiritual conscience is lively, penetrating, and deep, under the government of the truth of God's word, searching all the inmost parts of the belly, or heart, as well as taking notice of the outward actions. We need

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hardly say here that spiritual conscience is only in the regenerate, who have received a new nature, a divine life implanted into their souls; from which inward, deep, divine life flow all the workings of spiritual conscience. But as this new creation is a something quite new in the soul, and has in this life to abide in the man in close connexion with that which is old and natural, in the same child of God may be found both the natural and spiritual in everything, and certainly in the actings of conscience. In experience we are part flesh, part spirit; partly legal, partly evangelical; partly under the law, partly under grace; and have partly natural and partly spiritual workings of conscience. If we were merely natural men we could only have, however keen, sensitive (Matt. xxiii. 24), and scrupulous, natural consciences; if we were perfectly spiritual, only spiritual ones; but as we are from the first entrance of the divine life part flesh, part spirit, we find the merely natural and purely spiritual all along contending in us.

But we must pass on to the second point of inquiry.

2. The *difference ensuing therefrom* between *natural* and *spiritual convictions.*

We have seen already that spiritual conscience arises from a regenerating work of the Holy Spirit in the soul, and the entrance therefore of the living word, which abideth for ever, into that soul. (1 Jno. i. 8–10; 1 Pet. i. 23–25; Jas. i. 18.) Natural conscience knows nothing of this divine new creative operation of the Spirit, and those special and deep teachings for which it lays a foundation. Hence natural convictions, however dreadful, are in this life seldom deep, generally concerning grosser sins, outward, open, or secret. They are legal in their nature, and unsanctifying in their proper effects; for "the sorrow of the world worketh death." They do not produce any real hatred of sin, but a mere dread of its punishment; a horror of the effect of sin, not of the sin producing the effect. About them is no true faith in God, hope in his mercy, love of that which is right, godly sorrow, or genuine repentance. There may be sorrow, but it is not for the sin or for offending God; there may be partial amendments, there may be even some cryings for mercy: "Have patience with me and I will pay thee all;" but the work is not the work of the special grace of God.

Now spiritual convictions flowing from a fountain of light and life, through the presence of the Holy Spirit as a new Creator in the soul, are very different in their own proper nature, though of course they may be intermixed with merely natural ones in the same heart during this life. They are themselves characterized by liveliness; for the word of God which produces them is quick, a living word (Heb. iv. 12,13); penetrating, for God searches Jerusalem with candles (Zeph. i. 12); extensive, for God's word, as his authority, extends to all in a man and all that proceeds from him—heart, thought, word, action; looking back to the past, his fall in Adam: "In sin did my mother conceive me;"

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revealing his heart: "I was shapen in iniquity;" discovering his life: "Against thee—have I sinned." They are permanent in their nature, for God's Spirit abides in the man, and so does his word; and what God does in Christ he does for ever; and yet they are variable in intensity, because the old man is there with his blindness, hardness, legality, and pride, as well as the new which trembles at God's words. They produce lasting cries for mercy, which the man cannot rest without. The elect cry day and night before God, and pardon is one of the great things they cry for (Ps. xxxii. li.; Luke xviii.), and at length they issue in a sweet knowledge of remission of sins, with blessed gospel experiences of life and favour upon earth, and then in the glory of God to eternity. Now all this is as different from anything that is merely natural as heaven differs from earth, life from death, and that which is divine from that which is merely human. Now then comes in our third question about—

3. The *possible backslidings* and *restorations* of God's people.

What a mercy poor backsliding children of God are not left without express revelations upon these points. God has in his infinite mercy, to encourage his poor wandering children to return, spoken in many ways about this very matter. By express words, by parable, and by examples. How graciously he speaks by Jeremiah: "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord, for I am married unto you." Again: "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." And this is a voice of power, for the poor creatures respond to it: "Behold, we come unto thee; for thou art the Lord our God." Then in Hosea xiv., God calls his backsliders again to him, giving them words to come with, suitable to the case, and pleasing to God: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God.—Take with you words and turn to the Lord. Say unto him, &c." Then in Isaiah he tells them he has redeemed them: "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." The greater part of Ezek. xvi. is devoted to the miserable filthy backslider, and what God, in accordance with his covenant of grace, will do for the poor hateful creature, as he feels himself to be; and the sweet parable of the prodigal in its grand bearing is devoted to the same wicked wanderer from, yet dear child of God. Then look at the cases of particular saints. Where did Peter get to? Where would he not have gone to had not Christ first turned, looked upon him, and by that look broken his heart and brought him back? But after all, the psalmist David stands forth pre-eminently as an encouraging example of the wondrous grace of God. We see in him how sadly far a true and dear child of God may go; how long he may lie stupified by and in a sin; but also how deep shall be his repentance, and how faithful is his God. The word that shows us the sad case of the backsliding child of God describes his recovery, records his groans, paints his anguish, and exalts the mercy and grace of God, encouraging the fallen to hope in that mercy, but not any to presume upon it.

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Now the possibility of the case being so scripturally clear, it remains merely to say a word in explanation of this sad matter. How can a man with God's grace in his heart wander away from God, like a David, or a Mr. Hart, and remain a year or ten years, thus again grovelling beneath the power of sin? The cause seems to us to be given in scripture. Grace at the first is like a grain of mustard seed. (Mark iv. 31.) Nature in earlier stages is very strong and very deceitful, and grace very weak. Especially a legal spirit remains for a long time greatly unbroken, and the pride and righteousness, wisdom and strength of nature are mighty things to oppose the divine life in the heart. Now, in some cases these principles are much subdued by a very powerful law-work in the beginning of the work upon the soul; but in others the work is carried on differently, and very gradually; perhaps with early indications of love, favour, and blessing to the soul. Now these latter persons are, we believe, not unfrequently left to fearfully backslide, to show them the evil of their hearts, to break their natural strength, slay their wisdom, righteousness, and pride, and teach them David's words: "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me;" and make them say with Job: "Behold, I am vile;" "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." If we ourselves are saved, it must be amongst the tribe of the backsliders, the Reubenites of Israel. Called in youth, uninstructed in divine things, or rather falling into the hands of false instructors, prevailed over by the evils of our hearts and the seductions of the world, we wandered far from God. In the midst of laughter the heart was sad. But though man can wander and fall of himself, without the grace of God and his blessed Spirit he cannot rise or return. At length God said, "Return!" The heart responded, and returned to him with weepings and supplications. One day we were mourning over our wanderings, and wondering why God had left us thus to err from his ways (Isa. lxiii. 17), though our hearts had so longed to walk in them. God's word came sweetly in: "He weakened my strength in the way, and shortened my days." (Ps. cii.) We saw all had been permitted in infinite love to kill self, with its strength, wisdom, legality, and pride, that these "judges being overthrown in stony places, we might hear Christ's words, which are sweet." (Ps. cxli. 6.)

Obituary.

THOMAS COLLINGE.—On May 7th, aged 62, Mr. Thomas Collinge, late pastor of the church of Christ at Bury, Lancashire.

He was born in 1810 at Blackley, near Manchester. His parents being very poor, his lot was but a rough and hard one. His father died when Thomas was about nine years of age, leaving a widow and five children, of whom Thomas was the eldest.

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About this time he was turned upon the world, and, to use his own words, "We were much dependent on other people. O how often have I been glad of a crust!" adding, "The people among whom I lived found that I was born in sin; for I lived as if I had no soul, and as if there was no God. As I grew in years, strength, and vigour, I spent all in sin; I hated to hear the singing of hymns and the tolling of the bell for the dead. I hated God and the thoughts of death and eternity with a perfect hatred."

In a letter to a friend, our brother says, "Conscience began to check me, and then I wished there was no God; for sin was sweet to me, and those checks of conscience began to spoil my pleasure. I little thought then that God was mindful of me; but I have cause to bless his dear name that

> "'He watch'd o'er my path,
> When, Satan's blind fool, I sported with death.'

Even the graceless wicked in the neighbourhood used to talk to me about my doings; but I laughed them to scorn. I once saw a man die. He was taken suddenly, and died in a short time. This terrified me much; but nothing did me any real good until the Almighty laid justice to the line. Not till then was I stopped; and I believe in my heart that there is an appointed time for God to regenerate his people; and not till then can the proud heart be humbled."

It pleased the Lord to begin a work of grace on the heart of our dear brother, and after a time the gospel of Jesus became a subject of considerable interest to him; but he could not read. The minister of the church at Blackley was very kind to him, and taught him to read, with the help of others. As soon as he could read the New Testament in some measure, he began to pull in pieces the minister's sermon, telling him distinctly that he did not preach what the New Testament revealed, though he was still ignorant of all doctrines, in a distinctive way, save the doctrine of sin, law, and condemnation.

About this time he was informed that a Mr. Nunn, at St. Clement's Church, Manchester, preached the gospel in a very clear and wonderful manner. He went and heard him, and continued to do so until it pleased God to reveal himself to him in pardoning his sins. Writing to a friend, he says, "I know to a yard where God pardoned my guilty soul." Our brother became one of Mr. Nunn's "private church." This to some may seem a strange expression. The meaning is that a number of truly godly persons met together with Mr. Nunn for private fellowship and prayer and other godly exercises. Thus this good man, Mr. Nunn, had a kernel as well as the shell; and many dear children of God, male and female, belonged to that despised group. From this group our brother Collinge's ministry sprang. Several other meetings they had beside their special meeting. At some of those meetings he began to comment,

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at length it was proposed that he should preach. One of heir number lived in a cottage situated inside the graveyard, or churchyard, at Blackley, where our friend's mortal remains now lie. In that cottage he took his first text, and preached his first sermon; and no small stir there was about it. The tempers of the people rose; they slammed the doors, and cried out, "He is sending us all to hell but himself and two or three more." Eternal vengeance was declared against him and his gospel.

Our friend was afterwards invited to speak in the Lord's name at Bury. He went, and the deacon there had some talk with him about baptism. He had felt much guilt of conscience while sitting at the supper with Mr. Nunn's people, and had resolved not to sit down again without being baptized. The deacon at Bury wished him to see Mr. Gadsby upon the subject. He did so the following Saturday, and was baptized about a month afterwards, and joined the church at Manchester, from which he was transferred when he took the pastorate of the church at Bury, in 1845. He remained pastor there till 1859, and then resigned the pastorate, and became a most useful and acceptable supply among the churches till the end of 1871, when he again took the pastorate at Bury.

His last appearance before his own church and people was on the 11th of March in the present year. But he was so feeble that he sat down about the middle of each service, and rested while the brethren sang a hymn. After returning home, he took to his bed, from which he rose only for a few hours at a time, and on which he died on the 7th of May.

Very many friends visited him from time to time, and he received them all very cheerfully while able. He was perfectly resigned to God's will; not a murmur escaped his lips. He often said, "How good the Lord is to me, and kind, that the enemy is not suffered to tempt me, and that I have no pain—no pain."

He sank every day from the time he took to his bed, and for weeks before was observed in a sinking state. The day before he died he said to a brother minister, "Friend, preach Christ, preach Christ, with all your might;" adding, "I know you will. Farewell! Farewell!"

After death, his mortal remains fell into the hand of the law of the land, and he lies in the graveyard of the church at Blackley. The old service was read over him, but not one word said as to his having been a minister of the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ. Had he been an old Lancashire Reformer, an oration might have been delivered. But he was "only" a faithful minister of Christ.

However, our brother Collinge is not without many seals to his ministry and souls to his hire, as the church at Bury can testify, and many other places in Lancashire. The great metropolis of the world can number many saints to whom his ministry has been a blessing; all the southern counties and the west of

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England can afford many tokens to his ministry. He is gone to be with Christ, which is far better, resting from his labours.

A. B. T.

ANN HINDLE.—On May 8th, 1872, in her 70th year, Ann Hindle, wife of Robert Hindle, of Accrington. She was a member of the church at Accrington for upwards of 35 years.

In her early days she was of a very quiet disposition, but ignorant of the great plan of salvation by Jesus Christ. After her marriage, in 1821, she began to attend preaching amongst the Methodists, and about that time was brought by the blessed Spirit under the law, and saw herself a poor helpless sinner, and was left in that state of mind, more or less felt, for many years, and could not realize her interest in Christ Jesus; at last she was obliged to leave that connexion, and was occasionally brought under a free-grace gospel, which found an echo in her soul. In 1832 she first heard the late Mr. Gadsby preach at Blackburn, and was greatly encouraged; and soon after that was enabled to realize her interest in the Lord Jesus Christ as her all and in all.

After that she grew in knowledge and love of the truth as it is in Jesus, as most suitable to her poor soul, and had many sweet tokens of love given her in reading God's word, and under that ministry, &c.; so that, after the old chapel in Chapel Street was opened and a church formed there, under the late Mr. Hatton, in 1836, she felt a strong desire to cast in her lot with the despised few, and was enabled to go before the church to tell what God had done for her soul, and was accepted as a candidate for baptism. Although she was in a very delicate state of health at the time, and many thought she would not be able to go through the ordinance, yet she clearly saw it to be her privilege to follow her Lord therein, and was baptized in Dec., 1836, by Mr. Hatton. Although at that inclement season, she took no harm; which she always ascribed to the goodness of her dear Lord and Master. She was much supported, and hymn 427 was made sweet to her at the time, and often after that time, especially the second verse:

"Ashamed of Jesus! Sooner far," &c.

From that time she was enabled to sustain the character of an honourable member of the church of Christ, and wishful for its peace and prosperity, though sensible of the evils of her own heart, her many imperfections and infirmities.

She was well known to the church and by most of the ministers in these parts, as she had the pleasure of entertaining the supplies, more or less, for above 30 years, and was always desirous to make them comfortable, though in her declining years it became too much for the state of her health, so that she was in part relieved; but she kept on with part to the last.

She had to pass through much trouble, but never went about to trouble others with it, but took her troubles to a throne of grace, and often found relief there. She was not much of a

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reader, but could read her Bible best, and often did she pore over it, and find consolation. Our hymn book also was a sweet companion of hers in tribulation; she had many favourite hymns, 363 and 320 particularly.

In short, she was a humble believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, as her only righteousness, Redeemer, and Saviour, and often prayed to be found in him, in life and in death. The following verse was often precious to her:

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm," &c.

She was an affectionate wife for over 50 years, a kind and loving mother to her children, and a kind neighbour; always for peace, almost at any price.

The close of her mortal life came rather suddenly upon us. She had been far from well for a long time, and often said her time would not be long here. On Lord's day, May 5, she said she felt poorly, but thought she would try to get to the chapel, and did go, and stayed the ordinance over, and felt it good to her soul; after she got home, she began to be worse, and in the night was taken still worse. On Monday, she was up, but very unwell, and on Tuesday morning had cold perspirations, and took to her bed. The doctor said she was in a dangerous state, but prescribed for her. He came at night; she was no better; he told her if the warmth could not be got up she could not live 24 hours. All this time she was calm and quiet, and had given up all earthly objects. After the doctor had gone, she said she was quite resigned in the Lord's hands, either for life or death, just as it should please him. She got weaker and weaker, but was quite sensible. A few portions of the word were read to her, and prayer offered up. She said, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want;" "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his mercies;" "It is all of grace, free grace, and dying love," &c. And almost the last words she spoke were, "I know in whom I have believed; he is able to keep me."

Shortly afterwards she breathed her last, without a sigh or a struggle, and thus entered into the joy of her Lord. Her death was much like her life, quiet and peaceable. She has left her husband and children to mourn their loss; but not as those that have no hope in her death, well knowing their loss is her infinite gain. Amen. R. H.

Accrington, May 21, 1872.

Ann Leach.—On May 12th, aged 56, Ann Leach, the wife of Mr. Robert Leach, minister of the gospel, Hollinwood.

She was born and brought up in Rochdale. Her father was a Particular Baptist, a gracious man, and sat under the ministry of Mr. Kershaw, at Hope Chapel. She attended the Sunday school in connexion with the same place from a girl, and was a very steady, regular, thoughtful, prudent young woman.

In 1840 she became my wife, and I deeply lament her loss. She had four children in about ten years, during which time her

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health began to fail. She was troubled with bad legs for many years, swellings in the veins, &c., which caused great weakness. While she was thus afflicted, the Lord began a work of grace in her soul; though gentle, yet it was sure. She had many fears lest it should prove nothing more than notion and a natural respect for the minister and place; yet there was one season which she could not forget. Being much burdened by the plague of sin, she retired to a secret spot to confess it, and plead with the Lord for mercy through the blood of Jesus. The Lord heard her cry, and she said she saw Jesus on the cross by faith. Her heart melted, her burden was removed, her eyes were a fountain of tears; not tears of sorrow, but of joy; and she felt a real love to the Lord Jesus.

After this her mind began to be exercised about baptism. Mr. Kershaw, hearing of her desire for baptism, called to see her, and gave her a word of encouragement to attend to it. She told him she thought she would put it off until they were more at peace in the church, as there was some unpleasantness at the time. His reply was, "What is that to thee; follow thou me." She said, "I looked so simple; but all fear seemed removed." As the time drew near for her to appear before the church, her trouble kept increasing, and she thought she would put it off till some future time; but she could not. She said, "I must go, or my heart will burst." She went trembling and perspiring, and told what God had done for her soul. She was gladly received, and was baptized by Mr. Kershaw more than twenty years since. From that day to the day of her death she was enabled, by the grace of God, to live a consistent life as a wife; never was a better for kindness and patience to an unworthy worm like myself; and as a mother, kind and tender-hearted, seeking her children's welfare both temporally and spiritually. She was a peaceable member of the church, and a real lover of the sent servants of God. It was a great treat for her to have them at her fireside, hearing them converse on eternal things.

In the providence of God we had to remove to Hollinwood, about three years since. From that time her health gradually more declined. The doctor told her she must take every care, as she was in a very precarious state.

We had, at times, some sweet conversation upon eternal things. One Sunday evening, after I had been speaking from 2 Pet. iii. 14, the dear Lord having indulged me a little, when we got home my wife said: "Old man, I am looking for those things which you spoke of; and those things do my soul good; I feel built up and stronger than when I went to chapel, and I must either be found in him without spot or be lost. I cannot say that I have had evidences as some; yet I am not without a good hope; and if the Lord will only land me safely, he shall never hear the last of it." Hymn 1083 was a favourite with her, at times, especially the last three verses.

She left home on May 2nd, having a desire to try change of air,

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and to see a very dear and particular friend, whose friendship, both naturally and spiritually, had remained unbroken from youth. She went to a place called Stubbins, about sixteen miles from home, and was treated with every kindness and attention. I went to see her on the 10th, and, seeing there was no improvement, wished her to return. Her reply was, "If you have no objection, I will stay a few days longer, to see if it will do me any good." I returned home, little thinking it would be the last time we should ever converse with each other in the body; but she fell asleep in Jesus on the 11th, with a sweet smile on her face, which spoke to me, "There is peace in her end." She was interred by Mr. Clough, of Leeds, who gave a very solemn and weighty address at the grave, which was very encouraging to the mourners.

Hollinwood, June, 17, 1872. _____ WILLIAM LEACH.

THOMAS HATCHER.—On March 27, aged 86, Thomas Hatcher, of Yalding.

He was a long-standing member of Mr. Crouch's church, at Pell Green, Wadhurst. Mr. Crouch baptized him between 40 and 50 years ago. I stood a member with him for about 38 years. We walked and talked together, and his conversation was always sweet and savoury. It appears he was very much tried the first part of his time, as he passed under a very deep law work, and could see no way of escape or how he could be saved; but after a time the Lord was pleased to speak peace and pardon to his soul, and then he was obliged to tell the people what God had done for him. He went one evening from Yalding to Wadhurst to tell Mr. Crouch what a dear Saviour he had found. I have heard him say how sweetly the Lord blessed him, what sweet communion there was between the Lord Jesus and his poor soul, and what a blessed assurance he had that all was well, and that he was loved with an everlasting love. He thought as I did, and as others do, that he should walk the rest of his time here in peace and love; but herein he was mistaken, as the time of darkness came on, and he feared he had been deceived after all. Dear old soul, how he sank with fears lest there should be found in him nothing that was right, but that he should sink never to rise again. But the Lord was pleased to reveal his love to him again, and then he could bless and praise his dear name for his goodness and mercy to him, a vile sinner. I have seen him at such times. His dear old face quite shone, and his lips quite quivered. He could not praise his dear Saviour enough for what he had done for him. But he is now taken home to be for ever with his Lord and Saviour.

I can only say he was an honourable man, and lived an honour to his profession, and died in peace with God. May our end be like his. T. B.

THE heaviest afflictions on this side hell are less, far less, than my iniquities have deserved.—*Berridge.*

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(ann.); Mr. Saving, Winslow, 10s. 6d. (ann.); Mr. Applegate, Trowbridge, £5 5s.; Mr. Sollis, Basingstoke, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Fraser, Stevenage, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Watson, Sleaford, 10s. 6d. (don.), and 10s. 6d. (ann.); Mr. Williams, Sleaford, 42s. (don.), and 21s. (ann.); Mrs. Kershaw, Rochdale, 21s. (ann.); Mrs. Howarth, Rochdale, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Bradford, Eastbourne, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Saxby, London, 21s. (ann.), Mr. Woodward, Southampton, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Webb, Tunbridge Wells, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Bowles, Hertford, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Orton, Coventry, £4 4s. (don.), and 21s. (ann.); Mr. Garner, Coventry, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Wilton, Liverpool, £21 (don.), and 42s. (ann.); Mrs. Colton, Waterloo, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Gibbons, Luton, 42s. (don.) and 21s. (ann.); J. H. H., 21s. (ann.); Mr. Clifford, Gouldhurst, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Samuel, Sleaford, 21s.; Mr. Forster, Croydon, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Hull, Hastings, 21s. (ann.); Mr. T. S. Wakeley, Rainham, £5 5s. (don.), and 42s. (ann.); Mr. Landon, Croydon, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Crowson, Needingworth, £5 5s.; Mrs. Goldin, Seven Oaks, 21s.; Mrs. Turner, Seven Oaks, 10s.; A Friend, per Mr. Barnes, 21s.; Mr. Weller, Red Hill, 21s. (don.), and 21s. (ann.); Mr. A. Smith, Chelmsford, 21s. (ann.); Mr. S. Bradford, Eastbourne, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Whatford, Crowborough, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Cox, Aylesbury, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Coughtrey, Aylesbury, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Barnett, Chiddingstone, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Haynes, St. Ives, 21s. (ann.); Mr. Wright, Needingworth, 10s. 6d. (ann.); Mr. Colsell, Aylesbury, 10s. 6d. (ann.); Mr. Blanchard, Cowfold, 20s. (ann.); Z., 10s.; Mr. Farvis, Tetbury, 21s. (ann.); Miss Figg, London, 5s.; Mr. Buysse, Shoreham, 21s. (ann.). Mr. Cornford, 21s., advertised last month, should have been Mr. Cornforth, Birmingham.

THE HELMET OF SALVATION.

I NOW take up pen Friend Bigg to address,
And heartily thank him for all his kindness;
But feel at a loss my views to express.
One thing I can say, your presents are such
As my female tribe admire very much.
As soon as the treasures of straw came to light,
Each daughter exclaim'd, "O father, that's right!"
The make and the quality pleased them quite well,
And each seem'd unable her pleasure to tell.
A very short time elapsed before
The bonnets were trimm'd and each of them wore;
And thus you'll perceive your presents were spread
With great satisfaction on each daughter's head.
Nor can I inform you the time that did pass
While each one admired herself in the glass.
When glass-work was ended, and all things seem'd right,
To chapel they posted with fleshly delight.
Say you, "What! To worship the God of all grace?"
My brother! I fear they ne'er sought his face!
'Tis true they attend the house where saints go,
And seem very steady; and that's well, you know;
But really to worship in spirit and truth
Is done but by few, or aged or youth;
And those blessed few who worship indeed
The glory will give to Jesus their Head.
My females unite their thanks to express
To you and your spouse for all your kindness;
Such cov'rings are useful, and good in their place,

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But they are not Jesus and his covering grace.
Then let us retire from bonnets of straw
And fix on that Bonnet which screens from the Law,—
Christ and his salvation, a cap for the head,
A helmet that saves from destruction and dread.
With this Bonnet cover'd, no storm can destroy;
By faith in this Helmet we danger defy,
And sing to the honour of Jesus our Friend,
Whose love has engaged to save to the end.
No bonnet of beauty on Aaron's head placed
Can equal in glory Salvation by Grace.
Here sinners are screen'd and beautified too;
No storm can destroy its glorious hue;
When worlds are on fire 'twill still appear new.
This Bonnet was shaped by Jesus our Friend,
Whose love knows neither beginning nor end;
Its nature and colour, and trimmings and shape,
Fill angels with wonder, and devils with hate.
And sinners who wear it are guests for the King,
From whose matchless treasure their blessings all spring.
At Court they appear in queen-like attire,
Where Christ and salvation is all their desire.
His beauty adorns each guest in the place,
And every soul fills with permanent peace.
With Jesus in view, by faith in his blood,
With pleasure immortal they worship their God.
The Father, and Spirit, and Word they embrace,
Whose glory descends and filleth the place.
While love everlasting sets each soul on fire,
Their spirits are thirsting to raise their notes higher.

Then let us adore the God of all grace,
Who thus adorns rebels and gives them a place
In Zion's fair palace, the temple of God,
Where Jehovah Jesus his love sheds abroad.
There may we attend and solemnly sing
All honour and glory to Jesus our King.
God grant we with pleasure his beauties may trace,
And constantly feel the power of his grace,
And in every trouble upon him depend;
For here we shall find a permanent Friend.
When dangers come thick and hellish darts fly,
God help us on Jesus alone to rely.
So prays your well-wisher, William Gadsby.

Give my love to Mr. Francis and all friends; and take the same to yourselves. May the God of peace be with you.

Manchester, Oct. 27, 1815. W. GADSBY.

[Mr. Bigg was a straw-bonnet maker in Bishopsgate Street. Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Warburton often stayed at his house.]

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

GOD'S MINDFULNESS OF THE POOR.

BY MR. HAZLERIGG.

(*Concluded from page* 281.)

"When the poor and needy seek water."—ISA. xli. 17, 18.

HAVING described, as far as we were able, the character of the man spoken of in our text, we now pass on to notice the second portion of our subject, in which we have the *state* and *condition* of the poor and needy man represented to us; he seeks water, there is none, and *his tongue faileth for thirst*.

In the figurative language of Scripture, water signifies that which does for the soul what water naturally does for the body,—cleanses or refreshes it. And sometimes water emblems what is not good, and sometimes what is. For instance, in Prov. ix. it is used in a bad sense,—"stolen waters are sweet;" that is, the stolen pleasures of sin are sweet to the sin-loving soul. His base and wicked heart finds refreshment and satisfaction in the indulgence of its depraved and vicious appetites, though these are stolen pleasures, being forbidden by God. Again, we read of the river of Egypt, with its seven streams, which, by the way, God has declared one day shall be dried up. (Isa. xi. 15.) Now this evidently, in some parts, signifies the river of the vanities and pleasures of this present evil world, which sooner or later must all be dried up. They are so in time, through the divine teachings, to God's people, and thus his men go over dry shod. They will be in eternity to all; for the world passeth away, and the lust thereof. Again, we read of the waters of Babylon, where God's people hang up their harps. They cannot sing Zion's song in that strange land. Passing by the merely literal signification, which we by no means dispute, we believe the spiritual meaning to be that these waters represent the streams of merely fleshly religion; the religion of self and nature, in which man's righteousness, wisdom, and strength are the great things. Now, the fleshly religionists drink of these spreading streams of vain-glorious religion, and they celebrate the praises of these Babylonish waters; but a poor child of God hangs up his harp when Satan takes him captive, and, through his legal heart, carries him off and keeps him bound by these waters. He, perhaps, hardly knows why, for a legal spirit is most subtle as well as powerful; but he cannot

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refresh his soul at Babylon's streams. He seeks water, but there is none for him in the mystic region of the Chaldees.

In our text, water means that which is good, even the things of the Spirit of God in Christ Jesus. A man's views may be very obscure, but life in the heart will make the tendencies of that heart spiritual, and heavenward, and Christward also. What comes from Christ, goes to him; the springs of the Spirit in the soul rise up towards, and carry that soul upwards to, their rise in Jesus. Hence the soul living from Christ now needs him; life wants life; the living sinner wants the life-giving Jesus. Now his blood alone can give real rest to the conscience; his righteousness revealed, embraced, put on, satisfies and refreshes the heart. The rags are burnt at Mount Sinai, the flame has kindled upon them; the conscience is burning and dry; the streams of blood and righteousness, springing from Jesus, alone can quench the thirst and cheer and satisfy the heart. This man, then, seeks water to wash his soul from the guilt and filth of sin; water, to refresh and satisfy his dry and weary spirit. This water is alone in Jesus Christ; and though the poor soul may have very far from clear views as to the sweet and blessed things stored up in Jesus for the poor, the workings of the life of the Spirit in his heart are in the right direction, in spite of the darkness, bewilderment, and contrary things in his flesh. There is a something right at the bottom of his heart; that is, there is a something aiming after Jesus, and a something that will never let him rest until, as a poor, needy, naked, lost, and ruined sinner, he has come to Jesus, and found Jesus his All in all.

Such, then, is the man's employment—"seeking water." But, "there is none." Strange expression! Is, then, the worldling's question one of truth: "Who will show us any good?" Must the poor and needy man lie down, and despair and die? "There is none." This seems a strong and a strange assertion, but we must endeavour to understand it. Of course, it cannot mean absolutely that there is no water for this poor and needy man; but it must signify these two things; there is none for him in the old things. He cannot satisfy his thirst any longer with the stolen pleasures of sin, the vain waters of Egypt, or the proud waters of Babylon. Sin, world, and fleshly religion have lost their real power of gratifying and satisfying his heart. And, further, there is no water for him, even in the new things, in the new creation in Christ Jesus, that he can get at; for the very nature of new covenant blessedness is this—that all is of God. God makes the *feelingly* needy man; God has treasured up for that man, in Christ, abundance of all good things,—streams of mercy, grace, love, pardon, righteousness, peace, and joy flow in the word of the gospel. And now God himself must bring these streams into the needy man's heart; and until this is the case, "there is none," so far as his sense, feeling, and experience go. It is with the God-taught sinner as with Hagar in the wilderness, the spring is nigh, but the eyes cannot perceive it. Like Hagar with Ishmael,

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we are ready to give up to despair, and to say our souls must perish. But then, at the proper moment, God the Holy Ghost opens the eyes; the spring is seen, the waters partaken of, the heart refreshed. Ishmael does not die, and the heart rejoices in a full, and a free, and also an applied salvation.

It is a solemn and certain truth that the religion that a man can manage himself is not of God. If nature gives the wound, nature will apply the balm; but if God the Spirit begins, he must perform unto the day of Christ Jesus. The poor and needy man "seeks water, and there is none," until the Holy Ghost refreshes him with streams from Lebanon, or pours into his thirsty heart the cool flowing waters, which come from that other place which nature knows nothing about. It is an immense mercy to have a religion answering to the Bible; and such a religion is not merely in part, but all of God.

Now, the consequence of the poor and needy man's finding no water is also given in our text: "His tongue faileth for thirst." He is like the poor traveller in the burning deserts of the East, who has wandered from the right track, and, finding no water, is ready to lie down and die. Parched up with want of water, his tongue faileth for thirst. He cannot now even make himself heard; if help be at hand, he cannot cry out any longer; his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth, and he must die. Who can help him, now that he cannot even speak, or pray, or cry, or utter a word? The case seems hopeless and helpless. The description is evidently that of one brought into complete extremity; and O what a mercy to be brought there. It is an old proverb, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity;" and it is true, when applied to the children of God. And so it is a mercy to be brought to the spot for God's free and full help to visit us. I feel persuaded in my own mind that one reason why so very many, even that we believe are gracious people, know in this day so little of a full, sweet, blessed deliverance, is, that there are so few under a lively, vigorous work of the Spirit; making them thoroughly in earnest, and bringing them into extremities; making it absolutely impossible for them to rest without a refreshing manifestation of Jesus to their souls. Far be it from me to speak against the way the Lord may be pleased to manage his own matters in the church, or to pretend to say what measures of life and grace the great Sovereign should give. All I feel is, a persuasion that it is deficiency here that lies at the root of deficiency all along. If there was really a mighty work of the Spirit in quickening and convincing, and thus bringing into extremities, I feel persuaded we should have to take notice of more wondrous works of sweet and full deliverance. If Zion is brought down wondrously into the low places, we shall assuredly, I believe, hear of her on the high places also; for God kills, and makes alive; he wounds, and his hands make whole; he bringeth down to the grave, and bringeth up. He lifts up from the gates of death the dear objects of his love, who go down thereto, that

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they may show forth *all* his praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion. (Ps. ix. 13, 14.) Well our text describes such an extremity as this, and sets it forth, too, as the place and period of mercy, which, with God's blessing, we shall now have to dwell upon in our third and fourth heads.

III. In the third part of our text, then, we have this mercy represented to us in a way of *mindfulness:* "I, the Lord, will hear them."

Now, here we must first notice the titles which the Lord is pleased to give himself, as they are full of meaning, suitableness, and blessing. The word, "Lord," is properly Jehovah, and it is that name of God which sets forth his self-existence, eternity, and essential blessedness. What God is, as God, he is essentially: "I AM THAT I AM," is God's name; and, as God is essentially all he is, self-existent, essentially goodness, mercy, grace, in this name is a wonderful suitability to the poor and needy man's state and condition. He is drawing near to the gates of the grave, but God lives. There is no help for him in self or creatures, but God remains the same. There is no alteration, no change in the Eternal One; hence there is hope in his extremity. Hope exists for him in his God, even when he, through darkness and despairing feelings, is ready to say his hope has perished from the Lord. The immutability of the self-existing Jehovah is the final hope of God's people. But the other name makes this one blessed to them, for it is a covenant name. The God of Israel, means the God in everlasting covenant with his Israel as beheld in the Son of his love, Christ Jesus. The poor and needy man has no water; he seeks, but finds none; but there are rivers of blessedness, just suitable to him, in the eternal covenant; and the covenanting God of Israel has not only provided these waters for him, but will himself, as a part of the covenant, convey them into his heart. The covenanting Father has promised all blessings, the covenanting Son has wrought out a finished salvation, and the covenanting Spirit will assuredly, in proper time, convey the streams of God's mercy and grace, flowing in the channel of the blood, and obedience, and grace of Jesus, into the needy man's heart. Here, then, in these titles there is abundant consolation for the poor and needy man. All seems to have perished, but God lives, and that God a covenant God in Christ; the needy man's God, in fact; the God who has given himself, in a Trinity of Persons, to the needy man, with all manner of supplies and blessedness in the Son of God's love, Jesus Christ. And so this self-existing God of the needy man signifies his mindfulness of him, even in his low estate: "I, the Lord, will hear him," &c. Both of these expressions are very remarkable, very contrary to the man's feeling, and very sweet and noticeable. "I, the Lord, will hear him."

But just before, the poor and needy man was described as unable even to speak, his tongue failing for thirst; how, then, can

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these go together, God hearing, yet the man brought to such extremities as to be unable even to speak or cry? Why, this very description of things shows us something concerning the nature of prayer, which we might otherwise overlook. Prayer with us is words; we can take notice of words, but God looks a great deal deeper,—a sigh, a groan, a broken expression, incoherent through sorrow, is prayer with God.

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near."

This is very true, and very scriptural. David (Ps. vi.) speaks of the voice of his weeping—his tears prayed; and Hannah's heart prayed; and poor sinners' groans and sighs pray, and their broken words have a heavenly eloquence about them. Through great feeling, words, as with Job, may be swallowed up; but then "the feeling of the heart ascends to the Most High." And, further, we may say, a man's state and condition of itself, apart from words, sighs, groans, tears, or any methods of expression, may pray, and pray loudly and prevalently unto God. The condition of Israel at the Red Sea cried out unto God; it was clamorous for help; and the voiceless extremity of the man of our text cries as loudly, yea, more so, perhaps, and Jehovah hears it. Now, we may illustrate this by even natural things. Take a loving earthly parent. He stands over the bed of a dying child; the poor thing cannot speak, it is in the article of death; but does not its state speak? Would not that parent say, "Live," to the child, could he do so, and did not fear of God prevent it? Well, God, the Father of mercies, stands over the poor and needy man in his extremity. He is expiring through spiritual thirst and sickness; he cannot speak, or look, or anything. He can do nothing more; he cannot stir a step further, he falls down, and there seems none to help him. But it is only *seems*. God hears the loud cry of his want, of his misery; he bends over him, he notices all his case, and O, he has rivers of refreshment provided from eternity for him; and now, now is the set time come; eternal mercies flow sweetly in when all time ones have come to an end. Unconditional love, free grace, atoning blood, eternal righteousness,—these are sweet streams now to be poured forth in living power on the poor, and needy, and expiring soul.

But not only is it written, "I, the Lord, will hear him," but "I, the God of Israel, will not forsake him." This seems as contrary to the man's feelings as the other. Why, the poor man's feelings say, "God has forsaken me; he will have nothing to do with such a one as I am." But feelings oftentimes are the very worst possible witnesses in divine things. The proud Pharisee, perhaps, fancied he felt God with him; the poor publican felt God to be at an infinite distance; and yet God was absent from the one and present with the other. God was afar off from

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the Pharisee's pride and proud heart, but he was close to the publican, with his broken spirit and downcast eyes. And so it is with this poor and needy man. God seems to have quite forsaken him, to have no regard to him. If God were with him, or cared for him, why is he thus? O! God is with him, secretly bringing him into the place of revelations; he is now going right down into the valley of visions, where peace and blessedness shall be manifested to his soul. His own report, from sense, and feeling, and legal conscience, would be something like this: "All creatures have forsaken me, God is unmindful of me; yea, I have forsaken God in my foolish, wayward, wicked conduct; now he has forsaken me. I have loved idols, and after them I have gone; now he says to me let your idols help you. He leaves me justly to perish for my baseness and folly. Woe is me, that I have sinned." Poor man! His words might be quite true, if there were no everlasting covenant, no day of eternal grace, which cannot be overstayed, (for who can overstay eternity?) no eternal mercies, fatherly bowels, and endless pities in God, the God of Israel. But, as there happen to be all these things, and untold, unfathomable mercies, and love, and grace in the heart of God—Father, Son, and Spirit—poor soul, he shall have to eat his misgiving words, every one of them; his enemies shall be found liars unto him; Satan, and unbelief, and legal conscience shall all bow down beneath the feet of Jesus; and he shall find God is true, and he a liar in this case; for, "the Lord will hear him, and the God of Israel will not forsake him." Amen.

IV. We now come to the fourth and last part of our subject,—what God will *finally* do for this poor and needy man: "I will open rivers," &c.

In the first place, observe the certainty of the word, "I *will* open." It is the Lord who speaks, and it is in Christ that he speaks, and all the promises of God in him are Yea and Amen; therefore, however long delayed, as it appears to the poor and needy man, whatever obstacles there may be in the way of fulfilment, though nothing in nature is on their side, but all things apparently and naturally against them, they are sure to be accomplished in their due season. As God says of Sarah, "At this time will I come, and Sarah shall have a son." Divine promises bring forth, not by any power of nature, but through the new-creating, almighty power of God. But what are these high places? The same, we believe, as Paul writes about in Eph. i.: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places." These are the high places of our text, the hills of the everlasting covenant; or, better still, God himself, as he is revealed to poor sinners, according to that everlasting covenant of his love. The blessings of the people of God have their rise and spring in these eternal hills. They do not come by the law, or in accordance with the things of the old creation, and, therefore, in a naturally reasonable way; but from the eternal purposes and decrees of

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God, and hence are not uncertain, but sure to come in their season. The rivers are those streams of love, mercy, grace, pardon of sins, justifying righteousness, life, strength, glory, which flow forth from these hills into the poor sinner's heart. And we notice here that he, poor man, seeks water,—would, at times, be thankful for a drop, fears he shall never obtain any; his tongue fails for thirst, and God provides rivers,—not little streams, not rivulets, not pools, which can dry up; but rivers, deep, full, inexhaustible rivers of love, and grace, and peace, and blessedness for the poor and needy man. This is grace, this is sweetness, this is a royal and divine bountifulness. But God *will* open rivers in high places. He has opened them in the purposes of his love from eternity; he did open them in a way of fulfilment of all needed for their abundant flowing forth, by the finished work of Christ, and he does open them in experience to the poor thirsty soul, when he spiritually reveals them to him, and stands by them, and bids him drink, yea, drink abundantly, of them; yea, draws him to them and makes him drink, so as for a time to forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more. O the deep ocean of the love of God! O the sweet streams of inexhaustible grace, mercy, love, blood, pardon, life, blessedness that have their rise in the everlasting hills, when God experimentally opens them to the poor soul, and fills his heart with this unspeakable joy.

But God does more: "And fountains in the midst of the valleys." These valleys are the low places. But what will they spiritually represent? We will just notice two sorts of valleys. In the first place, there is the valley of the Lord Jesus Christ's own humiliation. This is that valley of Achor, in the spirit and fulness of things, of which the prophets write: "And the valley of Achor for a door of hope." Surely the hope of a child of God can be founded upon nothing but the sufferings and death of the Son of God. Again, Isaiah says, "And the valley of Achor for a place for the herds to lie down in." As Jesus is the hope, so he is the resting-place of his own people. But what fountains spring up to refresh the hearts of the poor in this valley? One of our poets shall answer:

> "There is a fountain fill'd with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

Yes, this is the sweet fountain in the midst of the valley, opened by God himself. And here the dying thief, here Manasseh, and here the poor and needy men in all ages, all wash away their stains, and obtain the sweetest refreshment. But, again, there are the valleys, or low places, into which they themselves get; deep, dark, low states of soul, as one cries: "For we are brought very low." Jonah goes to the bottom of the mountains; and sins and temptations, sorrows and cares, often bring the poor and needy down into the lowest places. But here God gives them

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the sweetest comforts; here opens the freshest, purest fountains. Here love and mercy, blood and righteousness, are most needed, and here they are best enjoyed; and when they are sweetly felt, then fountains of love, joy, gratitude, and praise spring forth in the desponding hearts of God's people; and thus fountains are opened in the midst of the valleys.

But, again, the wilderness is to be made into a pool of water. This wilderness betokens the circumstances of the child of God, and the feelings of his heart. His circumstances are full of perplexity; thorns, briars, entanglements are about him. There seems no way, but all full of confusion. So it is without, and within there is the same. Bewilderment of mind, the judgment confused; we see not our tokens; our enemies set up their ensigns for signs; all is vain and wild, empty and desolate. But what is it to make the wilderness into a pool of water? This implies order, cultivation, fruitfulness. In those Eastern countries where there is water there will be such things as these. So, then, the soul becomes like a watered garden. There is a sweet settled light in the understanding, a calm peace with God in the conscience; the love of God rests in the heart, and the will is like that of a little child sweetly brought into a calm submission to God. O the sweetness of all this! O the blessedness and wonderful nature of the change! Where all was confusion, for all to be godly ordered, and sweetly brought into a divine harmony and peace! But here notice, it is a pool, and pools dry up; and, even if they do not quite dry up, they may get very low. So, what we enjoy of peace and love in this life, may, to sense and feeling, get very low again,—yea, appear to dry up; but the rivers from the everlasting hills do not. We see, then, the distinction in these various mercies. Rivers opened, and wildernesses turned into pools, with cultivated garden grounds around them.

One thing more. The dry land is to be springs of water. What child of God does not experience something, at seasons, of this dry land? Means of grace yield no water, no refreshment to the soul. "There is none." The Bible is to us a dry book, for our hearts are dry to it. It is still God's word in itself, but to us it yields no water. The same dryness is in all other means of grace. We go to the place of worship, but gain apparently nothing to refresh our souls; the hymns are dry, the sermon dry, the prayers dry. It is the same in our own private seeking the Lord,—a dryness upon everything. O how wearisome is all this, and if long continued, how dry and destitute the heart becomes; and the feelings correspond to those of the psalmist when he cried, "Leave not my soul destitute." O the anxious fears lest it will be always so, lest we shall die in the pit, and water fail us to eternity. How Satan tempts, and our hearts suggest sad and discouraging thoughts. We think, surely, this is what the rich man experienced, "Not a drop of cold water;" will it be so with us in eternity? Is God's mercy clean gone? Is hell now to begin with us on earth? But O, the change!

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"The dry land springs of water," when the rivers are opened from above, and mercy, grace, and love visit us again from on high. Then all is changed; the Bible like a new book; O the sweetness in means! All seem full of Christ, full of blessedness to us. The hymns are like springs of water; the prayers of saints and preachings of ministers like springs of water. Springs in the private chamber, springs in the public means, springs in the daily employments, springs in providence; all seem to be full of cheering mercy. Springs in respect of grace, springs for time, springs of hope in regard to eternity. O! The change is wonderful, and God gets all the glory. No, it is not creature power or merit that has done all things. It flows out of the eternal love, faithfulness, and mindfulness of God. He regarded the poor and needy in his low estate, and he opens rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys. He makes the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water, to the praise and the glory of his glorious name.

A FRIEND WHO LOVETH AT ALL TIMES.

PROV. XVII. 17.

MY precious Lord and Saviour,
None else can vie with thee!
Thou art the sinner's Helper,
A changeless Friend to me.

O could I shout thy praises!
O could I see thy face!
Lord, grant more frequent glimpses
E'en in this desert place.

I burn with love enravish'd;
Yet mourn my love so small;
The warmest glow e'er cherish'd
Seems scarcely love at all.

Thou glorious Fount of pleasure,
Jehovah Jesus! *Thou!*
Thy grace is without measure;
Thy fulness none can know.

A sip from this rich ocean
Nigh overwhelms thy dove;
Lord, "stay me" on thy bosom;
For "I am sick of love."

Death hath no more dominion
O'er thee, my blessed King;
Nor do I fear its pinion,
When 'neath thy sheltering wing.

As when of old thy chosen
Redeem'd from Egypt were,
The blood was Goshen's token
God's "Passover" was there.

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No better than their neighbours
The Israelites were found,
Before the God of vengeance,
On law's most holy ground.

A faithless generation,
A murmuring hostile race,
A disobedient nation,
Perverse and lacking grace.

Such was my sad condition,
In every whit the same!
Had God not "found a ransom,"
I'd sunk in Egypt's shame.

I'll praise the Friend of sinners,
Long as the power is given.
Help me, ye blood-bought winners,
Who praise the Lamb in heaven.

O lend a note of glory,
That I his love may sing.
I'd harp "The Lamb is worthy,"
On love's sublimest string.

Nov. 9, 1871. M. E. S.

ADOPTION.

(*Continued from page* 248.)

Dear Mr. Editor,—I think it well to catch the soft rain while the clouds continue to drop down their enriching showers. Having been so often on "Gilboa" of late, a time like this makes me rejoice from my sorrow. Our God has promised to be as the dew unto Israel. The small rain and dew together have so softened my spirit that I feel constrained to communicate again upon the Adoption.

I am now reflecting on the time when I was an approved child and slave of Satan, content to remain "dead in sin," but now quickened; and can plainly see not only where I was, but where I am, and find myself in that mysterious place of "broad rivers and streams," and feel a heavenly pleasure in being able to say, "My Father God." This is much more than every child of God can say; but it is not more than they long to say. Now, my dear little sister or brother, let not this strong language stagger you. I have been as far off as you can be, but have been brought nigh by the blood of our blessed Immanuel, God with us; and I hope to be able to comfort you with the same comforts wherewith I have been comforted of God. (2 Cor. i. 4.) The work of the Lord is to prosper in our Redeemer's hands; and surely this work of comforting the saints is in his hand, and shall prosper too.

As education refines the mind of man, so divine instruction, in a regenerated soul, raises the heart to God; and while nothing

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human can purify the heart, divine power steps past human wisdom, and at once performs a great work, which men will in no wise believe till themselves feel its quickening influence, constraining power, and majestic bearing over all the purposes of the human mind, until the new and sweet Spirit of adoption is bestowed upon the captivated, conquered, and redeemed soul; and it is while the Spirit itself is bearing witness with our spirits that we feel we are sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. (Rom. viii. 16.)

How strangely grand are the promises of our God. Zechariah says (xiii. 9), "They shall call on my name, and I will hear them. I will say, It is my people, and they shall say, The Lord is my God." And all this after the Lord has brought them through the fire, refined, and tried them as gold is tried. It is under these operations the Lord lifts up the hands that did hang down, and strengthens the feeble knees; the tongue that stammered to speak plainly, and the soul that was faint gathers strength, more than Jonathan knew when he tasted the honey from the end of the rod. Under such sweet experience David sang (2 Sam. xxii), "The Lord is my Rock;" ending, "I will give thanks and sing unto his name, who showeth mercy to his anointed."

The time was when I sat and wept, when I heard a saint singing, "The Lord is my Rock." I blessed the very clothes they wore, and my eyes feasted on their footprints in the snow and on the sand. On one occasion an old friend turned round to me (I was walking behind), and said, "Come forward. You are like a dog walking behind; but you need not, for we are all one sort." I felt I could not take my breath for a time to be told I was of the same sort as he, and his fellow-Christian; it was too much for me. The dear old man knew the Spirit of adoption; I did not. Come on, little ones. You will be in the front rank one day, carrying a load it would be a sin to name to you now. "But come thou with us; we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." (Moses—Num. x. 29.) My memory throws me back, till I seem to be living on the sweets of former days; but I still find God unchangeable; and he who kept the soul alive without the Spirit of adoption is that God who sustains it now. "Fear not, little flock."

The adopted one, entering upon the privileges, and blessings, of the family of God, enjoys a sweet freedom and liberty. His heart is enlarged; his footsteps are not straitened; he communes freely with the brethren; and, strange to say, he is called unto the fellowship of God's Son. (1 Cor. i. 9.) His soul is made like the willing chariots of Amminadib. He requires no duty-faith whip. No. His faith "works by love." How poor "duty" looks when love constrains. "The love of Christ constraineth us." This adopted one could do with two Lord's days each week, and nightly prayer-meetings would not be too much for him. He begins to say, "I cannot keep this secret much longer. It must

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come out, whatever be the consequence." And now, "Baptism being the door into the visible church, in at that door, with the help of God, I will go." O those precious words: "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." (Mark xvi. 16.) Here the soul opens upon a new scene. Many things present themselves,—dangers and fears arise, friends frown, and storms howl; but these words: "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his" (Rom. viii. 9), fall upon the soul with strengthening power; and, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Thus tossed about and upheld, the soul feels it cannot hold back any longer, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" is constantly on the mind. The secret is communicated to a worthy friend, and immediately the ferment boils up, and the devil fans the flame. If twenty dear little children were about to be sprinkled, the devil would not care a pin; but because one vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory is about to put on Christ, all hell must be astir, and former friends and relations must be embittered against this brand plucked from the burning. Yet surely the wrath of man shall praise our God, and the remainder God will shut up.

With holy fear the believer ventures upon the sacred rite; and as Philip and the eunuch of old went down both into the water, so the administrator and this follower of the Lamb of God, having Christ formed in his heart "the hope of glory," they two, both candidate and administrator, go down into the water; and when he, the minister, has dipped the convert, they come both up out of the water, the one having the answer of a good conscience, which cannot be got only in the water; for "baptism is the answer of a good conscience." (1 Pet. iii. 21.) Fortunately a sprinkled infant does not require a good conscience; but the man of Ethiopia went on his way rejoicing; while Philip, found at Azotus, would no doubt declare how Ethiopia had begun to stretch out her hands unto God. (Ps. lxviii. 31.)

Now the adopted, and baptized believer, sitting among the saints, having been "buried with Christ by baptism into his death," that "like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so the saints should walk in newness of life (Rom. vi. 4); for if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." (Rom. vi. 5.)

Thus moves on the young Christian in the kingdom of grace, looking forward to the time when the kingdom of glory shall open upon the immortal soul; and he sometimes says:

> "Hail, blessed time! Lord, bid me come
> And enter my celestial home."

Men have notions of religion, and infidels think; but this man "knows whom he has believed" (2 Tim. i. 12); and, as most of the Lord's family who, by faith, attend to that blessed ordinance of Christ Jesus, he grows in grace and in the knowledge of the

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Redeemer. The family habits are discovered; the power of the enemy is felt as was not known before; the man's own weakness begins to appear, and the wilderness sometimes looks very wild; fiery flying serpents are seen, and felt, too; but the root of Jesse still stands for an ensign of the people, and in due time his rest is again glorious. (Isa. xi. 10.)

At this first stage of love, experience, and practical obedience, the dear child of God often thinks that he knows all; and, because he has been brought away from the blackness and darkness of Sinai, and the voice of words, and the terrible sight, and been brought to enjoy the peace of the gospel, and to drink the still waters of Shiloh, thinks that he may not see much more trouble, nor yet enjoy much more communion with the Lord; but such a one should think that he is only as yet put among the children, looking over the rare things of the household of faith, admiring the bounteous goodness of the Lord, counting the promises, and wondering at certain expressions, figures, and similes he finds scattered through the sacred revelation, and, by and by, he will venture to ask an old traveller the meaning of such a passage.

Well; the great wheel of time keeps moving on; page after page is being turned over; the book of providence is never shut, and the Christian that was the child becomes a young man, and, by and by, a father; till, like a ripe shock of corn, he falls under the scythe of death, and, paying the debt of nature, retires from the stage.

But, as faith is not fancy, so fancy is not faith. Faith is a substance, fancy is not; and as it is only by the faith of the operation of God on the heart of the Christian that he realizes the true relationship that subsists between Christ and him, the Spirit of Jesus moves the soul to seek new discoveries of this pure, eternal union. The church is a glorious body indeed, of which our dear Lord and Elder Brother is the Head. Beloved, we are at a fine point; nothing on this earth like it; nothing so grand, nothing so mysterious, nothing so Godlike! The eternal one—Father, Son, and Spirit, communing, nay, dwelling, with a sinful mortal of this dust. "The Spirit of truth he dwelleth with you and shall be in you. (Jno. xiv. 17.) My Father and I will come to him and make our abode with him." Thus saith the Lord, let men say what they will.

Dear Mr. Editor, there are no few men "of mouth," and men of the "whip," round about us, who speak much about the Spirit of Christ and the work of the Holy Ghost, and God the Father's love in sending his Son Jesus Christ; and yet deny, trample upon, or in some way ignore the command of Christ relative to the obedience of the adopted child in baptism. I must say, Mr. Editor, it makes me think of the last judgment, and these words, "We have done wonderful works in thy name." The dear child of adoption does not feel to have done wonderful works in Christ's name, as it is Christ who does, and has done, great things for and in him.

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Should it please the Lord to assist, I should much like, in a future letter, to trace the adopted one to another stage of experience, and show how such grow up "in the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ." (Col. ii. 2.)

I am, dear Mr. Editor, Yours,

EXCERPTA.

THE BALM OF GILEAD.

My dear Friend,—Please pardon me for putting off the fulfilment of my promise so long; but I have not known how to write, and I am sure I do not know what I am going to say to-night. You must think I am a queer thing, and you will not think far wrong.

My dear Mrs. Clark, it seems as though I should only make a greater display of my foolishness by saying anything; but trust you will pass by all. Perhaps you would like to hear how I first came to have a concern about my never-dying soul. I believe, from a child, that I had a concern; and a great fear of hell; but it was a slavish fear; for I still loved and delighted in sin, though I could not go on in it without great upbraidings of conscience. Then I resolved to be very different, and be wonderfully good; but, alas! It did not last long, since all was in the flesh; striving in my own strength, thinking that was the way. Thus I went on, until my conscience became hardened in sin, and my whole heart and mind seemed entirely set upon the pleasures of this world. I felt determined to have my fill of it if I could; but I never could feel as comfortable as I wished to do. I used to think I would try this pleasure and then that, to see if I could not be happy as well as other folk; but I do not remember that I ever was, although I tried as much as any one. But O what a mercy that I was not left to have my own way and sink into everlasting woe!

"O to grace how great a debtor!"

that ever it should reach such a vile, sin-polluted wretch as I, yet I would humbly hope it has reached me, unless I am awfully deceived.

My dear friend, I dare say you remember Mr. Phillips preaching at Bodle Street anniversary three years ago next June. He took his text from Mal. iii. 16. This poor mortal was there; and I do hope that the dear man spoke to my heart; I do not mean in a comforting way, but so as to show me what I was in myself, and that living and dying in that state, where God is I could never come. Something seemed to say: "It is against me that you have been sinning these many years, and will you still go on and delight in it?" O what a wretch I felt myself to be! I seemed as though I must sink into the earth out of sight. I could see all my sins from childhood up to the then present time. O the wonderful compassion and long-suffering mercy of God that ever he had borne with such a wretch so long!

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But these *deep* impressions did not last long, though sharp at the time; nor did I scarcely know where I was. However, they did not leave me. Death and a never-ending eternity were now before me. I could see there was an end to all things here, and that my short life would soon end; and O what then would become of my never-dying soul? I could plainly see that the Lord had an especial people upon the earth whom he would save and bring into eternal glory; and O how I wished I was one! I felt such love to the people meeting at Bodle Street chapel that I felt I must go there if I had to beg my bread to obtain the privilege. I did not then much mind what I did for a living. That was not what I cared about. My never-dying soul occupied all my thoughts. My Bible and hymn-book were now my constant companions; and O how different everything appeared in them from what it had done before! I could now see that there was a reality in that precious book, the Bible, and that what was written therein would be fulfilled; that they were God's words, not man's; and solemn words they were. But, dear Mrs. Clark, I must not enter into every particular, or I shall tire your patience.

I now left the situation I was in, as I had to attend church; and I felt I could not go there now. My concern was not so great while at home with my friends, as their society seemed to take it off; but there was a difference in everything. I now hated the things which I once loved, and loved the things that I once hated. After I came here, I went to hear dear Mr. Mockford, and my burden began to get heavier. I began to see what a dreadful state I was in,—a ruined, lost sinner, before a pure and holy God, who would by no means clear the guilty; and O! I was that guilty one. I had been trying to do something to gain God's favour and forgiveness, but now I could see that nothing I could do would save my soul; but that it must be an Almighty Saviour and a full and free salvation to save such a sinner as I; for in and of myself I could do nothing but sin, and condemnation seemed for me. O! Gladly would I have changed places with the beasts or birds! I used to say to myself, "You, poor innocent things, have never sinned against your Maker, and I have done nothing but sin." O what I felt within I never can describe, but surely, dear friend, you can guess; for you, perhaps, have felt the same.

I went on in the way I have described; daily feeling more and more of my wretched condition, and more and more of the holiness of God. Yet there was a little hope at the bottom of it, "Who can tell but that the Lord will have mercy? I will daily seek; for who can tell?" Sometimes I felt a little encouragement; then again it seemed utterly impossible for the Lord ever to have mercy upon such a wretch. O! I felt there never was such a sinner as I upon the earth.

One night I went to Waldron; and going along, still feeling my wretched condition, I was sorely tempted to turn back, as it was of no use for me to go; but as I was considering which to do,

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these words came to my mind: "Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord." I went with this feeling, that I must have something that night. I felt such wrestling with the dear Lord

"That I could not let him go
Except a blessing he'd bestow."

This precious hymn was given out after I got there:

"The soul that with sincere desire
Seeks after Jesus' love," &c.

This seemed so encouraging, I never shall forget it. When Mr. Mockford engaged in prayer, he seemed to pray for just such a one as I felt myself to be; and then he said, "O Lord, if there are such poor souls here, do

"'Lead them on with placid pace
To Jesus, as their Hiding-place.'"

O how I longed for Jesus to be my hiding-place, feeling sure in my soul none other would do for me. After the service was over I seemed to lose it all; but still I could no more help wrestling with the Lord than I could help breathing. And O wonderful love! matchless condescension! that he should stoop to listen to the vilest sinner's cry, which I humbly hope he did. I had not gone far before Mr. M., with some other friends, overtook me, and the words he spoke to me time will never erase while memory retains her seat. They not only went into my ears, but pierced my heart; and after I left them these words sounded in my ears: "Balm of Gilead." I said, "Surely, Lord, this is none other than the Balm of Gilead which I now feel in my soul." I felt such sweet peace, and could not help thinking at the time that the dear Lord had pardoned and put away my sins, that this precious Jesus was the Balm of Gilead, and that it was in and through him the pure and holy God could justify the ungodly sinner, and that by his stripes they were healed. O how different everything appeared! I seemed in a new world; even the flowers and grass under my feet seemed changed. What a God of love! I did not want any sleep that night, but to praise that God of love and mercy, and I wanted everything to help me praise him. I felt I could never do so enough. For three days I felt in this sweet frame of mind. I did not want anything either to eat or drink. But, dear friend, I really must leave off scribbling, or you will be tired of it.

Yours sincerely,

Heathfield, March 26, 1872. E. N.

THE more godly a man is, the more doth he feel the battle between the flesh and the spirit. Hereof cometh those lamentable complaints in the psalms and other scriptures. It profiteth us very much to feel sometimes the wickedness of our nature and corruption of our flesh. So a Christian is made to see Jesus a wonderful Creator, who out of heaviness can make joy, of terror comfort, of sin righteousness, and of death life. This is our ground and anchor-hold,—that Christ is our only and perfect righteousness."—*Luther.*

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WHAT HAS THE SINNER TO DO? AND WHAT HAS CHRIST DONE?

My dear Friend and Brother in the Everlasting Covenant of Grace, Mercy, and Peace,—Your kind letter came to hand this morning with the enclosure, which we like much, because it savours of love and blood. And who can fully enter into what love and blood have done for poor perishing sinners but those to whom the Lord hath revealed himself in his everlasting love and the eternal redemption of his dear Son, by the anointing power of the Holy Ghost? And even those can only enter into a little of it as these truths enter into their hearts and souls.

The dear Lord has been very gracious to my own soul for this last fortnight. On Monday night, the 8th of this month, in the midnight watches, I was woke up with a most sweet outpouring of soul in confession, prayer, and supplication to the dear Lord. My soul had been asking the Lord for a new year's gift; and all of a sudden the Holy Ghost opened the sweet channel of communication to my heart. My soul had passed through some months of hard conflicts and powerful temptations, and I saw and felt myself to be such a poor old ignorant fool that I sometimes thought I must give up preaching, my soul seemed to be left so dead, dry, and dark, although the Lord helped me in the pulpit and rebuked the tempter for me, sent him on the background, and subdued the power of unbelief; but soon again the devil was let loose upon me. But in the night of the 8th the dear Lord Jesus communed with my soul from off the mercy seat, and with these words: "Christ by God the Father is made unto my soul wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption;" so that I felt completely saved in the Lord Jesus Christ, and I saw and felt that my own wisdom was nothing but foolishness with God, and that a little of the wisdom of the Lord Jesus Christ put into my heart by the blessed Spirit of God gave my soul a little true knowledge of myself as a vile sinner, and a felt knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ as my own God and Saviour. And well might the word of God declare that wisdom is the principal thing.

And again. What a poor naked sinner I saw myself to be, and all my righteousnesses to be nothing but filthy rags. But what a beauty my soul saw and felt by precious faith in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I felt that I was clothed in that righteous robe. And here the Holy Ghost opened up its beauty to my heart and soul, and here stands my soul in it before a heart-searching God.

But again. Sanctification. My soul saw that God the Father sanctified me in the everlasting covenant, and set me apart in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that Christ sanctified himself for me; for he hath said, "For their sakes I sanctify myself, that they might be sanctified through the truth."

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And again. The Lord Jesus declared that the Father sanctified and sent him into the world: "Say ye of him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, thou blasphemest?"

But again. The Holy Ghost sanctified me by calling me out of the world with a holy calling, and from the love and practice of sin; and he has been working the holiness of the Lord Jesus Christ in my heart and soul for many years; so that from him is my fruit found. My soul stands holy in his holiness; and there is nothing said nor done by me that is accepted with God but what springs from faith; and true faith is the gift of God.

But again. Redemption. Here my soul saw and felt that Christ, through the Holy Ghost, had obtained eternal redemption for my soul. Here my soul was lost in holy wonder at the marvellous work of God the Father. The word "made" so enlarged in my heart that my cup was full and ran over. The Father "*made* Christ Jesus sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." Then what have we to do with it?

But again. Christ has redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us. Then, my dear friend, God was in Christ reconciling the elect world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto his ministers the word of reconciliation. Then what hath the poor sinner to do with it but to receive it as the Holy Ghost reveals it and seals it home into his heart? And these are the souls that bring forth fruit unto God, and no others; because "whatsoever is not of faith is sin." And sure I am that the Lord hath said this: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" And what is old nature compared to? Why, a thorny bush, or a thorn hedge. Then let us look at the precept, and see whether it is not the life and power of the work of the Holy Ghost in my soul that produces fruit in my life and walk. David said, "Make me to understand the way of thy precepts." But I am more at a point than ever I was since I have known the Lord that there are but few who understand spiritually the sweet precepts of the everlasting gospel of the Three-One God; and I can see more and more that we lose sight of the great work which God the Father hath done in making the Lord Jesus Christ everything to his people; for he was made of a woman and made under the law for us. Then what hath the sinner to do, only to believe when faith is given? But our legality and free will and self-righteousness must put in somewhere. But it is only wood, hay, and stubble, and the fire will consume it all up.

Then may the dear Lord give us more of the holy anointing of God the Holy Ghost, to make and keep our souls alive in the best things. This is the prayer of a poor old sinner.

Our united love to yourself and your friend.

Yours in the Lord,

Godmanchester, Jan. 24, 1872. THOMAS GODWIN.

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A PASTORAL EPISTLE.

To the dear People of God and Church of our Lord Jesus Christ, assembling at Wilderness Hall, Wilderness Row, London.

I received your invitation to become your pastor, and last Lord's day week read it to the church of Christ at Fairford. At the close of my reading it there was profound silence, until I spoke as follows:

"You know, dear friends, that I am a man not quick or hasty in my movements in religious matters; whether I prove right or wrong in the end, I look at a step, and consider much before I take that step. This matter now in hand has cost me much exercise of soul before God, both by day and night. It has been going on, I think, nearly, or quite two years; and now I feel unable to say Nay to the invitation which I have read to you. I hope the Lord will do all himself which is required to be done. I would not myself be suffered to commit any error in this thing whatever."

And so the meeting broke up with manifest affection toward me, for the sake of that truth I have so long preached amongst them. And now, my dear friends and brethren in the Lord, I venture to say that you may consider that I do accept of your kind invitation to become your pastor and servant for Christ's sake; but of this office I do feel both unfit and unworthy, but if God account me worthy, and will stand by me, that will suffice for my complying with your request. I do not feel any opposition within me, as far as I am able to discern my own heart; neither have I any in my house. My dear wife thinks that the hand of God is in it, and so do many of my friends; but some say, "You should not go, if we could keep and support you."

And now, my dear brethren, I have nothing more to say than this, that I feel a confidence in you that you will strive together to make me comfortable in temporal things; and as the Holy Spirit is pleased to keep your souls needy, so also you will strive to hold me up in my ministry by your constant and fervent prayers to God for me, both in public and in private, but especially in the closet, as an open reward is to attend such prayers. I think that the providence of God hath been as a wheel going round for some time to prepare me for a removal, and now my mind is so inclined as to astonish me. Shall I not say, "What hath God wrought in hearing your cries and in inclining my mind toward you as brethren, with a peculiar feeling of affection and willingness both to live and to die with you, if it be the will of God to be so?" I assure you that if I did not possess such feelings, and believe that you as a people have some such feeling towards me, I could not hearken to your invitation, even could you and would you give me thousands of gold and silver; for what is all that to be compared with God's law and God's smiles, and holy and blessed feelings, all of which agree with the spirit of the glorious gospel of Christ. I do not expect to be without my trou-

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bles. I expect to stand almost, if not quite, alone as a minister. I have no private opinions to keep a watch over until some favourable opportunity. I have ever been simple and honest as in the fear of God, and hope to be so kept, knowing that one day I must die and appear before God. I have but little strength of imagination, therefore shall not be able to please any one with faulty perversions or fanciful interpretations of the scriptures; neither has my mind as yet suffered me to make use of the holy word of God so freely as I fear many do, as a mere accommodation to my subject; neither can I think, if the saints were stuffed with a ministry of such sort, they would any of them be enabled thereby to be "building up themselves on their most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost," as Jude speaks of.

My dear friends, lacking, as I do, novelty, which some possess, and which is so congenial to the human mind, and having to speak, as the Lord shall be pleased to give ability, of ancient things, which are hid from the wise and prudent and which a natural man cannot know, we cannot expect a great assemblage of individuals to hear, unless there are a great number of broken-down sinners round about Wilderness Hall, or of God's elect now dead, whom he will call to feel their need of Christ and his salvation. But I hope and pray that a good measure of light and life may attend our path, although we may have to go a thousand times over the old beaten path of tribulations, of helps, and of promises. If Jehovah smile, and help us on our way, and bless us with a comfortable hope of ending our journey in safety and in peace, all will be well.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Your willing Servant for Christ's sake,

Fairford, Feb. 21, 1865. CORNELIUS COWLEY.

BROTHERLY REPROOF.

Dear Servant of God and Brother beloved,—"God help me to write," is the burden of my mind, in attempting to pen a few lines to you; and if it be so with me, what must it be with the poor parson in attempting to preach, when

> "Restless sin and raging hell
> Strike all his comforts dead?"

It is from this cause I have been unable to reply to your kind and welcome letter.

I rejoice to hear of your safe arrival among the dear friends of truth with whom you stand associated; and may the dear Lord pour an abundant blessing into their souls for their readiness and willing mind for you to come and preach the words of life and peace to such poor guilty wretched things as we. I feel a sweet and consoling union of soul to you because your words encourage one of the most guilty and depraved of Adam's race to hope in the mercy of the Lord; and as you express your love to those whose mouths are stopped, and persons stripped, I may tell you that I

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am brought to lie flat in the dust of self-abhorrence and self-abasement, feeling that nothing but mercy, free mercy, can ever meet a case so wretched as mine. So to claim the love, friendship, and sympathy of one who has felt the horrors of guilt and sin and can exalt a precious Lord Jesus in saving his soul from hell is a privilege indeed, and enables me to indulge the hope that

"If endless life be your reward,
I shall possess the same."

O, what mercy the Lord has shown you, what lessons he has taught you, what promises he has made to you! And O, what a heaven and a Saviour he has made you to pant after, as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks:

"Had he not pitied the state we were in,
Our bosoms his love had ne'er felt;
We still should have lived and died in our sin,
And sunk with the weight of our guilt."

And the cause of his doing so is because it seemed good in his sight to save his people from a deserved and never-ending hell; and for this love you long to

"Make heaven's eternal arches ring
With his beloved name."

I will now speak a word of reproof to you. I hope you will have the patience and grace to bear it. You fear your visit to Zoar has been useless. O, what unbelieving thoughts! Did not you enjoy the Lord's presence, at times? Did not the saints of the Most High testify that your ministry was blest to them? Some even now speak of the strength imparted to their souls, while the word of life fell from your lips, and found a resting-place in their hearts. O, you naughty brother! Go and lie flat before the dear Lord, and confess your wrong in not believing he worked in you to comfort and bless his people. But O! I fear I am going too far, and might spare my reproofs, look to myself, and shut my mouth. Pardon me, my dear brother, for speaking reprovingly; but it is the voice of love and friendship that would warn you against believing Satan's lies, and contradicting a gracious God. I do suffer much from the injections of Satan and the wretched unbelief of my own desperately wicked heart. Often, when hearing, I implore the Lord to help me to hear, as there is almost always such a tumult in my soul as would drown the voice of love and mercy. * * *

With kindest love to Mrs. Clough and Mrs Clay,
I am, my dear Brother,
Yours affectionately in the Truth,

London, March 11, 1868. D. P. GLADWIN.

ALL true humility begins with God. He must and he does stoop to us before we can or will humble ourselves before him. Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth? By faith to receive Christ as humbled for us produces the like mind with him."—*Brook.*

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TAKING STOCK.

Dear Friend,—I can now scarcely write intelligibly, having nearly lost the use of my right hand. I have often thought of you and your dear wife, with your former kindness to me when living in those parts; but have not seen you to speak to for many years. I have often wondered how matters stand with you for another world; not from curiosity, but from the weight and importance I have felt of a solemn eternity which is fast approaching to you and me. It was said of Jacob that the time drew nigh that he must die, and it may truly be said so of you and me. May I ask you, as also myself, Are we prepared to meet death? O what a solemn thought is this,—to die and enter into eternity into the presence of a just God, whose smiles constitute bliss and eternal happiness, and whose frowns create despair, and before which the wicked will flee, if possible, to hide themselves from his penetrating eyes! How few lay this to heart till death comes, and sweeps them off the precipice of time into the bottomless abyss of eternal woe.

I understand you have given up your business, and are now at Tunbridge Wells, not with a view to spend the few days you may have remaining in temporal ease and prosperity, but rather conclude you are gone there to die; and as you have now no business to attend to in this world, you will have the more time to think about the next. Let me exhort you, seeing the end of all things is at hand with you and me, to do as an honest tradesman would do,—be often taking stock. Do it every day. Take down the files, examine the books, cast up the balance-sheet, and see how you stand, and how you will meet your great Creditor. Give yourself much to reading, and be often in some secret place in prayer, that the Lord may satisfy your soul of your interest in Jesus, and clear up your title to the heavenly inheritance. If your mind is given to this, and your very heart and soul be in earnest in these matters, you shall not labour in vain. "The diligent soul shall be made fat."

My health is so much impaired that I have been principally confined to my home the four past winters, and now the fifth I am obliged to keep within doors, and I do not seem to be in my right place unless I am reading or trying to pray; and the Lord has exercised me with so much affliction and trial that I have plenty of work for faith and prayer, if I can get them to work with; but God is the Author of both, as well as all other good, and without him we can do nothing. I have been looking for death for some years, and am now just upon the brink of the grave; and the only ground of my hope to appear faultless before a just God is wholly and entirely in his boundless mercy which comes to poor perishing sinners, swimming through the blood of his own dear Son; nor can he show mercy to any in any other way. He bestows no mercy at the expense of his justice. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Sin is an infinite

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evil; and while it stands between God and the sinner there can be no access, nor can we see his face with pleasure unless it be removed, which no finite creature can do. No; not all the intellectual beings in the universe, none but He who was God's fellow and the Father's equal could put away sin; but he has done it. "He has put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," as Zechariah said he should do in one day, and brought in everlasting righteousness also. When he had finished transgression, and made an end of sin, he went to the Father as a mighty Conqueror; but it was, as I may say, weltering in his own blood. He could get there no other way; nor is it possible that sinners can get there but through his blood. Blood tracks all the path to this day; nor will the Father shut out that poor sinner who is in real earnest to be saved by Jesus Christ, and pleads his blood and righteousness for his acceptance before a just God. "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." Nor can anything hurt that poor sinner who truly fears God, and is seeking to be saved by Jesus Christ. "The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy." We are prone to judge of the mercy and goodness of God to poor sinners as carnal reason and our poor finite comprehension would imagine. When our sins appear in their proper light, the guilt of them is laid upon the conscience, and the dreadful apprehension of the wrath to come ready to swallow us up, we are apt to think and conclude too there can be no mercy for such abominable sinners as we. We forget that the mercy of God to such poor sinners is boundless: "As high as the heaven is above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him." Who can tell the boundless space of the heavens? Astronomers tell us that a cannon ball, going at the rate it does out of the gun, would be several thousand years reaching some of the planets; and when it did reach them, there would still be a boundless space beyond it. Then what shall we say of the mercy of God? Is there not enough to save a poor burdened, dejected sinner, who comes imploring the Father to bestow it for his Son's sake, seeing there is not only such an abundance, but also that the Father delights to give it? He says, "He will not be always wroth" (with such a poor sinner), "neither will he keep his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy."

There is another striking figure the Holy Ghost useth to show the boundless nature of the mercy of God to poor penitent sinners: "As far as the east is from the west," so far has he separated the sins of his people from them; and the distance from east to west has been acknowledged by some of the wisest men to be beyond any human calculation. O! How blessed and happy are they who are interested in the mercy of God, and have their sins put away at an infinite distance. May this be our happy lot; and if I should never see you again in the flesh, my earnest desire and prayer to God is, that you and your dear wife may find mercy in his sight in that terrible day when the heavens

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shall pass away with a great noise, the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth and the works thereof be burned up; and may you spend the rest of your days not trusting in uncertain riches but in the living God, "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy," and who alone can make us truly blessed. May he make you rich in good works, ready to communicate, laying up for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that when death comes you may know that your Maker is your Husband; and always remembering that all beyond what is needful of this world is not worth an anxious thought. Compared to what is before us, it is lighter than a feather.

I hope this will find you well. My heart is much affected; my wife also is very poorly. Accept our united love.

Yours sincerely,

Upper Dicker, Jan. 2, 1866. ISAAC DUNK.

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

To my numerous kind Christian relatives and friends, whose love and sympathy the Lord help me never to forget,—Peace through the blood of the cross of the Lord Jesus be with you. Amen.

I am unable fully to estimate your kindness, yet am willing to manifest that it has not passed unheeded, and I trust will not soon be forgotten; nor do I believe that it will be unrewarded by him who has said, "For whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you he shall not lose his reward." The Lord only knows the depths my soul has been in, although it was visible to those around me that my distress was great. Well, friends, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not; they are new every morning. Great is thy faithfulness." I feel it is a mercy to be out of hell, and to be permitted to beg for mercy,—to put my mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope. To be saved is a great matter; it is a great salvation; so great that it is hard to believe such a wretch as I am can be interested in it. Saved *from* death, from sin, from self, from wrath, from hell, from destruction, from despair. Saved *to* life, to immortality, to heaven, and to an eternal weight of glory.

O, my friends, salvation seems to me a greater word than ever. O the wonders of grace, to look down upon one so very vile.

"And dost thou still regard,
And cast a gracious eye,
On one so gone, so base, so blind,
So dead, so lost as I?

"Then sinners, black as hell,
May hence for hope have ground;
For who of mercy need despair,
Since I have mercy found?"

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O! How hard I have found it to believe that there can be mercy and forgiveness for wretched me; and though often the Lord has graciously favoured me, yet "remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall, my soul hath them still in remembrance and is humbled in me." O! How certain it seemed to me that I must be lost for ever. In the night seasons as well as in the daytime it appeared so evident that my experience was delusive, and that I had deceived others as well as myself. I did not question that it would be well with the righteous, with all that fear God, both small and great; but my soul questioned the character being mine; and O how dreadfully I sank in the horrible pit and miry clay, and how the waters came in unto my soul! Never, it seems to me, will words describe the condition I was in; and my confidence being gone, it was distressing to pray, the Lord being, as it appeared, so evidently against me; and I well knew if God was against me it mattered not who was for me. Friends tried all they could to persuade and comfort me; but in vain. The condemnation within, the sensible anger and frown of God, the persuasion of deception, and sinking of mind, made me to conclude that all was over, and that I must perish eternally. Unable to preach, I went to chapel; but this added to my trouble; for it was evident that there was a defect in my preaching, and that I had no business to have been in a pulpit. Still every now and then some change in my feelings was granted, and I prayed as a lost sinner, and begged for mercy as one who had never known in truth the loving-kindness of the Lord, pleading, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;" and, "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them;" and the like.

During my affliction some of my friends pressed me to have the advice of a Christian physician, as they were persuaded that it was not only soul distress but bodily disease. The good man took a kind interest in my case, and felt assured, with the blessing of God, I should recover, as he had known cases of recovery from hopeless despair. And through much and undeserved mercy the Lord has spared and brought me thus far through the fiery ordeal; for which I desire to praise, bless, and magnify his holy name, and most thankfully would acknowledge the astonishing attention and kindness experienced.

The Lord has been pleased to enable and permit me again to open my mouth in his name, and has favoured me, to my surprise, with utterance and feeling to speak to my fellow-sinners; and my hope is that he will condescend to make me a blessing yet to his chosen, redeemed, and living family. My prayer is that souls may be given me for my hire and seals to my ministry. Blessed be his name for ever and ever, that salvation is all of grace, or I had perished to all eternity.

"Whene'er I lisp a song of praise,
Each note shall echo, Grace, free grace!"

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His name shall have *all* the praise, in time and to everlasting days.

And now may the Lord graciously reward my very kind and dear friends, by pouring his blessings into their hearts; and may he continue to give them the spirit of prayer for me that the Lord would guide me by his counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory. Your great Debtor,

ALFRED HAMMOND.

CAST ME NOT OFF IN OLD AGE.

Dearly-beloved Friends,—I have been this afternoon thinking over David's words: "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." (Ps. lxxi. 9.) Twice in this psalm David mentions this. No doubt he felt some cause in himself, inducing him to put up this prayer; though there is no just cause for it on God's behalf, because he has promised to carry his people to old age.

The occasion of these words being brought to my mind was this: The weather was very warm, and my feeble frame so weak, through a cold and cough, that it was almost too much for me. At that time these words came fresh to mind: "Cast me not off in the time of old age," &c. I was led to look back to the days of my youth, when I was active and zealous in the ways of the Lord, my mind lively, and my body able to attend to the outward means, which, blessed be God, are good and profitable in their place; but now I am dull and heavy, hardly able to move about, feeling that if my salvation depended on the use of means, and my activity therein, I must be finally lost. Satan is not wanting in times of darkness like these to cast his fiery darts at God's hidden ones. This is his constant work; for he is the prince of darkness. I can see that the strongest in faith are sometimes weak enough to hearken to his lies; but in this work he gains but little; for if he casts us down, we can cry if we cannot fight. Thus it was with David. He was too weak to fight; but he could cry, "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." How suitable in such a case is this portion: "Hearken unto me, O house of Jacob, and all the remnant of the house of Israel, which are borne by me from the belly, which are carried from the womb. And even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." The real value of these words can be known to none but those who are exercised somewhat as David was; but if all the Lord's children are not exercised with old age, they are with some other infirmity as bad to bear, or perhaps worse.

The text I have quoted is worthy of our observation. In the third verse the Lord calls on the house of Jacob to hearken to him, and tells them what he has done for them. In the fourth he says what he will do for them; three times he repeats

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the word *even*, to show that he would perform all things mentioned: "Even to your old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made"—made you what you are—"and I will bear; even I will carry"—carry you when old and unable to walk—"and I will deliver you." Here is making, bearing, carrying, and delivering assured; and all without one single condition on the part of poor Jacob. All are absolute promises on the side of One who is able to perform all that he has said he will do.

What an unspeakable mercy it is that the promises are unconditional; for I find neither youth nor age is able to perform any good thing. Daily experience, as well as the scripture, tells me that no man can believe whenever he will. No. It is God's good Spirit who must enable a poor sinner to take the benefit of a promise. Blessed be God for making us truly sensible of our weakness, that we may trust in him to carry us in his arms as a nursing Father. As he has taken the charge of us from our infancy, when we were too weak to stand, so he has promised to carry us when too weak to walk through old age; to bear us to hoar hairs, and at the end to deliver us from all the evils we have ever felt or feared. It was his love that first placed us among Zion's children; it was his love that gave us a spiritual birth; it was his love that brought us out from the ruins of the fall; it was his love that turned our stubborn wills to seek his face; it was his love that rent the veil from our hearts; it was his love that quickened us when dead in sins; it was his love that raised us to a good hope through grace; it was his love that provided a garment to cover our shame; and it was his love that opened a fountain to answer two grand purposes,—the one to purge the conscience from the damning power of sin; and the other to cleanse from daily pollutions. It is opened for sin and for uncleanness; there is daily and hourly need of it for cleansing from the latter. God's love has done all this, and much more, for it has reserved an inheritance in heaven for all such as are kept by his mighty power through faith unto salvation. It is his love that keeps them and his love shall feast them when time shall be no more. They are his inheritance, and his love will not lose one of them, because his love and power are equal.

I am almost compelled to leave the subject, for it is becoming dark. Yours in the best of all Bonds,

Edenbridge, May 31, 1822. G. PAYTON.

MAN spurns at what the Lord Jesus willingly undertook for us, and thought no shame but a glory; and that is, to stand in the place of a sinner, and plead his guilt; and being guilty, as our Surety, to cry for mercy, and to wait upon God for his salvation according to prom given. "But I am poor and needy. Let thy salvation, O God, set up on high. I will praise the name of God with a song, and will n nify him with thanksgiving. This also shall please the Lord be than an ox or bullock that hath horns and hoofs. The humble shall this and be glad, and your heart shall live that seek God."—*Brook.*

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A VISIT TO A SICK BED.

My dear Friend,—I reached Deptford at eleven o'clock, and found our afflicted friend just awakened out of sleep. As soon as he heard of my arrival, he requested I would go up. I found him in bed, not having been up for five days. As soon as I came to the bedside, he put out both hands, and, with a smiling countenance, said, "What! My dear brother John! I am very glad you are come to see me; I thought it long ere you came," &c. I then sat down, and we had above half an hour's sweet conversation together, very spiritual and very savoury; and, though he was exceedingly weak and unable to stand, yet his cheerful countenance and the childlike, humble frame of spirit he was in did my heart good. When I perceived that his strength was nearly exhausted, and was about to retire, he asked me if I had brought any tea and sugar. I said, "Yes." He then asked for the bill. I told him I had brought no bill, as it was all settled before I left home. He said, "Why, John, that is wonderful! Tell me how it is." I then explained the matter to him, and told him, moreover, that four of his Christian friends had sent him a sovereign apiece; and not only so, but one had sent £1 10s. for the Bank of Charity; so that there was not only a token of love to himself, but something to be distributed to the poor of the flock. I then laid the pieces of gold upon the bed before his eyes. This was almost too much for him; but, after a pause, he recovered himself, and requested his kind love to be given to several of his beloved friends, and especially wished to receive a visit from you (Mr. J. Ford), saying he was very sorry that your mind was hurt by not seeing him the last time, but that at that period his pulse was at 120, and he was so low that he panted for breath; so that if he had seen you it would have been impossible for him to have spoken a word to you.

Thus, my dear friend, I have given the outlines of my visit, and sincerely wish you had been with me. I never witnessed a more interesting scene; the poor sufferer reduced to a skeleton, at the same time cheerful, passive, tranquil, and serene, happy in soul, grateful to God and his friends, humble in spirit, and a true disciple of him who was meek and lowly in heart. From every observation I was enabled to make, I cannot say that "this sickness is *not* unto death;" but I feel a persuasion that the Son of God will be glorified in this dispensation, whether it terminate in life or in death. How blessed is the state of that soul who is enabled, in such circumstances, to lie passive under the hand of the heavenly Potter, resigned to his sovereign will, and blessed with a full persuasion that neither death nor life, things present or to come, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate it from the love of God in Christ Jesus. Surely it is a soul-cheering matter to see and hear such an evidence in another; but how much more blessed to be in such a case, when heart and flesh both fail, and to feel that, while every

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sublunary object is receding from our view, the bright beams of celestial glory dart their divine brightness through the valley of the shadow of death! Well may the departing soul, in such a case, adopt the language of Asaph: "My flesh and my heart faileth; but God *is* the strength of my heart and my portion for ever."

That we may be numbered with the happy recipients of this rich grace and favour, is the hope and prayer of

Thine most affectionately,

March 16, 1824. J. KEYT.

LETTER BY MR. PHILPOT.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in forwarding you a copy of a sermon from the text which you name as having been heard preached from by me by your sister during my last visit to Gower Street. I cannot say, however, that it is by any means the same discourse as that under which she was blessed, as I can rarely preach in the same way from a text at different times. Still many of the ideas may be the same, and, of course, the general drift would not differ. The doctrine and the experience would be the same, or similar, though there might be a very different way of handling the whole subject.

If I remember right, I was favoured in my soul when I delivered that discourse in Gower Street; perhaps more so than I was when I spoke from it at Stamford. If, however, it should be any satisfaction to your mind to possess the sermon, I feel pleased to make you a present of it; and hoping it may be the Lord's will to communicate with it a spiritual blessing,

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely for Truth's sake,

Stamford, Feb. 15, 1864. J. C. PHILPOT.

NATURE AND FAITH.

2 COR. IV. 17, 18.

WE wept! 'Twas Nature wept; but Faith
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And in yon world, so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet faith would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead;
Faith beholds the spirit fled.
Nature stops at Jordan's tide;
Faith beholds the other side.
That but hears farewell, and sighs;
This, thy welcome in the skies.
Nature mourns a cruel blow;
Faith assures it is not so.
Nature never sees thee more;
Faith but sees thee gone before.

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Nature tells a dismal story;
Faith has visions full of glory.
Nature views the change with sadness;
Faith contemplates it with gladness.
Nature murmurs; Faith gives meekness;
Strength is perfected in weakness.
Nature writhes and hates the rod;
Faith looks up and blesses God.
Sense looks downward; Faith above.
That sees harshness; This sees love.
O let Faith victorious be;
Let it reign triumphantly!

But thou art gone! not lost, but flown.
Shall I then ask thee back, my own?
Back, and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back, and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back, and leave thy angel mould?
Back, and leave those streets of gold?
Back, and leave the Lamb who feeds thee?
Back, from founts to which he leads thee?
Back, and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back, to earth and sin? Nay, rather
Would I live in solitude!
I would not ask thee if I could;
But patient wait the high decree
That calls my spirit home to thee.

REVIEW.

The Trial of Job. By Silas H. Durand.—Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co.

THE book of Job is one of the most remarkable in the Bible. It contains the history of the trials of a man of whom God himself declares that he was a perfect man and upright, fearing God and eschewing evil. It fills the mind with wonderment at the extent of the good man's calamity, and the mystery of God's dealings with him. It almost alarms when it leads us to think what a child of God may have to suffer in this life, and yet cheers and consoles us by revealing the end of the Lord in the whole matter,—that he is pitiful, and of the most tender mercy; not afflicting willingly, or grieving unnecessarily the children of men.

We have in this book a display of the sovereignty of God's dealings with his people. Here is a perfect and upright man, one whom God unites with Noah and Daniel in a sort of pre-eminence of virtue; and yet God deals with him for a time with apparently the most appalling severity; pulling him to pieces, bringing him to nothing, covering him with contempt, clothing him with sackcloth, and, as it were, casting him forth upon a dung-hill. How contrary to all we might expect! Job might well

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think, "I shall die in my nest." The truth is, God deals with men according to two rules of proceeding. The Law or Free Grace. If according to the Law, though he may for a time act in a way of forbearance, yet he will ultimately deal with those under the Law strictly in accordance with their legal deserts. Therein he displays the purity as well as severity of his justice. But if he acts according to Free Grace, it shall be grace, and grace only, from first to last, which shall rule in his dispensations. Even legal conflicts and legal strokes are measured out to the elect according to the covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure. Hence will proceed the most diversified dealings with his children. A child of God shall walk before him like Job. God shall meet him who thus "rejoiceth and worketh righteousness" with further blessings; in this way encouraging him, and strengthening his heart in the ways of God; or he shall seem to go out completely against him, as in the case of Job; deliver him apparently into the hand of the wicked, and make him a spectacle to men and angels of grief and trouble.

Again, a child of God may, with David, go halting, overwhelmed with temptations, full of infirmity and weakness. He may seem the very reverse of upright Job, and God may deal with the greatest tenderness with him, healing again and again his sicknesses, and showing towards him the most forbearing pity. Or a poor child of God may, overtaken with a fault, grievously fall, and then look for some tremendous strokes of God's rod; and, instead, Jesus shall look upon him as he did upon Peter, and at once convict and melt the heart into godly sorrow, giving, at the same time with the reproof, a feeling of his unaltered love. Or, if God pleases, he may do the reverse of all this, to make his children tremble at sin and flee from it. He may break the bones of a David, and so put his hand of fatherly displeasure upon the man, that his bones which were not seen shall stick out, and his moisture shall be turned into the drought of summer. Now, mysterious as all these sovereign ways of God are to us, yet infinite Wisdom guides all. God sees the hearts of his people as no one else can see them. He beholds how various iniquities may be tending to a prevalence—now Pharisaic pride, now Antinomian licentiousness—and, according to the case, he will either act in a way of severity or manifested mercy. Then, again, God has not only a work to do *in* his people, but *by* them, and, with infinite wisdom, he adapts his dealings with his saints to the ends he has designed to accomplish by them. Thus, he will bear from one of his children what he would not allow from another without much reproof; and this shows the danger of one man taking another's foibles or failings as a sort of pattern. God is very greatly to be feared at all times in the congregation of his saints, and if he will show marvellous pity in respect of weakness and infirmity in his children, he probably will show very great displeasure against that thought which begets presumption. But, as in the case of Job, what wonderful matchless

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grace rules in all God's dealings with his people! Grace really gave Job over to his adversary to be sifted and tried to the uttermost by him. There was something opposed to this grace of God in the heart of Job, some secret leaven of self-righteousness and pride working in his heart, and hindering Job's advancement to a fuller, sweeter enjoyment of Christ. God's secret purpose was to give Job far more than he at first possessed, and possibly Job had on his knees been asking for a fuller knowledge of his dear Redeemer, and a richer portion of the divine blessing. Trial was the way by which he was to arrive at this. A crucified Christ cannot be enjoyed in a heart that is not itself prepared for him by suffering. Christ's Gethsemane is entered into, if we may so speak, through the smaller Gethsemane of the Christian.

"For union can be none
Betwixt a heart like melting wax
And hearts as hard as stone."

It is well, even in our prayers, to count the cost; not to make us desist from praying for the best things, but that we may wisely consider the trials through which we may have to pass in order to possess them.

If the book of Job is wonderful, then, to us for the sovereignty, mysteriousness, yet rich grace of God towards his dear child as displayed therein, we need not feel surprised that persons in Job's days, with comparatively so little light to guide them, should have been completely bewildered. With all that light which shines upon us from the Cross, were we now placed in the circumstances of Job's wife or friends, we might hardly show much more soundness of judgment as to such terrible events than they did. How often do we call calamities judgments, and perhaps are as mistaken as Job's friends were. We say nothing of Job's wife. We conceive his friends to have been really good and gracious men; but perfectly unfitted to deal with such a case as Job's. They could not harmonize such tremendous afflictions with their ideas of God's justice and methods of dealing, if Job were a truly upright man. Hence they improperly, and even cruelly, charged him with committing sins of which he was innocent. They utter many grand and blessed truths concerning God and his dealings with the righteous and the wicked; but for want of fuller light they misapply these principles of the divine actions in the case of Job, and prove miserable comforters to him. Irritated, too, by his irony, and almost appalled by his desperate speeches, they dreadfully taunt him. All this was very sad; but then, if we considered the times in which they lived, we perhaps should rather feel surprised at the wisdom and godliness contained in their speeches than at what we may call the gospel mistakes concerning him. But it is refreshing to have, at length, Elihu come forward and, though younger, display so much wisdom. How discreetly he proceeds, not charging Job improperly, but insinuating, as in chap. xxxiii., that there are

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often secret purposes in men's hearts displeasing to God; or self-righteous pride may be there, and the man himself not perceive it. Moreover, God may in various ways speak to a man about these things. In a dream, perhaps, in a vision of the night. Further, the man, through his carnal nature, may not take due heed to these divine dealings and admonitions; then will probably come on, as the evil is so deeply seated, and powerfully prevalent, divine chastisements, until the soul abhors dainty meat, and the man draws nigh to the gates of the grave, and his life to the destroyers. But God all this time preserves the poor child of God, and at length sends a messenger to him, an Interpreter, who unfolds the case, explains the divine dealings, leads the soul to justify God, to look to Jesus as the sinner's only righteousness. Then comes the sweet change. God is gracious, the ransom is beheld, prayer goes forth, the soul is delivered from the pit, the life sees the light, the flesh is fresher than a child's, and God returns in blessing; for he will render unto man his righteousness, or deal with him according to that everlasting imputed righteousness he now looks to. In this manner, says Elihu, God frequently deals with man, and thus, no doubt, he really painted Job's own case, and was in the hand of God such an interpreter. But, after all, the matter is in the hand of God. So at length the Lord speaks out of the whirlwind. Job now is brought into the dust. This near approach of God lays him low; he abhors himself, and repents in dust and ashes. Now he speaks well of God. He says of himself, "I am vile," and ascribes to God the glory due unto his name. Christ, no doubt, was sweetly seen by the eye of faith. The mystery of God's dealings with himself in some degree explained, and childlike submission supplied the rest. Then Job must offer sacrifice for his three friends. They submit. His brethren and sisters come about him. His substance is doubled, a fresh family of children granted him, and thus his latter end was greater than his beginning; and this sweet truth was brought out that let God's dealings with his children be apparently even severe and harsh, the Lord is really pitiful and of tender mercy, and loving the prosperity of his people.

Now, one design of Job's trial unquestionably was the support and encouragement of God's people in after days. Job himself seems to have foreseen this effect when he cried, "The righteous" (aided by his sufferings, his endurance, and God's end) "shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger." And this design has been indeed answered. How have the tried, tempted, afflicted children of God, age after age, found relief in the book of Job! When they have contemplated his calamities they have been supported under their own; for they have met with a companion, and no longer can say, "I am the man who, pre-eminently or alone, hath seen affliction." No! They hear Job cry, "I am the brother to dragons and a companion to owls." They perceive him feeling after God and unable to find him, and pathetically exclaiming,

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"O that I knew where I might find him." They hear him lamenting over his past days of blessedness in this season of desertion, "O that I were as in the months that are past!" In fact, they ponder upon the depths of his woe, and his sufferings are, as it were, a life to them as producing a renewed hope. Then they see him in the midst of all supported by God, and at last so blessedly brought forth from his afflictions that their hope in God, as it respects themselves, is greatly strengthened. And thus Job has become a minister to after generations, and death worked in him that the life of Jesus might be cherished in his brethren.

The work whose title is given at the head of this Review is upon these trials of Job; and we will now proceed to give a brief description of the book and its plan.

The grand ruling idea that is worked out is that Job is intended to be a strict type of the church, and that, as in the case of Melchizedec, we have just so much told us about him as shall set him forth as such a type. Our author writes:

"As we contemplate his character and condition, Job will appear as a type of the church. * * * All that we are told of Melchizedec is but what is necessary to present in our view of him a type of the royal priesthood of Christ. So it is but a small portion of the life of Job as a man that is brought intimately to our view; but in that portion we have *as perfect a type of the church entering and extending through her state of legal bondage into gospel liberty*—(the italics are ours)—as in the history and psalms of David we have of Christ as the Captain of our salvation."

(*To be continued.*)

Obituary.

HANNAH DYSON.—On March 26th, aged 62, Hannah Dyson, of Glossop.

The subject of this memoir was born at Shepley, near Huddersfield, in 1809, of poor, but honest parents. She was the eldest of a large family. As the eldest in large families are generally put to all they can do, especially when the income is small, so it was with Hannah Dyson. Her parents rented a small farm and kept a few cows, and Hannah had all kinds of work to do; yet she never refused to perform her task or murmured at her lot.

At that time education was scarce, and schools were very thinly scattered over the neighbourhood. She was sent to one taught by a female, under whose instruction she soon made proficiency, showing signs of intelligence of no ordinary degree. When old enough for the journey, she was sent to a Sunday school which was two miles away; but her place was very rarely vacant, unless she was prevented from attendance by illness. She loved her school and teacher, and manifested her love by her good conduct. From this Sunday school—not a denominational one—the scholars went to the Methodist chapel in the morning, and to the Independent in the afternoon, as very few Dissenting

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places of worship then had a school connected with them: The Independents had no stationary minister, but were supplied, at times, by ministers of other denominations, very frequently by the Baptists: Hannah, being an intelligent girl, thought over what she heard at the chapel, and seemed most impressed with the preaching of the Baptist ministers. She made inquiry where they had a place of worship, and found that the nearest was at Clayton West, a village some five miles distant from Shepley. Her parents were thorough Methodists, and consequently Hannah had many struggles of mind in acting out her convictions. But the truth sown in her heart germinated and broke forth with power: Amidst much opposition Hannah started in her Christian journey in company with the Baptists. She had firm hold of Christ's garment, and neither wind nor weather, friend nor foe, could prevent her following him. She was up early on the Sunday morning, got her domestic duties done, and was off to Clayton West. In fact, nothing but personal or domestic affliction (which was of rare occurrence) could keep her from her post. During the week, in her spare moments at home, she was diligent in searching the word of God, as for hidden treasure, and at her work daily she would have the Bible open before her, trying to come to a knowledge of the truth. The more she searched, the more deeply she was convinced that she was a sinner, and that without a personal interest in the Saviour she must inevitably perish. Thus she laboured until Christ was revealed to her heart, and she obtained the pearl of great price. After she felt a consciousness that her sins were forgiven she was baptized in the open river at Clayton West, by Mr. Higson, jun., in the presence of a great number of spectators. This all came to pass while she was in her teens.

She formed an acquaintance with John Garlick, and eventually got married in her 21st year. In her marriage Hannah did not disgrace her profession, her aim being "to glorify her God below."

In 1832, Hannah with her husband and family removed to Glossop. Here she found a home amongst her own people. Hannah went to Charlesworth chapel, amongst the late Mr. Gadsby's friends, as long as her strength endured. A prayer meeting was held at her house during the week, and Hannah was always glad when those times of refreshing came.

After becoming the mother of fourteen children, eight of whom are living, she lost her husband, and was left in trying circumstances; but in course of time she became the wife of David Dyson, who still remains to mourn his loss.

During her life she was a strong, healthy woman, always used to hard work, and plenty of it.

About a year ago she was taken ill, and all who saw her said she could not continue long, as the attack was very severe. It was distressing to see her, and she desired to be gone. The doctor who attended her said that she would go out like the snuff

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of a candle; but she rallied for a few months, during which time she attended to her household duties, and went once to chapel. That place of worship she had attended upwards of 30 years, going to it all weathers, though it was two good miles from her residence. She would put some little refreshment in a handkerchief or basket, and stay morning and afternoon services. The chapel was opened in 1836 by the late Mr. Gadsby; Mr. Beard became the minister, and afterwards the late Mr. George Drake. Mrs. Dyson was one of the chief supporters. She was greatly attached to Mr. Gadsby, and was often much blessed under his ministry, and scarcely ever heard him preach without receiving a blessing. On one occasion, particularly, she spoke of hearing him from Ps. lxxxiv. 11. She was also much attached to Mr. Kershaw, and once especially was blessed under him when preaching from Ps. cxv. 12, 13. She used to go to Manchester by coach, there being then no railway at Glossop; and when asked where she had been, having heard Mr. G., she would sometimes say, "I've been having roast beef to-day." For 43 years up to the time of her death, she always had bed and board for the ministers who came to Charlesworth to supply, and would tell them of God's dealings with her, and of his leading her into the green pastures and beside the still waters. The younger ministers, especially, felt it a privilege to be in her company.

When the chapel at Charlesworth was opened, not only was it crowded, but there were more people in the yard than in the chapel; so Mr. G. stood against an open window and preached to all at once.

She was seized with another attack about New Year's day. Her sufferings were extreme. Her family, scattered now in various parts of the country, friends, and relatives came to see her in her last affliction. She used to say that the windows of heaven were opened. She had been a great reader, and had always a passage of scripture ready for every occasion. All her children, except two, came to see her before she died. A short time before she expired, one of her sons stayed with her during the night, and read several psalms, Jno. xiv., 1 Cor. xv., and some of her favourite hymns;

"Rock of Ages."
"When languor and disease invade," &c.

Her mind seemed to take in every word, and she often said, "Yes, that's me." There was a number of the "Gospel Standard" lying on the drawers, with an account of the death of the late Miss Gadsby, and also of Mrs. Gadsby. She requested me to read it over several times. I did so. "Ah!" she said, "John Gadsby has had his troubles, and so have I; but the Lord puts no more on us than we are able to bear." She gave every one of her children a blessing. She was like old Jacob. She had them all near her, and had a fitting word for all of them, according to their tempers and circumstances. Her illness was not a common one. The symptoms were of the most severe character.

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The Thursday before she died she was convulsed. On the Sunday it was evident that she was fast sinking. She said what a blessing it would be to spend the first Sabbath with her beloved Jesus in heaven. While she had strength she talked of going to that blessed rest which she had been seeking for 45 years. At noon on the Sunday she was in a dying state, she fell into a kind of stupor about ten o'clock, which continued all night; and during Monday she was partially unconscious, and her speech was affected; but even then she kept saying, "Crown him Lord of all." She lingered until a quarter past four o'clock on Tuesday morning, March 26th, when she passed away without a struggle. Her last words were, "For Christ's sake. Amen! Amen!"

"During the last days of mother," writes one of her sons, "I was much with her. The whole theme of her conversation was her Saviour, and going to that better land."

The children of this good woman have received from Mr. John Sykes, one of her intimate friends, the following testimony of the worth of their departed mother:

"It pleased God, who is rich in mercy, to call your dear mother by his grace in early life, which grace enabled her to choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. She felt like Ruth, when she said, 'Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.' She had many trials to contend with when young, but the Lord enabled her to bear them all with patience. She looked to him who has said, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' She was much attached to the Particular Baptist denomination to which she was united. She loved all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. I have spent many profitable hours with her in Christian conversation, and when I was cast down she would point me to God's promises, to his unchangeableness, and say, 'He rests in his love, and none can change him.' She was often cast down herself, and she knew well how to speak a word of comfort to them that were in trouble. She had very humble views of herself, but high views of Christ, her Saviour. In a word, she was a poor sinner, and nothing at all; but Jesus Christ was her all and in all.

"Never did I meet with a woman who was better acquainted with the scriptures. She would often stay up at night when the rest of the family were gone to bed, spending the time in prayer and reading God's word. She was well acquainted with God's dealings with the Old Testament saints. She lived to the praise of him who called her out of darkness into his marvellous light. She had much sympathy with others that were in need, and would help them so far as her circumstances would allow. She was a good wife, an affectionate mother, ruling well her own house, having her children in subjection. We cannot but admire that grace that kept and preserved her through life, and brought her up out of the wilderness, leaning on her Beloved; and now she is safe in heaven, a sinner saved by grace."

One of her daughters says:

"I cannot allow a memorial notice of my dear mother to appear without trying to say a few words about her. She was truly a good mother, loved her children, and always tried to do them all the good she could, both temporal and spiritual. We all loved her, and when she was removed from us by death we felt our best friend on earth had

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left us. She was a woman that loved her Bible, and the word shone out in her daily life. She loved the Old Testament most where it related to Christ."

Sheffield. G. HESTER.

HENRY TUCK.—On Feb. 16th, aged 72, Henry Tuck, a member of the church at Gower Street for about 16 years.

I desire to give a short account of some of God's gracious dealings with our departed friend, my aim being the glory of God and to extol the riches of the grace, loving-kindness, mercy, and faithfulness of a Triune Jehovah.

It was my privilege to know Henry Tuck personally nine years, and many sweet seasons we have spent together during that time. Conversing upon the things of God our hearts have burned within us, and Christ has drawn near and made one in our midst and blessed us. At different times he told me a little of his Christian experience. Thirty-five years ago he was in the world that lieth in wickedness, leading a very profligate life, his business being a cab driver. One day, as he was going along Theobald's Road, he was arrested with these words: "Take him, bind him hand and foot, and cast him into prison." He said the words followed him wherever he went; he did not know what to do, such terror took hold of him. His sins as a heavy burden came upon him, and he felt himself a great sinner against God. These convictions deepened and deepened, until his flesh began to waste away and his teeth chattered as he walked about. Another scripture was applied with power, which cut him up root and branch: "Agree with thine adversary while thou art in the way;" which made him cry mightily unto God for mercy. At length his health began to give way, and his friends advised him to send for a doctor. The doctor informed them that his mind was affected, and that he should be sent into the country.

Some time afterwards a little light dawned upon his soul with these words: "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body shall they arise;" and soon afterwards Christ was revealed to him as the end of the law for righteousness. The Lord spoke the words with power: "I am thy righteousness. I have redeemed thee. Thou art mine." Then peace, joy, and mercy flowed into his soul, and he saw Christ was his sacrifice; his sins were put away and he felt clean. For twelve months he had a jubilee, and was blessed under the preached word whenever he went to hear, and was blessed at home.

Some time afterwards he got into captivity, the enemy tempting him to give up his religion and the people of God. But the Lord, in his tender mercy, did not give him up, but brought him up again from the depths of the earth, and gave him many sweet and precious words. Two of them I have often heard him speak of: "Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee;" and, "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." One day, when speaking of the promises of God, he said, "There is not a promise but what is full of blood."

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For the last twenty years he was greatly afflicted, losing the use of his left side. He was one of that number of whom the scripture saith, "I will leave in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the name of the Lord." During his long affliction the Lord favoured him with much of his presence and strong faith in him. I often admired the goodness and mercy of the Lord in this respect. Though he took many of his earthly comforts away, he gave him better things instead. He was baptized in 1856 by Mr. Gorton, at Eden Street chapel. He was sound in the faith, and contended earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and was very much opposed to error in all its forms.

The last time he was at the Lord's supper was in November, 1871, Mr. Garner officiating. From that time his health gave way very fast. He was much on my mind, and I called to see him. He seemed very poorly indeed in body, and much cast down at the present state of Zion, and could not speak to the people of the goodness of the Lord. My mouth was opened, and I said, "God is the Builder of his church; therefore it cannot suffer permanent loss. He will bring forth the headstone with shoutings, 'Grace, grace unto it.'" He never mentioned the subject to me again. I called to see him a short time afterwards, when he said, "I have been examining my credentials, and the Lord has answered 'Good' to them all."

He got out once in December, for the last time, to the prayer meeting. The last few weeks of his life he was confined to his bed, and suffered great pain of body and much darkness of soul and temptation; but could say, "Through it all I can trust him."

The Lord subdued the pain of his body some days before he died. A very kind friend, Mr. P., of Harrow, visited him most Lord's days before his death, and brought him many comforts, likewise silver and gold. They two seemed united together in the bonds of Christian love.

I called to see him on Feb. 5. He told me the enemy had been telling him he should have him at last; but he said, "I told him, 'Take me if I am thine.'" And he then said to me, "'The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.' He knows his own." We then had some profitable conversation. He said:

> "'If sin is pardon'd, I'm secure;
> Death hath no sting beside.
> The law gave sin its damning power;
> But Christ, my ransom, died.'"

In a short time he added, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." I read to him Rev. xxi., xxii.

On Feb. 8th I called and found him very low. I read Rom. viii., which he seemed to enjoy, and said, "It begins with, '*No* con-

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demnation,' and ends with '*No* separation.' We think it is separation when the Lord hides his face; but he knows his own."

On Feb. 10 he was much tried. He said to me the Lord had told him he was his righteousness, and that he had redeemed and loved him, and given himself for him; and, said he, "If he goes from his word, I am a lost man." I then said, "He is faithful. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall not pass away."

"Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be."

The next day he said, "Do make haste, dear Lord, with thy chariot, and take me to thyself. Come, take my spirit home."

On the 12th he was much cast down. I read to him Heb. xi., xii., and Rev. vii. After reading Heb. xii., he said Satan had been telling him he would be a lost spirit. I then said to him, "You know what Satan is—a liar from the beginning."

On the 15th, I found him comfortable. He said he rested where God rested; that was in his dear Son. I read some hymns to him out of Gadsby's Selection—545 and 546. The last verse of the latter hymn he seemed to enjoy. I also read hymn 1081. As I was reading I said, "I feel the presence of the Lord." He answered, "So do I." I then replied, "You will soon awake in his likeness." He then asked me if I had not awoke in his likeness. I paused a moment and thought what he meant. I said, "When I have been favoured with sweet communion with the Lord, I have felt pure as he is pure." He answered, "So have I. When I have been so favoured I have felt holy, harmless, and undefiled, and separate from sinful self." The little room seemed a sacred, solemn spot. A kind friend from St. John's Wood came in and spoke very kindly to us. I felt he was sent by the Lord, and was instrumental in fulfilling that sweet promise that was given him some years ago: "My God shall supply all your needs." When he left him he put a piece of gold into the dying man's hand. How abundantly the Lord fulfilled his own word to him!

I left him at 8 o'clock in the evening, and was sent for at 9 o'clock the next morning, 16th. When I went into his room, I saw he was in the article of death. I never shall forget his calm, sweet, peaceful smile. He put out his hand to shake hands with me, and said, "I am on the Rock!" He then paused for a few minutes and said, "I am all pure!" and as he spoke he seemed to be enjoying the purity in Christ. In a short time afterwards he said, "I am rising up!" He tried to say something more, but I could not catch the words. He then closed his eyes and gently fell asleep in Christ at 10.30. My heart was full; I wept for joy at the goodness of the Lord to his poor servant. I sat for a short time by his bedside after his happy spirit had taken its flight,

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and these words were spoken gently to me: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c.

He was buried on the 20th by Mr. Sears, at Finchley.

54, Warren Street, Fitzroy Square. SARAH WALKER.

HENRY COLE.—On June 12th, aged 61, Henry Cole.

He was blessed with godly parents, who attended the ministry of a Mr. Page, who, for some time about 1830, preached at Mayfield, Rotherfield, and other places. He had no false or natural religion to be brought ou from, as up to the age of 30, he not only lived a life of open sin and vanity, according to the course of this world, but had a perfect hatred of religion, and manifested much of this toward his praying parents for attending the above places and mixing with the people of God. However, he was at last induced by his father to accompany him to hear Mr. Page, and the first solemn impressions arrested him on that occasion. What an encouragement for parents to supplicate the Lord and use the means. Mr. Page was in the habit of going to preach at Mott's Mill, Withyham, once a month. He heard him on these occasions, and whenever he could. The change that took place in him was marked, and manifested itself in many ways.

He became now a constant attendant at Forest Fold Baptist Chapel, Crowborough. This was in the old chapel. Mr. Mose was then the stated minister. This was in 1845. He attributed his first spiritual encouragement and after establishment to hearing under his ministry, and was warmly attached to him for his work's sake. After Mr. Mose left Crowborough, the deceased sat under the ministry of the late Mr. Russell, of Rotherfield, and continued to do so until Mr. R.'s death, in 1868. He was often much helped and blessed under his ministry, and after occasionally attending here and there, through increasing infirmity, and having received his first spiritual good at our place, he sat under my ministry to the close of his days, and often assured me he had found a crumb.

I felt my mind drawn to this man for three reasons. He was poor in this world, afflicted in body, and spiritually needy. He was confined to his bed for a twelvemonth before he died. Some time previous to this I could see he was unable to follow his usual employment. I laid his case before Earl de la Warr. In going to Buckhurst House, which is about a mile from my own residence, my mind was led out hopefully to God that he would go before me. His lordship received me very warmly, settled a weekly allowance on him for life, and gave me 10s. and three bottles of port wine for him. When I informed the deceased of the unexpected kindness of his lordship, he sat in his chair for some time much overcome. When he, in words, could give a little utterance to his feelings, I could clearly see that while he by no means lost sight of the channel God had used in supplying his future wants and affording earthly comfort, yet his heart

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was led beyond this, and while the tears were trickling down his face, he blessed and thanked the Lord of lords, and said, "What a poor, fearing, distrusting creature I have been on this point; often exercised, and fearing that, when incapable of working, I should suffer want; but I can now see that the Lord was able to provide for me as well without as with the ordinary means."

When God began a work of grace upon him, it was in a very effectual manner, which brought him out of the world and made him relinquish his hold on pleasure, and his former vain and sinful pursuits. He told me the following on his dying bed. He said, "I was in concern and soul-trouble, without a comfortable ray of hope for five years. Many, many cries went up to God for mercy. I had been a great sinner, and there appeared to be no way of escape, no way that I could at all see whereby I could be saved. I thought, yea more, could clearly see, that God was too holy a being to look upon or have dealings with such a wretch." During this time he sought relief and what he wanted in the means either at Rotherfield, Mott's Mill, when Mr. Page came, or in hearing Mr. Mose. The Lord was pleased afterwards to comfort and establish him in the truth by the ministry, but the prisoner was brought out of the prison-house by God himself. In this state of a condemned sinner, he was one day in a field with the sheep. A friend, who had noticed a hopeful difference in his conduct, said to him, as he passed, "A sheep among sheep." He replied, "I have very solemn fears about that. I am afraid I am a goat, and at last shall hear that awful voice which will be uttered to them, 'Depart, ye cursed.'" But he was so overcome by the expression, after the friend went on in that field, that he prayed again for mercy. After this, as he was returning home one evening, being detained under a tree by a terrific thunderstorm, God was pleased to break in upon his soul in a manner he had not experienced before. Hope for the first time began to spring up. This, he said, was the first softening of soul he felt. He was much encouraged to seek and cry for mercy. The same summer, whilst employed in mowing a field of oats, God was pleased to give him an experimental acquaintance with the Lord Jesus Christ, and a sense of his interest in God's salvation through him. Immediately after this, the Lord was pleased to suffer him to be laid on a bed of affliction. The work was confirmed and carried deeper in that furnace. He told me he frequently sang in that time of suffering:

"I will tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God."

The last two lines seemed especially those which brought him so much liberty and comfort. "Faith in the Person, and faith in the blood, brought peace to my soul," he said.

One Sabbath he heard the writer with unusual power and weight. He spoke to several of our members about it at the

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time, and afterwards; following this he was favoured with God's presence, and much assurance wrought in his mind that he was right for eternity. "Sure of going to heaven!" said he. "I was more than sure. Every cloud was dispersed, and the comforts of God's salvation flowed into my soul through a knowledge of a precious Christ." He referred to this season several times during his last moments. This occurred just before he was taken ill and confined to his bed, from which he never rose; and from my repeated conversations with him, I believe God graciously granted these latter blessings that he might be helped through the river.

I called upon him one day. He seemed to be in some trouble of mind, and wished me to give him my mind as to the cause of it, and how to act. A minister of High Church views had once or twice called on him. He had felt the comfortable persuasion of hope one day this minister looked in, and he said to him, "What a mercy, Sir, to have a well-grounded hope!" He replied, "Then you think you have one?" "Yes, Sir," said he; "I have one, and a good one, I believe." But the cause of his trouble was as to his faithfulness.

He several times very feelingly exclaimed during his long and painful illness, "What are these sufferings to my Lord's?" One of our members, a brother of his, had Ps. xvi. 6 much impressed on his mind. He called upon him a few days before he died, and gave him the words: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." These words proved of very much use to him, the heritage seemed to dwell so much on his mind; and with a pleasurable smile playing over his countenance and with much emphasis he would repeatedly say, "What a mercy! What a mercy! The heritage! What a mercy!" It was on the Friday that his brother called, and he died on the following Wednesday.

Our anniversary being on the Tuesday, I went to see him for the last time, as I thought, on the Saturday. I was the last person he opened his mind to. Immediately he saw me, as I entered the room, he drew his arm from under the clothes, and held it out till I got to his bedside. He shook hands warmly, and smiled. I said, "You are a dying man!" He replied, "Yes." "Now, as I shall not see you again on earth, before I leave you for the last time, I want to know how your mind is." He replied, with emphasis, "The same, the same! No difference!" I said, "You know the things you have told me, how God met with you, and where your hope is. Do you wish to retract anything, or alter it?" He answered, with much decision, "Nothing. It is right. Let it remain just as I told you." "I am satisfied, then, that you die in the faith of the gospel?" "Yes." "And what you have believed and felt?" "Yes?"

I preached to a crowded congregation on the Sunday week following, from Prov. xiv. 32: "The righteous hath hope in his death."

E. LITTLETON.

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ALICE HAWORTH.—I have the painful duty of announcing the death of my beloved wife, on July 17th, in the 55th year of her age. She had been in a poor weak way for a long time. Had I asked her before death what I must say of her after it, she would have said, "Nothing." Such were her low views of herself.

If I mistake not, she was baptized at Accrington, in 1837. I well knew her before this, even when we were both children, and I ever knew her as a civil, humble girl. Her character was well known. Her inside work proved itself by her outside walk and conversation. She was a deep thinker, keen reader, and clear discerner, honest in everything she had to do with, and a real truth-lover. Such was Alice Haworth. "O!" she said to me, a little before she died, "what a precious thing is a little hope!" "Ay, my dear," I said, "it is."

Her death was very sudden. I had been feeding her not two minutes before. For some time we thought she had simply fainted; but her spirit had departed; so peacefully she fell asleep. Peaceful she lived, and peaceful she died.

29, Knowsley Street, Preston, July 23, 1872. THOMAS HAWORTH.

JOSEPH SHARP.—On July 20th, aged 59, Joseph Sharp, a member of the church at Zoar, Preston.

He was formerly a deacon amongst the Association Baptists; but about four years since the truths of sovereign grace were opened up to him, and he felt compelled to leave them; and he then joined the church at Zoar. He was of a very quiet and peaceable disposition, and loved the assembly of the saints.

About twelve months since, he was laid by with a very painful disease, and had to pray for patience; but he was enabled to rest on Jesus as his Saviour; and when suffering he could look forward to the blessed inheritance reserved in heaven for his saints. His death at last was very sudden; but he has gone home.

Preston, July 22, 1872. J. H.

GRIEVING THE SPIRIT.—We know but little of the condescension, love, and grace of the Spirit, because we are so ignorant of the various workings of inward corruptions by which this great work is opposed and continually obstructed. But when every secret thing is laid open to full view, and we see with divine light how we have resisted his gracious dealings with us, his love will no less overwhelm us than the love of the Father and the Son. He has our comfort and happiness, our complete holiness and glory, so much at heart, that anything which is a single obstruction to the progress of his work is said to grieve him. We are not grieved but for what befalls to one whom we regard and love; and in proportion to our love will be our grief. Others may provoke us to indignation; but there is no grief unless where there is love. So it is with the Spirit of God. He is concerned for those to whom he is engaged by his love as their Comforter, and is grieved with their sins when he is not so with the sins of others.—*T. Charles.*

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

OCTOBER, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37. 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

TROUBLE INCREASETH.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY THE LATE MR. BIRCH.

"For it increaseth."—JOB x. 16.

In Job we see what the pride of man's nature is, and in Job we also see what the superabundant grace of God is. Proud, stiff, hard, rebellious, presumptuous is every man by nature, without exception. Satan was in the great transgression when he tempted our first parents, and the seed or principle of this great transgression is in every child of Adam. Carnal enmity is in the mind, which is the root of that sin; and, therefore, if God will save a man, and he will save all his elect, then he must deal marvellously with him in order to set him apart for himself.

But now take notice that God hath set apart or marvellously separated for himself him that obtains mercy (Ps. iv. 3.), and I think this was exemplified in Job if ever it was under heaven; and God has left upon record his dealings with Job, and Job's conduct in it all; enough to show what is in man, and enough to show what God will do with his elect whom he loves; that is, show to them all inimitable long-suffering. His will is to break the pride of their power, and overcome their evil with his good. Man is born a wild-ass's colt (Job xi. 12); but some among those wild asses are found to be redeemed with a lamb; and therefore their neck is not to be broken. This was a law of old, and this law is in force, and valid to this day. (Ex. xiii. 13.) "Every firstling of an ass thou shalt redeem with a lamb; and if thou wilt not redeem it, then thou shalt break his neck." Job's neck was not to be broken; only the destruction of the flesh was designed. He was delivered over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh. Happy lot fallen into Job's lap! The whole disposing thereof was of the Lord. (Prov. xvi. 33.) The elect of God shall not miss or come short of any good thing contained in the self-abasing covenant of grace, whether it be correction, or mercy, or loving-kindness; all shall be given. They have a right by covenant, by promise, by oath, by blood, to all this. All his know him not as yet, but he knows them. "I know my sheep;" and in due time they know him. God can and will be marvellous in

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his saints, and will compel them to say, "Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul knoweth right well." He will make all his people acknowledge that he hath dealt wondrously with them. (Joel ii. 26.) Job did foolishly in lifting up himself, and it was long before he was brought to lay his hand upon his mouth, and say, "I am vile;" but that is the certain spot to which all are brought whom God saves. "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down;" and there were hopes of Job's tree when God cut him down. They whom God afflicts in soul are the objects of his love, and he makes them pass through fire and through water before they come into the wealthy place (Ps. lxvi. 12) into which Job came at last, after he had been tried, as he himself by faith predicted. "When he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." But he had to pass through much affliction, and was refined as silver is refined, and tried as gold is tried. But the Lord knew what he was about to do with him, although he could not himself see which way it would turn. "The Lord hath his way in the sea, and his path in great waters; and his footsteps are not known," or understood by human reason. But what he does the sinner may not know now, but he shall know hereafter. A light shall shine upon his path, and by God's light he shall walk through darkness.

But darkness was now set in Job's path. (xix. 8.) There was a sad reverse to all his former prosperity, when he washed his steps with butter, and the rock poured him out rivers of oil. But this affliction ended well; it profited him more than all his outward prosperity had done. The Lord knows the souls of his people in adversities; and in affliction they will seek the Lord. (Hos. v. 15; Ps. xxxi. 7.) This counsel was given to Job: "I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause," "who doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number." If others are ignorant of themselves, the chosen of God shall not be. He will reason with them, and show them what they are! (Amos iv. 13.) He declareth to a man what is his thought; that is, turns him inside out, discovers to him all his corrupt ways, and leads him into the chambers of imagery, one after another, saying, "Hast thou seen this? I will show thee greater abominations than these." Often does he deal with his elect in a way which perfectly baffles all human wisdom, and confounds them, as it did Job, who, we read, walked in the fear of God and was now dealt with apparently as his enemy, as a sinner: 'd, he counteth me for his enemy;" "Counteth me unto him of his enemies." This was the judgment of the flesh and ; and all appearances seemed to justify Job's words; but not so. "I have wounded thee with the wound of an (Jer. xxx. 14), apparently. "I will meet thee as a bear of her whelps, and I will rend the caul off their heart." thrust him down, and down he went into the horrible pit, or in which we hear many voices; the voice of God in ice of conscience, the voice of the flesh, the voice of

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Satan, and the voice of the world (Ps. lxxi. 11.), saying, "God hath forsaken him." In this day of adversity the soul is called to consider. "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," said one. "Will the Lord cast off for ever?" or completely. "Does his promise fail for evermore?" It is hard at such a time to hold fast, or to keep what we have attained to. "Hold fast that which thou hast," is a counsel not easily complied with. Many disputings and many questionings arise, which cause the soul to despond and droop. Hence the path of a believer is called a warfare, a fight, a struggle; and the children of God find it to be so, for they are not all faith. There is unbelief in the heart which shows itself, at times, to the great distress and annoyance of the soul, which is ready to say, "If I had called, and he had answered, yet would I not believe that he had hearkened to my voice." (Job ix. 16.) Here is the voice of unbelief: "Deep calleth unto deep," for "he breaketh me with a tempest, and multiplieth my wounds without cause." God was come to try Job, and to show what he had done, and could do for him; but Job's thoughts were that he was come to destroy him. He could not see to the bottom of this dark dispensation. "He covereth himself with a cloud; so our prayer cannot pass through." (Lam. iii. 44.) There is a cloud on the throne. "He hides himself, and who then can see or behold him?" The soul sits in darkness, and has no clear light or comfort. There are many tossings to and fro, when the soul is in such a state, and many sad conclusions does it draw.

"By terrible things in righteousness" does God often answer his people. (Ps. lxv. 5.) When the cry of Israel came up before God, we should have expected deliverance was at hand, and would come immediately; but a double tale of bricks was demanded, and the people were driven from the face of Pharaoh. We read of the Lord "waiting that he may be gracious;" that he bears long, and that deliverance is delayed, because he is a God of judgment. (Isa. xxx. 18.) Waiting is not easy; it is not an easy posture; but he who has undertaken the cause of his people gives that grace of waiting and enduring which nature cannot afford or produce. But the God of all grace can, and he supplies the soul of his people with that grace which they stand in need of with an invisible hand, and upholds their soul in hope that deliverance will come at the fixed and appointed time. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." (Lam. iii. 26.) Oftentimes hope seems ready to fail and give up the ghost; but some encouragement is given and light in a dark season. "The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish." (Prov. x. 3.) He "knows how to succour them that are tempted," and they shall be holpen with a little help." This help is much needed, and therefore truly acceptable. God never altogether leaves or forsakes his people, though he may try them to the utmost: "The Lord trieth the righteous." And then we read of "the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried by

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fire." This trial is sharp, but profitable to the soul. This is a time to consider. The Lord calls us to a diligent search, to search his word, to examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith: "My spirit made diligent search." (Ps. lxxvii. 6.) A time to cry to God. We are not to conclude upon every dismal feeling that all is gone, temptations are not meant to discourage, nor is our instability intended to dismay us. Temptations are the lot of God's family, and a feeling sense of our instability is intended to drive us from all confidence in the flesh. Satan labours hard at such a time to cause us to despond, because we are so weak and unstable. But all this in the end will do good. His fiery darts show us what an implacable enemy we have, and what need we have of divine power to keep us. We are left to feel our weakness, that we may trust in nothing short of the power of God, and we are led by degrees to know more and more of the excellent beauty and majesty, pity and power of the great God and our Saviour Jesus, which are not discovered all at once to the soul.

"For it increaseth." There is no growth in grace without continual changes. We must be "emptied from vessel to vessel," and know what spiritual captivity means, otherwise we shall savour too much of the old cask, as Moab of old did, who was settled upon his lees, and at ease in the flesh; and therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent was not changed. As afflictions abound, so will consolation; and knowledge and stability are obtained, not only by an increasing tide of love and peace, but by the severe conflicts we have with our own flesh. What with the enemies of God, and with Satan, the enemy both of God and of man, changes and war were against Job. (x. 17.) The flesh cries out for ease; but the Lord is a man of war. (Isa. xlii. 13.) "The Lord shall go forth as a mighty man; he shall stir up jealousy like a man of war;" and wherever he comes, he comes to fight against the sinner with the sword of his mouth, and make the elect sinner fight himself; and we may say with truth, "There is war in the camp." (Judg. v. 8.) Perpetual war against, no peace with our flesh, no peace with Satan, none with the world; and oftentimes the Lord himself seems against us. He makes war upon all our corrupt notions of ourselves, and of himself, and makes his own word mighty to the pulling down of all strongholds of sin and Satan.

This war, though apparently against us, is in reality for us. God is come as a swift witness against us, that we may be condemned as men in the flesh, but "live according to God in the spirit." (1 Pet. iv. 6.) "I will fight against them with the sword of my mouth." (Rev. ii. 16.) This word is the word which cuts down all opposition in the sinner's heart; and this war increaseth. God will not lay on man more than is right, that "he should enter into judgment with him" (Job xxxiv. 23); for he will be justified, not only in his sayings, but also in his doings; and so Job found it in the end. He will have us to know that we are enemies, and to fall down before him, saying,

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"God be merciful to me, a sinner." When this is obtained, and while experienced, there is no more contention. It is as long as we have a word in our mouth to reply against God that he fights against us. "I was dumb! I opened not my mouth." (Ps. xxxix. 9.) The Lord suffers some of his people to carry on a long war with him, but in the end he will always have the upper hand. Who ever fought against him and prospered? Shame and confusion of face is our lot as long as this war goes on. He shall fight, yea, and war. He "shall prevail against his enemies." (Isa. xlii. 13.) But this is to make them friends, that the sinner may in the end come down and sit in the dust, and acknowledge himself a transgressor. "Only acknowledge thine iniquity that thou hast transgressed against me, the Lord thy God." (Jer. iii. 13.) How hard it is to bring a man to this acknowledgment. When he comes here, he hears no rebuke. "The proud he beholdeth afar off," and beholds this sinner afar until he is humbled to accept the punishment of his iniquity.

"If, then, their uncircumcised hearts be humbled," &c., says God, in Lev. xxvi. 40–42, "then will I remember," &c. And what was this but a covenant of life and peace, a covenant of free grace to the worst of sinners? Here, then, is the discovery of free grace made; and God declares himself pacified; for all that they have comes by remembering his covenant made with his dear Son, that "by the blood of his covenant he would send forth his prisoners out of the pit." The Lord's way is very straight; it is we who make it crooked. "For the ways of the Lord are right," and into this path will he direct or guide the feet of his saints; that is, the path of peace (Luke i. 79); which path it is, indeed, as well as a path of life. Our ways are crooked. "Are not my ways equal?"

"Thou huntest me as a fierce lion." The Lord sometimes compares himself to a lion, sometimes to a moth, the most insignificant, and sometimes to the meanest of his creatures. To a moth, because it eats woollen garments; so does the curse eat the garment which the old Adam is clothed with, that is, his sheepskin. To a lion, because "a lion is the strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any;" so the Lord Jesus is called "the Lion of the tribe of Judah," who will break all the bones of the sinner, as he did David's when he sinned against him: "Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice." He was breaking Job's bones at this time; but there came a time when these bones rejoiced and were set again, and Job was like a hart when the forgiveness of his sins was sealed home upon his heart. "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee," "who forgivest all thy sins, and healest all thy diseases?" Hezekiah passed through the same discipline, and he says, "I reckoned till morning, that, as a lion, so will he break all my bones. From day even to night wilt thou make an end of me." And yet this ended not in the destruction of either soul or body, but in love to his soul God delivered him from the pit of destruc-

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tion, and cast all his sins behind his back. Both Job and Hezekiah were beloved of God, although he dealt so hardly with them; but love was in all his secret dealings with them. Fatherly chastisement, not vindictive wrath, was their portion. God will beat them with a rod here, not with eternal stripes in hell. God delivered both from it, first by blood, and then by power. "These were redeemed from among men," therefore could not perish; and their redemption secured to them all this severe chastisement, because they were sons, not bastards, who are dealt with otherwise than sons are. Their portion, as sons, is rich, free, unmerited grace. They receive it because they are sons, and rejoice in their portion. They are children of the free woman, not of the bond. "You only have I known; therefore I will punish you for your iniquities."

"And again thou showest thyself marvellous upon me." The word again signifies to return; and that may mean to alter his dispensations towards him. "Wilt thou not return and visit us, that thy people may rejoice in thee?" There is a time when the Lord favours his people with returnings of his presence, and they return to the day of their youth; and whatever Job might mean by this word now, so it was indeed that the Lord showed him marvellous kindness in his latter end. Job might mean, and very likely his unbelief suggested at the time, "God was multiplying his wounds," as he says, "without cause" (ix. 17); but whatever were Job's thoughts of the Lord towards him, the Lord had thoughts of peace, not of evil; and Job found this to be true in his latter end. His horn was now defiled in the dust, but it was to be exalted, and he was to be anointed with fresh oil.

As it was with Job, so it is with all the children of God. Marvellous loving-kindness is their lot and portion. If the Lord deal roughly with them, it is called "magnifying them and setting his heart upon them" (Job vii. 17); and if he show love in this, how much more in pardoning iniquity! There the Lord appears in all his glory. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory" (Ps. cii. 16); for love edifies or builds up, fatherly displeasure is designed to pull down. "I wound and I heal." Job was to be dealt marvellously with; and James says, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." His aim was to humble Job, he would not have let Satan roar upon him had he been humbled before; but he was delivered into Satan's hands that he might know how frail he was. Satan, the accuser, soon brought charges against him; and I cannot forbear thinking that Job concluded it was the Lord that did it all. It is true the Lord exhibited the hand-writing and put fresh terror in the law to condemn him; but Satan added to the misery. Satan is called "the accuser of the brethren;" and not without cause. But the Lord did not leave Job in his hands, neither will he the guiltiest wretch that rightly looks to the Lord Jesus to be saved. "Look unto me, and be ye saved,

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all the ends of the earth." Job looked there, so did Jonah, so did Hezekiah; so do all the children of God in our time. "They looked unto him and were lightened, and their faces were not ashamed."

The Lord remembered Job, as it is said of Noah; and after he had humbled him, and discovered by Elihu the way which he takes with his own dear elect, he raised him up out of his affliction. To be greatly abased, is to be greatly exalted. Great terrors of conscience are the lot of those whom God would highly exalt. Therefore fear not to sink too low. The lower you sink, the higher you will rise; the deeper the affliction, the higher the joys; the lower the ebb, the higher the tide.

The Lord's dealings are not to be measured by human wisdom. He removed Job "out of a strait into a broad place wherein there was no straitness," and that which was set on his table was full of fatness. (Job xxxvi. 16.) "God sets on high those that be low, that they which mourn may be exalted to safety." (Job v. 11.)

MOUNT PISGAH.

BY THOMAS CASE.

(*Continued from "Gospel Standard," Oct.*, 1868.)

ANOTHER word of comfort is, that our gracious relations are not alone in their death. The Captain of their salvation marched before them through those black regions of death and the grave. Jesus died! This is implied in the following words: "If we believe that Jesus died." This is an argument that carries with it strong consolation. Our Christian relations in dying run no greater hazard than the Lord of all the patriarchs and prophets and apostles did; for Jesus died; and this is indeed wonderful. The Lord of life yielded up the ghost; the eternal Son of God was laid in the grave! We indeed die justly. Death is but our wages,—wages as truly earned as ever was a penny by the poor hireling for his day's labour. We have forfeited our lives over and over again by continual, reiterated treasons against the supreme Majesty of heaven and earth; yea, the best blood which runs in our veins is traitor's blood by succession from our first rebellious parents.

But he! What evil had he done? "He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) He did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. He fulfilled all righteousness; and yet Jesus died! And why so? Surely, "he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii. 5.) Behold! God the Father so loved us that he spared not his own Son, but delivered him up to the death for us all; and shall we think much to give up the dearest treasures of our blood in death to him? Behold! God the Son so loved us that he died for love of us. He died the first death that we might not die the second death. He died

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for us that we might live with him; and shall we count our lives or the lives of our dearest relations, too dear for him, especially when neither we nor ours are in any capacity to fully reap the fruit and advantage of his death until we die also? And the sooner we die, the sooner shall we reap those fruits. Behold! God's First-born (Ps. lxxxix. 27) was laid in the sepulchre; and shall we think God deals hardly with us, if we follow our first-born to the grave, and leave them there, till our Lord himself come to awaken them?

Jesus died, and was buried, that he might sanctify death to us by his death; and by his being buried might perfume the grave, and make it a sweet dormitory or bed of spices for his members to rest in until the morning of the resurrection. O Christian, let us comfort ourselves and one another with these words also: Jesus died!

A still more full word of consolation is that although Jesus died, yet he "rose again." He died indeed, but he rose again from the dead. God suffered his dear Son to be laid in the sepulchre; but did not leave him there, nor suffer any taint of corruption to seize upon his precious body. Christ must speedily rise again out of the grave. He rose the third day, and very early in the morning, as soon as it could be called day. The alarum no sooner went off, as it were, but the Lord Jesus lifted up his royal head, and put on his glorious apparel, and came forth out of his grave, as a bridegroom out of his chamber, in state and triumph. And this was the cordial our Lord himself took before his passion: "Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Therefore my heart is glad and my glory rejoiceth," &c. (Ps. xvi. 9, 10.) This was his triumphant song; and it may be ours as well as his, both in reference to ourselves and to our gracious relations. For wherefore was not Christ left in hell or in the state of the dead? It was that he might lift up us also out of the pit. And wherefore did his body see no corruption, no, not for the least particle of time? It was that our mortal bodies might not inherit rottenness and oblivion in the dust for ever.

Jesus rose again. This implies Christ's *power;* namely, that Jesus Christ rose by his own power. It is not merely said, Jesus *was raised*, which might mean that he was passive only in his resurrection; but Jesus *rose*, which declares him active in the matter. Yes, he rose as a conqueror by his own strength; as he himself professes: "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again." (Jno. x. 18.) It is true it is elsewhere said that Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father; also that he was quickened by the Spirit to show that neither the Father nor the Holy Ghost were excluded from a joint share and concurrence in his resurrection; but here, as elsewhere, it is also said that Christ rose, to show that he was not merely passive in his resurrection, as the children of the resurrection are, but that he rose also by the mighty power that was seated

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in his own Royal Person. Death and the grave had swallowed a morsel which they could not keep; but, as the whale, when it had swallowed Jonah, in this the type of Christ, was forced to cast him up again, so it was impossible Christ should be holden by death, or the grave retain him. The power of the Word incarnate loosed or dissolved the bonds of death, as a thread of tow is broken when touched with fire. Yea, Samson-like, Jesus Christ broke in sunder the bars of the grave; he carried away the gates of death upon his shoulders, making a show of them openly.

Thus Jesus rose again as a Conqueror by his own power; and this is our triumph and rejoicing; for surely he who thus raised up himself, can raise up us also, and will indeed raise us up by the same power whereby he is able to subdue even all things unto himself.

"*OF ISRAEL IT SHALL BE SAID, WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?*"

LORD, thou must do it all. Helpless and poor,
Jesus, I lay me down at mercy's door.
Weakness to me belongs; power to thee.
Fountain of strength divine, do all for me.

Daily, whilst here on earth, I'd serve my King;
Daily a thankful heart as tribute bring;
Daily my cross would bear, never repine;
Yea, rather count it joy, since, Lord, 'tis thine.

Daily thy word of grace I would explore;
There see thy love, and long to see it more;
There view thy face, and in thy image grow,
Changed into glory thine, e'en here below.

But thou must do it all. Nothing is mine.
All that I have of good, Jesus, is thine.
Love, hope, and confidence, to will or be,—
All, save a sinner base, must come from thee.

Cleaving unitedly to thee the Vine,
Leaning dependently on strength of thine,
Fruit in simplicity to thee I'd bear,
Up from this wilderness with thee repair.

Thus, whilst I live below, I'd live to thee;
Die, when my course is run, triumphantly.
In spirit stand in death where Aaron stood;
Put off mortality, die into God. (Numb. xx. 28.)

MINIMUS.

AFTER our creation, and before our corruption, we had power to do everything pleasing unto God; but, after our corruption, and before our regeneration, we have no power to do anything pleasing to him.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

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HUMILITY IN TRIAL.

Beloved Brethren in a Precious Christ,—May grace, mercy, and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, be multiplied unto you again. The Lord in his wisdom and love has seen fit to lead me in a path of sore trial, not afflicting me in my body, but in my family. It was my intention to be present with you this morning, and I had been specially favoured with some sweet views of the glorious resurrection of our precious Christ, the great Head of the Church; but now my Easter day has been turned into mourning and sorrow. Another of my dear children has been taken away by the stroke of death, after a very brief but painful illness, and I feel my poor heart so broken with sorrow, and my feelings so agitated, that I cannot venture to speak; for utterance seems choked. Although I had been watching for the departure of the little one, expecting it every hour since yesterday morning, yet I was so mercifully supported by my covenant-keeping God that I felt I could come amongst you; but when the brittle thread of life was snapped asunder in the afternoon, an overwhelming weight of sorrow and a horror of great darkness came upon me, and my eyes have been a fountain of tears. Some, perhaps, may be inclined to think that it is unmanly for me thus to sorrow; but Jesus wept over the death of an earthly friend; and when I consider, when I look back upon the path of trial along which I have been led for the past two years,—the furnace work, the purging, the sifting, and the pruning,—I feel amazed that so weak and frail a thing as I am, even an earthen vessel, should be enabled to endure. But glory to a Triune Jehovah. Though he has driven me as a leaf to and fro, he hath preserved me from sinking. His grace has been sufficient for me, and his hands have upheld me.

I have indeed been taught the great truth of Jehovah's sovereignty. The dear child over which my heart now grieves seemed to me to be sent in love to heal the former wound, when that which was most dear to me was taken away; but now he is removed too, and my heart feels sometimes inclined to ask, "Why is this, dear Lord?" But these words, sent me by a beloved brother, when I was last tried with bereavement, have been very sweetly sealed upon my heart, and are now constantly in my thoughts:

"He gives and he takes, and makes no mistakes,
Whatever may be the amount;
Nor have we a right, however he smite,
To ask him to give an account.

"It may seem severe, when what is most dear,
Is made the first object of call;
Yet made to stand still, we bow to his will,
And own that he's just in it all."

I hear a voice now saying, "Be still, and know that I am God." But I find it no easy thing to be still, though such is my desire and my earnest prayer. However, I am now bowed down

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beneath the stroke, and brought with humility to confess, "Thy judgments, thy dealings, O Lord, are a great deep;" I cannot fathom them; and my earnest prayer is that this bereavement may make me a better man, and a more devoted minister of the cross of Christ. When Aaron lost his sons he felt it most painfully; but he held his peace; and when poor Eli was bereaved, he was enabled to say, "It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth him good; and I want to say the same, not merely with my lips, but with my heart. I look also at dear Job, how he was enabled to acquiesce in the will of God, and I long to say the same feelingly: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I am sure that I shall have the prayers of many of God's people that I may be enabled to see the hand of my chastening Father. I do indeed feel that there is more than enough need for this, and for every other cup of sorrow which the Lord hath given me to drink; and am assured that God in very faithfulness hath thus visited me. I know I want bringing down; I know that there is pride and every evil thing lurking within me; yea, depths of depravity which I cannot fathom; and the knife must be used. My heavenly Father seeth it needful to chastise me, not for his pleasure, but for my profit, that I may be made a partaker of his holiness; and yet, methinks, even in this he is, perhaps, preparing me for comforting the minds of others, with the comfort wherewith I myself am comforted of God. May it be so and he shall have the glory. I know that the Lord's dear people are bidden to "rejoice evermore," and to count it all joy when they fall into divers temptations. But I find it, and I believe that all who walk in the path of trial find it almost an insurmountable difficulty to lose our own will in the act of submission to the will of God. I know by past experience the truth of dear Toplady's words:

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his."

But in order to do this, I find that I want a word spoken home and applied to my soul. Some would tell me that I ought to rest in the promises; but the truth is I cannot, unless the dear Lord is pleased to open them up and apply them; and then I find them like cushions of love. Look for a moment at poor broken-hearted Mary, in Joseph's garden. It would have been poor consolation to have said to her, "You ought to rest upon the promises of your Lord; for he said, 'I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice.'" That would never have dried her tears away, and given her the oil of joy for mourning. But see, when our dear Lord spoke, though he did but utter one word, Mary, why her poor soul did leap within her, like the hart upon the mountains. You see it was a word *applied*, sent home, spoken to her soul; and nothing can ever comfort any disconsolate mourner but a word or a promise sweetly applied.

Little did I think, when I was speaking to you last week upon the Israel of God, their trials and consolations, that I should be

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called again to experience bereavement; but I do see now that my gracious God in some measure prepared me for the trial, by leading my soul to the contemplation of that theme; and though the sorrow of my heart is now stirred, yet I have found some sips of sweetness from those things of which I was then speaking. Oh, it is a dear mercy to know that there is no curse in my trial, that it is according to God's appointments and eternal decree, that it is not an ounce too heavy, but just the exact weight which was written down in the dear covenant which is ordered in all things and sure; and I feel it a glorious mercy that while the Lord hath chastened me sore, he hath not given me over unto death, nor taken his Holy Spirit from me. The child was dear to me; it helped to make home happy after the other flower had been cut down; but how brief its stay! Barely a year and a half and the comfort given was withdrawn. But, blessed be the Lord, my portion is still untouched.

"He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still."

Dear David saith, "He maketh the clouds his chariots;" and I do firmly believe that he intends to pay me a precious love-visit; and that he will step out of his cloudy chariot and make darkness light before me. "It is good for *me* that I have been afflicted;" and all the tried family shall, sooner or later, be able to add their hearty "Amen" to his statement.

O the rich blessedness of having a God to whom we can tell our troubles, a merciful and faithful High Priest, who is afflicted in all our afflictions, who saith:

"I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones.
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain;
Each stroke is most needful; not one is in vain."

And a blessed hope our dear Lord hath given us that he will soon wipe all tears from our eyes, that he will come and receive us to himself, that where he is there we may be also.

I trust the Shepherd of Israel will this day feed the flock himself, that the gracious Spirit will be pleased to take of the things of Christ, and reveal them to your hearts; and we shall see presently the blessed end of the Lord; we shall see the good which he will bring out of our trials. I hope speedily to resume my labours more fully, though, doubtless, when the one set of trials is completed, and my health is re-established, we shall still have something to try our faith. But we may rest in that which our promise-performing God declares, that he will put upon us no more than we are able to bear. May we, beloved, be by these things weaned from earth, and have our affections set on those things which are above, where Christ sitteth. In the midst of my sorrow I shall not forget to plead with the Lord for you, that he will comfort the mourners, save the afflicted from murmuring and despair, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, give eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, liberty to the captives, joy to the sad, bring

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down high looks, humble the proud hearts, and lead poor broken-hearted sinners to the precious Saviour.

My heart is full, so I conclude. Grace be with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ. Yours affectionately in Jesus,

Brighton, April 9, 1871. WM. BRYANT.

AN EARNEST OF THE INHERITANCE.

My dear Friend,—You entreat me to write you a long letter. I now am writing, I will not say a long letter, as the value of a sermon, or letter, is not proved by the length of it.

I begin by saying that as you are no farther off than H——, I hope soon to see you face to face, and converse with you upon those things, compared with which all things else are lighter than vanity. But I take it very kind of you writing. Knowing that it revives my heart to find the Lord condescending to bless my poor labours in any way, you thought you would pour me out a cordial at the beginning, by informing me of one to whom the Lord had been pleased to bless my poor scribble, which is not the first proof by very many of the same, nor do I believe it will be the last. I thank you for it; it answered the purpose intended. I am encouraged; I look, I wonder, I love, and I adore.

And now, my dear young friend and sister in the Lord, fellow-heir of that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away, hesitate not to receive the assurance that you are so. Methinks I hear you say, "Deny it I dare not, I cannot, I would not; but I long for more confirmation in my heart and conscience that this is the case." To which I reply, in dependence on the Lord, I will help you if I can. And I would enter upon this by asking you a few plain questions: Where and what were you but the other day? Dead. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "All have sinned." This you did not understand once, but now you do. This subject did not occupy your thoughts once, but empty vanity did. You were a sinner by nature and practice, but thought little or nothing about it. Then it follows you were *dead* in sin—that is, in a state of unconcern, practically preferring darkness to light, and death to life; and had you been left to your own choice you would have been there to this day. Now, my dear sister, who and what stopped you? *Rich, free, sovereign, irresistible grace?* That Lord against whom you had sinned, whose counsels you had set at naught, and practically said, he shall not reign over you, he said, "She is mine, and I will have her, and that while young."

"Thus the eternal counsel ran:
'Almighty love, arrest that man.'"

And he that snatched you as a brand from the burning says, "I know her; I have given unto her eternal life; she shall never perish, neither shall any pluck her out of my hand." You complain of sin and weakness; but his answer is, "She is mine, and

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I am everlasting strength;" for he always answers Abraham's seed as he answered Abraham: "*Fear not; I am God Almighty.*" And the believer, as he gathers strength, will make a reply and say, "He is able to keep that which I have committed to his charge against that day."

Now, my dear sister, is not this statement thus glanced at an eternal fact? Can you, or would you wish to deny it? Your heart says, "God forbid!" To which my heart says, "Amen."

Now, then, let me try to lead you on a little further. Remember that God, who has called you, will keep you. You are not to keep yourself. It is he in covenant that engaged to keep you by his almighty power, through faith, unto salvation; not to make you strong in your own grace. No; but "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." He never engaged to make you satisfied with your love to him, but with his love to you. In this sense, while the work is entirely his own, working in you to will and to do, you are called to build up yourself "in your most holy faith," and "keep yourself in the love of God." "How is this to be understood?" say you. By looking at, believing in, and living on this love of his to you; not yours to him; for that will not bear looking at. Try to survey the height and depth, the length and breadth of it, and you will find it rise as high above all your sins, miseries, and complaints as the heaven is high above the earth. It is against this faith that the enemy of your soul maintains a warfare. But God is the author, maintainer, and finisher of your faith; and such a finish shall he make as to constitute us more than conquerors.

Here, then, is the main point. You have been convinced of sin, and that this is the work of God the Spirit. In the next place, have you not been brought as a poor, guilty, helpless, lost creature to look to Christ as the Lamb of God, and to venture your eternal all on his Person and work? And now I summon up your conscience to answer an all-important question: Are you not in possession of a hope that is full of glory and immortality? Then say, is not this a good hope? And why? Because it is **through grace.**

Now, my dear sister, I am not doing anything for you, but only showing you what is done. I am not enriching you; that I cannot do; but I am putting figures together for you, to show you how rich you are. I am not putting you in possession of a blessing, but showing you that you are blessed, and that none can reverse it. I am trying to put you upon blessing him that has thus blessed you, according to Eph. i. 3; to embolden you to speak out with Paul (for you have as good a right as he had), and to defy sin, Satan, death, or hell ever to separate you from the love that is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

"Ever keeping Christ in view,
He will bring you safely through."

What then remains after this! The Apostle tells us: "As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." Again:

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"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Hear an old-established saint speak for you in poetry:

"Did ever trouble yet befall
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

"Like David thou mayst comfort draw,
Saved from the bear's and lion's paw.
Goliath's rage I may defy,
For God my Saviour still is nigh.

"He who has help'd me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise."

Hear another speak for you:

"Remember one thing—O! May it sink deep!
Our Shepherd and King cares much for his sheep.
To trust him endeavour; the work is his own;
He makes the believer, and gives him his crown.

"Those feeble desires, those wishes so weak,
'Tis Jesus inspires, and bids you still seek.
His Spirit will cherish the life he first gave,
You never shall perish, if Jesus can save."

"Blest soul that can say, 'Christ only I seek;'
Wait for him alway; be constant though weak.
The Lord whom thou seekest will not tarry long,
And to him the weakest is dear as the strong.

My dear sister, you are already in possession of the earnest of such an inheritance as the heart can never rightly conceive of, much less the tongue describe. "All is yours; for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's!" You are not your own, but his who has bought you with his blood. His special charge by covenant engagement, and he is no more able to give up the charge of you than you are able to take charge of yourself.

GEORGE FRANCIS.

9, Wellington Place, East Street, Walworth, Nov. 30, 1836.

[Mr. Francis was minister of the church assembling at Meeting House Walk, Snow's Fields, Borough, London.]

THE VISION IS FOR AN APPOINTED TIME.

I WOULD wish to write to my friends the plain and simple truths which the Lord has been pleased to teach my soul, as it has been the desire of many to know how the Lord dealt with me. My brother, Thomas Carr, in particular (who has since departed this life), often desired me to set it all down, that it might not be lost in silence. But knowing and feeling myself so insufficient to set forth the goodness and long-suffering mercies of God in Christ, I have often shrunk back and said, "O Lord, thou knowest, thou knowest that thou hast shown me what a sinner I was in thy sight, and that thou didst cut me off from

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everything in this world, and direct me to a blessed Saviour." Besides, I have known and felt those things in my own soul, over which I have been pondering and thinking, but have not been able to recall to my mind the things that I would not wish to leave out. I have often thought the time would come that I should have brought to my mind some of the way more fully, and have often regretted that I did not set it down at the time, as my memory was very much impaired; and even to this day I can scarcely remember the text till I get home, which has often been a trouble to me.

The first conviction I felt of my own prayerless heart was in 1818, being at that time eighteen years of age. I attempted to thank the Almighty for his mercy towards me the first time I got out of bed after my confinement (I suppose on my knees, but that I forget). It had been a severe trial to the flesh. At one time I thought it was not possible for nature ever to go through or bring forth; but the Lord, who is rich in mercy, helped me out of nature's trouble. My prayer, however, seemed as wind that passeth away, and my heart remained as hard as a stone. In a few days I was taken with a cold shivering, and a slight fever followed. There was a strong persuasion in my mind that I should die, and very soon. It alarmed me very much. I was very low for several days before I could say what my trouble was. At last I spoke it out, and said to my husband, "O, what shall I do? I shall die very soon, and go to destruction." There was no one could persuade me out of it, although there was no particular sign of death. I was so thirsty that I could not satisfy myself, and wished I could get beside a clear stream of water that I could have my fill. O, I want the tongue of the learned to describe the feelings I was under. My mother-in-law seeing me so low, though saying but little, thought she had done something amiss, as she was my nurse. That was a great trouble to me, as I was completely satisfied with all she had done. I was under the feelings of my own unworthiness. However, she remained very distant, poor woman. Little did she know the confusion and horror of my mind. This was about a fortnight after my confinement. Some may say, "You were a very young wife!" And so I was; but that was so ordered to bring me to my right mind. It was thoroughly impressed on my mind that I had caught a cold, and I thought it would cause my death; but weakness in every part shows itself in so weak a vessel.

About a year before this I was very ill; but death was no terror to me then. I seemed easy enough. I could read and pray, as I thought, and all was right. But O! How I did tremble now at the thought of death and eternity, feeling the justice of God, at the same time that I could not make any judgment of my case any further than this,—I felt I was guilty before God, and deserved nothing less than eternal death. It seemed to come upon me like a wide breaking forth of water, or that the Lord was determined to rid the earth of so vile a wretch as myself. I

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can never point out one-half of my terror and dejection of mind in these paths. I thought every day would be my last, and wondered how the Lord could bear with me. I had under all my darkness light enough to compare myself with the parched ground. It was a very dry season; there had been no rain for a long time. I thought after such a long drought there would come a thunderstorm, and then I was sure it would be sent on my account.

A lamentable thing took place where I then lived. In the street, at Nutley, a poor man's house was burnt down, and almost all he had was destroyed. He and his family were obliged to go out to sleep; some of them came to my mother's. No tongue can tell what I felt on that occasion. I was walking up the field, and, looking over the hedge, I saw the smoke rolling down into the brooks; and as I did so, I thought upon the smoke of those torments of which I thought I had the foretaste, as I felt as sure of going to hell as if I had been there. Surely no one knows what these things are but those who have felt them. I was even under such darkness that I thought I could hear, as it were, chains rattling to bind me down to everlasting perdition! O! What horror shook my feeble frame! I was almost distracted. It was a wonder to me from day to day that the Lord did not cut me off. At this time I felt as if I had no husband or child; I might say I had lost all the endearments of them. I could say with Jeremiah, "He hath led me into darkness and not into light. Surely against me is he turned. He turneth his hand against me all the day." I thought it would be presumption even to think of mercy.

About this time I was sent to my own mother's at Isfield, I suppose to see if she could do me any good; but the wound was too deep. I was beyond the cure of art. Medicine was often resorted to; but the great cure was to be after all other methods had failed. As I was going to Isfield, I felt such rebellion arise in my heart, and such desperation when riding very swiftly, for we had a good horse, and my husband drove very fast to get me there, "O!" thought I, "Now I am going fast enough. I am not to die at Nutley." You that read my scribble must be those that can experimentally sympathize with me, or else it will appear all fables; but I would have given a thousand worlds if I could have felt a little ease for a moment.

When I got to my native place I was a gazing-stock for all my old acquaintances. Some said I was out of my mind; others said I had heard too many Methodist parsons; but, blessed be the Lord God Almighty, he was bringing me by terrible things in righteousness to my right mind. But I agreed with those who passed their opinions on me, for I thought at that time I should soon break out in downright madness. But O! How the Lord can regulate and lay upon us just as much as we can bear, and he has promised to uphold and give strength according to our day. But in those days we can medidate nothing but terror. We cast, as it were, all thoughts of mercy away; yet by these things are

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we humbled and brought low, and made to accept the punishment of our sins.

The enemy still pursued me, and drove me to my wits' end, by tempting me to curse and swear, till I expected I should break out openly. Sometimes it was so much upon me that I as much thought I had cursed God, and that eternal death would follow, as that I was alive.

All this time I could see the safety of the people of God. Now, just here it is where every soul will get rid of free-will, if it has not left them before; for what poor soul in this forlorn state do you think would not grasp the one thing needed if there was a possibility? But O! Instead of that, they are obliged to fall down and cry, "Have mercy upon my guilty soul!" And they are as sensible as that they are alive, if the Lord taketh not pity on them, they will eternally perish.

I went on in this way for some weeks, and often dared not to close my eyes through fear, not knowing it was a work of God for my good. I felt nothing but what I judged was against me. Every sentence of the law condemned me; it left not one narrow space for me to escape; for all my life past was a scene of iniquity in my eyes, and the sins of my youth encompassed me about, though I had lived a moral life. This I would not leave out, as I have heard people say those who are left to run into all excesses generally have the heaviest work when they are convinced of their sin by nature; but it was so discovered to me that the most of my profession was nothing but pride and form, and that seemed to be as odious to me then as what I before thought sin; so I was brought to abhor my righteous self as well as my sinful self.

To return. I had, as I thought, many reasons to think I was nothing but a reprobate; for the temptations of Satan drove me to many extremes, and many rash conclusions. But, after many dismal days and nights, this cry was put into my heart: "O Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me!" There seemed something of a hope to arise from the sparing mercy of God, to think he had not cut me off long before.

How long I went on so I cannot say; but it seemed nothing for me to rest upon. There was still the load of guilt upon me. I dared not look in the Bible or any other book; for both promises and threatenings seemed against me. My mother noticed this, and wondered that I did not read more, as I used to be fond of reading. I told her that it had been nothing but a form, and that they were all deceived in me, being sensible it was the heart God looked at. But I said little at this time; I had the reproach of my youth upon me. I was bewailing my sad condition, and the thoughts of a never-ending eternity pierced me through. Alas! This was trouble indeed. But I was to have a little lift. The words in Isa. xlv. 22 came to me, so that I felt forced to cry out, "If I look to Christ I shall be right, shall I not?" The words stand

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thus: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved." It was particularly the first part that was a comfort. This raised the first dawning of hope in my soul; at least it was the first light that broke in upon me.

From that time I was able to go on a little more free from despair; for before I despaired of ever finding mercy, I could not think that such sinners as myself could ever have mercy bestowed on them. But these thoughts would often come over me, "Who knows but that I may?" The Almighty was pleased to direct me to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world to take away *my* sins. I would humbly bless his name for it; for I was as ignorant as a brute, and the enemy was permitted to tempt me that none were ever in my case before; but, as I went on, and sensibly felt it was sin, and that only, that was my burden, I began to feel such were the very characters; but yet I felt one by myself.

My memory does not enable me to write here so fully as I should wish. I was enabled now to read and search the word and other books, which before I could not do, as I seemed to be quite cut off. But now I felt afraid that my trouble would wear off the wrong way, and begged that it might not. Every time I felt a little light, and not in quite so much concern, this was my fear. O the goodness of God to keep alive in me that which he has quickened.

So I went on for a time between hope and fear; but the time came for my burden to be removed. As I was reading and musing over Mr. Herbert's hymns, these words were impressed with power:

"Wait on the Lord, and keep his way,
Let not thy sins affright;
God has cast them behind his back,
For ever out of sight."

There seemed an almighty voice in this that removed my burden and enabled me to praise, rejoice, and weep, hardly knowing what was come to me. I can truly say with Mr. Hart, it was as if I had been staggering under a heavy load, and some one had removed it, and set my burdened soul at liberty.

Those who understand these things will be able, perhaps, to put it together far better than I have done. I never shall be able to tell of the peace and comfort I felt, neither of the horror of mind that I laboured under during some part of my bondage.

COMMON SUFFERINGS—SPECIAL FAITH.

My dear Brother,—Your last came to hand in due course, and its contents caused me great grief. I was made sorry on your account, and have not forgotten you at a mercy seat. Your afflictions became in a sense my afflictions, your sorrows my sorrows; and I sympathize with you with all my heart. May God sanctify them to your soul, and in a more bountiful measure than heretofore manifest to your sorrowing spirit his pitifulness and

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tender mercies, help you to bow to his sovereign will, and to "hear the rod and him who hath appointed it." "If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not? But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons."

The pathway of a believer in Christ Jesus is in the main a rough and thorny one. Hence, therefore, it is written; "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy day, so shall thy strength be." Every gracious soul must have more or less of tribulation while here below. No situation in life can exempt "the man of God" from suffering. Our experience of the sweetness and power of the gospel of Christ exposes us in a sense to the hatred, contempt, and scorn of those who know not God. Not only have we tribulation as dwellers "in Meshech," and tribulation in common with the fallen sons and daughters of Adam, but tribulation also arising from a painful sense of what we are as sinners before that great and holy God who trieth the heart and the reins. O! How low we sometimes are brought by reason of the working of the gigantic evils of our hearts and the lion-like lusts which strive and fight so hard for the mastery! Oft have I paced my room to and fro in the deepest sadness and distress, and with feelings of inexpressible shame bowed my knees before the Lord, confessed my sins, lamented the vileness and hardness of my heart, roared out to God because of my disquietude, guilt, and the accusations of conscience; and from the depths of my soul have I begged of the Lord to plunge me again into that fountain which was opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness." And blessed, yea, thrice blessed and adored be the Lord Jehovah for the numerous applications of the precious peace-speaking blood of Jesus to my heart and conscience! I can feelingly say with the poet:

"Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song."

When our hearts are set in tune to praise and exalt the ever great and adorable names of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I say, when gratitude springs up within and overflows our souls, and our minds and spirits and all our powers unite to extol the joint love of God in the Trinity of his adorable Personalities, we do, we can but faintly lisp his praise. It will be impossible for the redeemed of the Lord throughout the interminable ages of eternity to express by their songs and jubilant hallelujahs a thousandth part of the wondrous grace which God hath displayed in the salvation of unnumbered millions through Christ crucified.

There is, my dear brother (which I hope you know), a grand distinction between a mere theoretic knowledge of the doctrines of grace, the plan of salvation, and the gospel of Christ, and a solemn experience of them in one's own soul. The two great fundamentals of vital godliness are, "repentance toward

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God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." (Acts xx. 21.) These things the great apostle of the Gentiles testified. Faith and repentance are inseparable. There are persons who talk much about faith, "simple faith," and "duty-faith," whom it is to be feared never knew anything of a broken heart, nor of that faith which is of the operation of the Holy Spirit, which works by love and is the gift of God. Fallen man is as unable of himself to repent, after a godly sort, as he is to pluck the sun from the firmament. "God hath exalted with his right hand Jesus Christ, a Prince and a Saviour for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins." (Acts v. 31.) Glory be to God most high! Every precious grace that a poor sinner needs comes down freely from above. The sensibly lost and ruined, those who feel "ready to perish," are suitable for Christ. And to such, and such only, is Christ felt to be suitable and of infinite value. "Unto you, therefore, which believe, he is precious."

O, how one's longing, panting soul goes out, at times, after Jesus! Have you not in some favoured moment agonized in your spirit to catch a glimpse of the Lord of life and peace? Have you not felt vehement desires for Christ? These outgoings of heart and affection after Jesus, the beloved Object of a living faith, were wrought within you by the Holy Ghost. It is the work of the Spirit to make a sinner feel his destitute condition and absolute need of a Saviour. Now, in these breathings and aspirations towards the dear Redeemer there is love. For your encouragement I here repeat that there is love in every sincere desire which you have Godward. Flesh and blood could never rise so high nor seek such blessed realities. The spiritual hungerings and thirstings which we sometimes feel within must necessarily arise out of a spiritual life. It would be a contradiction in terms to say that any one could hunger and thirst after righteousness unless born again of the Spirit. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." (Jno. iii. 6.) There is no possibility of any sinner being beforehand with God. You and I, if regenerated, had no more to do with our regeneration than we had to do with the creation of the world. Consider the following passage: "Which were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." Now, as creatures, we know something of hunger and thirst, because we have a natural life; and we should soon cease to exist if we had no sustenance. So every one who is "quickened," or "born again" from above, or "born of God," possesses a life separate and distinct from that which is derived from fallen Adam. And it is called "the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." (Eph. iv. 24.) This spiritual life, therefore, which the Holy Ghost imparts, or implants in the heart at the time of regeneration can only be sustained with divine things; that is to say, with "spiritual meat" and "spiritual drink;" and Christ himself is both "living bread" and "living water," and can only be received by those who

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have heavenly affections, a spiritual appetite, &c. It is by a living faith we draw life and salvation from the dear Redeemer. "All men have not faith," and therefore have not the eye to discern the incomparable beauties and transcendent excellencies of the Lord's Christ. All mankind do not thirst for living water, and for that reason they do not come unto Christ and drink; "But every one that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto Jesus Christ." O how sweet it is to be favoured to have a taste and a sip of the good things of the gospel.

Very affectionately yours,

London, Dec. 19, 1844. PETER ROWLAND.

A FRIENDLY TESTIMONY.

My dear Sister in the Lord Jesus Christ,—But it seems too much for me to use such high language as this.

It is on my mind to write a few thoughts concerning your beloved husband, as we have enjoyed sweet communion together in conversing on the things of God. He was the first I ever spoke to about soul matters, after keeping them to myself for two years and a half; and we had a spirit of love to each other:

"Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above."

"How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." But we find where this is the feeling the enemy of our souls will try to sow discord. Satan has so many ways of working upon our carnal mind that if the dear Lord does not keep us watchful, we are carried away with his temptations. Our friend Herkett was of that spirit that could bear reasoning with; and I have found the devil what God's word says he is,—a liar; and I have also found it a blessing to my soul that "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another," and opened their minds with what they have been distressed about. O that there were more of this.

But we must come more to our subject. Henry Herkett, in his early days, when the Lord first began a work of grace in his soul, had been favoured with a nearness to the Lord. I heard him say once, when friend Lawrence and we were going from the house of God, "I have been in that place that I seemed to have no sin." Friend Lawrence answered, "Ah! It is a very fine place to be in." But time passed on; and then he had another lesson to learn, and had to feel deadness, coldness, and barrenness in the things of God for about two years. This teacheth us that without God we can do nothing.

"Salvation by grace, how charming the song."

What a mercy to have a religion that must be carried on by God himself. Friend Herkett used to say, "Ah, George, I feel it true what Hart says:

"'They feel their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night.'"

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And who could have thought to have seen him what he was in his latter stages? He said to me, "Ah, George, I think my time is short." I replied, "What a mercy to have a concern about dying, whilst we look around and see many drawing near their end, who seem in no concern about their never-dying souls." This passed between us before he had given up work; but it was plain that the Lord was about to take down his earthly tabernacle. He seemed conscious his end was near. He said those words rested on his mind: "Thou shalt die, and not live." When I visited him in the beginning of his illness, I asked him the state of his mind, and he seemed much in the dark, and could not enjoy the things he wanted; but when I visited him again, what a change had taken place! He said, "I have oil in my vessel." When I entered his room, I took hold of his hand. He raised himself up in bed, and said, "I am not afraid to die." This was on a Sunday. "O!" said he; "the sweetness I felt no tongue can tell. I feel what the psalmist says: 'When my heart and flesh fail, then God is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever.'"

"As they draw near their journey's end,
How precious is their heavenly Friend;
And when in death they bow their head,
He's precious on a dying bed."

O to feel and know this when in our last moments on earth, as our friend did, after so many doubts and fears; it is worth more than all the world beside. When the Holy Ghost shone into his soul in such a blessed way and manner, how he wanted to leave this world of sorrow. This you know, being a witness of it, better than I can tell. It is a comfort to my mind, at times, to see that our friend was so blessed when leaving this world. As he said when in health, so it will be said of him: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace."

"Peace by his cross has Jesus made."

And now I must come to a close. You may be ready to say, "I know all about what you have written." Well; I did not write because you did not know it.

And now may the Lord bless you with much of his presence, and cause you to look to him. He has been as good as his word: "As thy day thy strength shall be;" for truly he is a Husband to the widow. I hope I have written, feeling a love to you and to the memory of your dear departed husband; and I hope you will receive it in the same spirit. Bear with me for scribbling in such a way.

May the Lord add his blessing, if it be his will.

Compton, Feb. 23, 1872. GEORGE MACKLING.

IF a Pharisee can but get a few husks of outward duties to feed upon, and muster up a few rags of self-righteousness to throw over his back, he's presently as proud as Lucifer.—*Dr. Gill.*

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OLD NATURE STILL ALIVE.

My dear Friend,—We must not expect everything to come to us in a straight line, free from all commotion. It is a mercy to have the blessing of the Lord, let it be received in whatever way it may. Jacob blessed the sons of Joseph cross-handed, bringing his right hand on the head of the youngest and his left on the head of the eldest. When Joseph saw this he was not so well pleased, and attempted to displace his father's hands. "Not so, my father," said he. Howbeit Jacob kept his hands firm, and would not suffer them to be disarranged. When the hand of grace and of Providence has come crosswise to me, how I have laboured to alter things, as if such a poor blind fool as I am possessed wisdom sufficient to direct Him that is perfect in all his ways. This is my infirmity, and procures me many stripes.

But what distresses me most, is that I fear greatly, at times, I am one of those fools who, though brayed in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not their foolishness depart from them. This is, I think, the worst of all fools. My folly and wickedness cleave close to me, more closely than the collar of my coat. No reproofs, chidings, or threatenings, though followed with blows and stripes, make the old ass a whit wiser or better; he is so dreadfully hardened and stupified, so incorrigible under all means of amendment. What can I do with him? He is too bad to mend, too wise to be ruled, too headstrong to be led; and his stubbornness is beyond all bounds. It is impossible to drive him. If well fed, he waxes fat and kicks, becomes wanton and ungovernable, and forgets God, the bestower of all mercy. Sometimes it is needful to put him on short commons; and then he is as surly as a bear robbed of her whelps; and if the bridle is put on him he storms and raves like a wild bull in a net. Sometimes he apes the saint, and will read, pray, preach, talk, be charitable, repent, suffer for God, travel for God; in fact, he is ready to do all service providing all be done for his own praise and glory. If I go to Ely I should like to leave this animal behind. At all events, when we go up to Salem, pray that he may be left at the foot of the mount.

But, blessed be God, this old creature cannot reign; for we are not under the law but under grace,—the sweetest, richest, best, and most glorious of all monarchs. What sins are pardoned, ignorance removed, enmity overcome, filth washed away, misery relieved, needs supplied, nakedness clothed, the hungry are fed, the lost saved, the ugly made beautiful, the diseased made whole, the blind made to see, the lame to walk, the dead are raised, the deaf hear, the leper is cleansed, and the poor have the gospel preached to them,—to the praise of the glory of his grace. Grace shall reign, and he shall bring forth the headstone with shoutings, crying, "Grace, grace unto it." If the elder brother should happen to be near the house and hear the music, he will be offended. If I go to Ely, and can get at the ring, the robe, the shoes, the fatted

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calf, and the Father of mercies, as God lives we will have a dance, and our self-righteous brother may snarl as long as he pleases.

Southill, Biggleswade, March 8, 1872. J. WARBURTON.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

WE would not miss having the "Standards" on any account, so long as it is possible for us to get them. We hope this will reach you in time, so that we may not miss any number. We look forward every mail anxiously to receive them. While reading them, we have felt our hearts cheered and refreshed; yea, our hearts have burned with love to God, and unity and oneness of spirit to the Lord's dear people. We mourned the loss of dear Mr. Philpot; but we know the loss of him to all of us on earth was his eternal gain. O that the dear Lord would in mercy raise up and send forth ministers here after his own heart; some who would declare his counsel, whether men would hear or whether they would forbear. We are in a barren land, where we cannot attend the means or hear the truth preached; but we know the Lord can and does meet with us; even here we are helped and strengthened according to our day. I feel I have great cause to thank and praise him for his goodness and mercy to one so utterly unworthy as I feel myself to be.

But I am intruding on your time with my scrawl. You will pardon the liberty, I hope, for, personally, I am, and must remain, a total stranger to you, though I hope I have just grounds to trust we may meet above.

The Lord bless you, dear Sir, and direct you in all your undertakings. Sincerely yours, for the Truth's sake,

North Adelaide, S.A. M. M.

AN ASSURING WORD.

Dear S.,—We were very sorry to hear this morning that you are so ill; not hearing from M., we were in hopes you were better. I hope and pray the dear Lord may remove this affliction from your body and raise you up again. I find by yours that you are much tried in your mind, and tempted that the Lord will deal with you according to your sins; but sure I am this will never be the case, because you are oppressed with them here, and brought to cry, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." Oppression and confession are the forerunners of manifested salvation; for "the Lord will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger for ever;" because "he delighteth in mercy;" and though you are now in the furnace, tempted by Satan, and brought to see and feel that it is not of him that willeth nor of him that runneth, but that it must be of God to show mercy, you have known what it is to be in trouble before, and mercy has relieved you when you have thought you were too bad for the Lord to take notice of you; and though he has left you for a small moment, to let you know the deceitfulness and wickedness of the

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human heart, and you are now crying out that there is no part sound or healthy, yet he will turn again. *He will* have compassion. "He will subdue our iniquities, and thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."

You say these words are so upon your mind: "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die and not live." This was spoken to king Hezekiah fifteen years before he died. Read the account in Isa. xxxviii. There I think you will find your feelings to correspond with those of that man of God; and you will see that the end of his trial was what I believe yours will be,—the manifestation of the loving-kindness of the Lord.

I would not deceive you in these important matters for the world; but believing, with all my heart, that your name is in the Lamb's book of life, makes me write as I do, and as the Lord has made me, a vile worm, the unworthy instrument to convey the words of life to your soul, I can but believe we are bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord, though in and of ourselves sinners that deserve no place but hell, no portion but devouring fire. Whether your sickness is unto death or not I cannot tell; but I hope the Lord may spare you, if his blessed will.

I have been tried much lately, wondering whether my religion would hold out to the end, which often seems not far from me. I daily mourn, being often led captive by my sins, though there is nothing I desire more to be freed from. I would not sin against God for all the world; and yet I prove, if left to myself one moment, sin is too strong for me; sin leads me captive. Sure I am, if ever I am saved, that it will not be for good deeds, temper, or frames.

"O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I am constrain'd to be."

Ah, S., it is grace that will conquer at last.

May the Lord be your light and your salvation. Yours affectionately in the Lord,

THOS. RUSSELL.

Rotherfield, April 19, 1861.

LETTER BY THE LATE MR. TURNER, OF SUNDERLAND.

My dear Friends,—It was my full intention to have written last week, but my mind was so much employed, so confused, and so gloomy with this Catholic concern, that I really could not. What will be the event of it, God only knows; but the awful state of the professing church and the sad condition of the true church cause me to think that a heavy rod hangs over this land. I was a little relieved, or, rather, checked by this passage: "The government is upon his shoulders." My heart wished to leave it there; for I am sure it is too heavy for mine.

I thought it right to sign the petition to both Houses of Parliament; but I desired to carry my petitions to a throne of grace. For only the great Head of the church can order all

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things for the good of the church. And he has promised so to do. But sometimes physic is good, though not pleasant; and the rod is beneficial, though not comfortable. Our back often calls for stripes, and it is a mercy to be chastened here, that we may not be condemned with the wicked. "The Lord is good, a refuge in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that put their trust in him." The want of brotherly love, union and communion, life and liveliness, in many that we have reason to hope well of, make things appear very gloomy to me. Still the Lord hath a little remnant according to the election of grace. And he most graciously commands his ministering servants to strengthen the things that are ready to die. Indeed, this appears to me to be almost the only work of a true ministry in this day. There seems to be more gathering by death to the church triumphant than by conversion to the church militant. The outer-court worshippers increase abundantly; but there are, comparatively speaking, but few that worship the Lord in spirit and in truth. Well, we have reason to bless God that there are any; and most especially that he hath favoured us with the spirit of grace and supplication, and with the garment of praise. Lord, increase our faith, cause charity to abound, let thy peace rule in our consciences, and the fear of the Lord prevail in our souls.

I hope to be with you next Saturday. Flesh and blood sometimes shrink at the thoughts of Hamilton; but he that hath strengthened and protected will continue so to do till my work is done. Yours affectionately in Him,

S. TURNER.

[The above letter is not dated; but the postmark is May, 1829. This was the time when the Catholic Disabilities Bill was before the House of Commons. The petition Mr. T. referred to was against the Bill. We well remember that the late Mr. Gadsby's life was threatened by the Romanists for the part he took against the Bill.]

THE BELIEVER'S PATH.

THE path to bliss and happiness
Lies through a howling wilderness.
Traps, gins, and snares are daily set
To catch my feeble, wandering feet.

A quicksand here, a quagmire there;
Foes lie in ambush everywhere;
Both in the woods and in the fields,
And sometimes close upon my heels.

Behind the thicket oft I see
Some lurking, strolling enemy
Who points to shoot me; but he finds
A something hinders his designs.

Sometimes a friendly hand I greet,
And it seems good with such to meet;
We walk and talk a little way;
But soon their friendship dies away.

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They say the path, so far from bright,
Has too much walking in the night;
"The river, brother's, in the road;
'Tis very deep, and very broad.

"Look, brother, here! Behold," they say,
"A smoother path, a better way."
I turn my eye and they are gone,
And I am left to walk alone.

But look ahead! Methinks I see
A friend to bear me company.
My heart grows light and off I go,
As nimble as the hart or roe.

He hears me, and he stops to see
What dress I wear, and who I be.
He speaks and takes me by the hand,
And talks about a better land.

He says, "For twenty-one long years
I've had my sorrows, doubts, and fears.
Some talk of sunshine all the way;
But I've experienced night and day."

He says, "How long have you been found
Upon such rough but solid ground?
How long have you been brought to see
Egyptian dearth and poverty?"

Full sixteen years, at God's command,
I've journey'd to a better land.
I've travell'd on, through thick and thin;
My path has been a chequer'd scene.

"Give me your hand," the good man cried;
"Nothing but death shall us divide.
That soon will come. I know, I know
I soon shall feel the mortal blow.

"E'en now the death-sweat's on my face;
My life is ebbing out apace.
The waves flow high, the billows blow;
Yet still I pant, I long to go.

"E'en now, when heart and flesh decline,
I feel the pilgrims' Friend is mine;
He keeps my head above the wave,
And proves almighty still to save.

"Farewell, my brother! Cease to weep;
I only close my eyes in sleep.
Fight faithfully, and God will be
A Father and a Friend to thee."

RICHARD BICKELL.

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REVIEW.

(*Concluded from page* 390.)

The Trial of Job. By Silas H. Durand.—Philadelphia: Lippincott and Co.

We consider the remark about Melchizedek judicious; we are not prepared to say the same in respect of this view of Job. We consider him to have been a dear child of God, raised up by him and dealt with in a very peculiar manner to illustrate the sovereign, mysterious, yet gracious ways of God with his people, and to afford us many excellent lessons and much encouragement in the patient endurance of afflictions, and the hope of eventually coming forth triumphantly from them. We think our author's view of Job, as strictly speaking a type, has led him into a good deal of forced, fanciful, and vicious interpretation. He writes:

"The name of Uz, the land where he dwelt, signified 'counsel,' or 'word;' and his own name signifies 'sorrowful, hated, fighting;' and this may be the spiritual interpretation, that in the counsel or word of God he stands before us as a representation of that church which in the world is in the furnace of affliction, full of sorrow, hated by the world, and fighting the good fight of faith against the enemies of the truth."

Again:

"The number of his sons, seven, may signify the perfection of the number of Zion's children."

But what, we are inclined to ask, about his wife? Our author gives us an answer in accordance with his strictly typical view:

"We only know her as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and therefore in her speech representing the rebellious opposition of our carnal nature to the ways of God."

Now all this seems to us very unsatisfactory. We are afraid that whilst hunting out and following after these allegories, the sweetness and spirituality of God's words will be completely lost. Besides, we have not only Job's wife, but the first and second families, the servants, oxen, sheep, camels, and asses. What an extensive field for ingenuity of interpretation! But we fear it would all be what Mr. Hart styles,

"To hunt for tinkling sound."

From this leading idea of Job being strictly a type of the church there almost necessarily results the making of Job's three friends into something outside the church, and consequently wicked men. We confess we were both startled and offended at finding them converted into three Arminian preachers; but it was almost necessary upon the author's plan of the book. Hear our author:

"We shall see that these three friends represent the religion of the world, the understanding of the natural mind concerning God. * * * They had *come every one from his own place*, as worldly teachers do, and not from the place where Christ prepares his messengers. Eliphaz was the name of one of the sons of Esau. (Gen. xxxvi. 11.) The name signifies the endeavour of God, and is well adapted to one who teaches that

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the work of salvation is an endeavour on the part of God. * * * The name of Bildad signifying old friendship, old motion, and that of Zophar signifying rising early, or crown, are also suited to their character as teachers of that religion that holds fast the old friendship of the world, and demands motion or labour from those who are without strength as a ground of acceptance with God, calling upon its votaries to rise early to their work, to be up and doing."

"Eliphaz," as our author remarks, "takes the lead." A sort of Gashmu (Neh. vi. 6) to the triad of Arminian preachers who had come from *their place* to comfort Job. If all this is correct, we a little wonder at Job's choice of such fleshly companions; just as we might wonder at his choice of a wife, and a good many other things, if the strictly typical view is a proper one The friends of Job being these Arminian fleshly professors, all their sayings are, of course, in consistency with this opinion, pronounced to be like their authors, so much Arminian rubbish. And the Lord's own words are brought in to confirm this view: "For ye have not spoken of me the thing that is right as my servant Job hath;" as if all Job had spoken had been right, and all his friends had uttered had been wrong. Now, we humbly submit that the Lord's words have reference more to Job's final sayings than to any former ones. God himself says of Job, "Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?" And Job discreetly puts his hand upon his mouth, and says he had spoken both ignorantly and rashly. We conceive, then, that the divine approval is given to these final speeches of Job, so full of self-abasement and giving glory to the Lord. Such fully truthful speeches as these had not up to that time proceeded from the lips of his friends. To our apprehension they had spoken many wise and godly things; but not being as fully instructed as Job at length was, there had been a degree of mistake pervading their utterances, especially in their application of things to Job. The quotation of their words in the later scriptures appears to sanction much that they spoke, and we cannot agree with our author in classing Job's three friends with wicked men, and mere Arminians. There was no doubt much Arminianism and pharisaic pride likewise in both them and their friend Job, or they would hardly have spoken as, at times, they did, or he describe himself as in xxx. 1, &c.

And here, by the way, we cannot help a little testifying against that almost scornful way in which we poor creatures write or speak against Arminians. We hope necessity and divine teaching have made us most thorough Calvinists. Free grace is our very life; but what an opposition to God's way of saving freely by his grace to his glory have we found, and alas! still find in our hearts! Grace has made us to differ from the most besotted approver of man's free will and power, and it seems, therefore, only right to be a little pitiful, and far more prayerful, concerning those who cannot yet see as we do. Besides, we are fully persuaded that there are Calvinistic as well as Arminian Pha-

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risees; but he that truly fears God shall come forth from them all. Even if Job's friends were the Arminians our author makes them, we should not very much admire his tone in writing about them.

But to resume our sketch. After Job's three friends have uttered their Arminian platitudes, and Job has answered them, Elihu appears on the scene, and, according to the typical scheme, Elihu represents the gospel ministry. Hear our author:

"The meaning of his name, Elihu, is, 'He is my God himself;' that of his father's name, Barachel, 'Who bows before God;' and Ram, of whose kindred he was, signifies elevated, sublime. As the names used in Scripture have a signification appropriate to the characters of those who bear them, we may take from the meaning of these names an evidence that Elihu was a true servant of God."

Mr. Newton, writing to a friend, confesses himself not to have been one of those eagle-eyed divines who could perceive sublime mysteries hidden under every historic account given in Scripture; for instance, the law and the gospel in Rebekah's nurse being buried under an oak. (Gen. xxxv. 8.) Perhaps our author has seen more in the name and genealogy of Elihu than some of us could have spied out; but however this may be the case, we fully accede to the point that Elihu was a very good messenger from God to Job, and also that in working out the ideas about Elihu we have a very good description of a gospel ministry. For instance:

"He shows personal humility in waiting for the others to speak, and fearing to speak hitherto because of his youth."

A very good rule, we believe, to be observed by both preachers and writers. So again:

"We may also notice here a reason for the fact that Elihu is not made mention of. The importance is attached not to himself, but to the word which he preaches."

We sincerely congratulate our transatlantic brethren if their ministers are as little self-prominent as Elihu.

At length the Lord comes in; and we unhesitatingly approve our author's reflections when he arrives at this point:

"Although all scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is to be very reverently handled as his word, yet I cannot but feel a more profound awe and reverence in approaching this place, and more hesitation and fear in attempting to consider the words of this wonderful answer."

We ourselves feel the same special awe in approaching to certain portions of God's word. It is like drawing near to the holy of holies, and just in the same way we feel a peculiar trembling in our approaches to certain subjects, and have wondered at the readiness displayed by some in handling the profoundest or sublimest matters.

We could wish that our author had not felt himself under a necessity to give some allegorical interpretation of almost everything, as we consider it greatly detracts from the value of much

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that is truthful and well written, and gives an unnatural and fanciful tone to his work. For instance. He writes on xxxix. 1.:

"The wild goats of the rock and the hinds cannot be watched over by man as the flocks of the field are; yet all their ways are marked out by the Lord, and their wants supplied."

This is very right, and would probably be the exact idea conveyed to Job's mind. But our author goes on:

"The goat is in one or two places used to represent those who shall not inherit life. (Matt. xxv. 58.) The hind is frequently used to represent in some sense the people of God."

We can hardly think these far-reaching reflections entered into Job's mind, or would into that of some poor tried man in reading the Lord's sublime answer to Job.

At the end of the book our author makes the Lord order Job to sacrifice for his three friends as ungodly men, still keeping to the idea that they were only Arminian wicked professors, and therefore, of course, the sacrifice was only to arrest temporal calamities. Now we fairly confess we dislike our author's strictly typical scheme and its almost necessary consequences. It is, perhaps, like an act of temerity to express disapproval of things in a work ushered in with the author's declaration: "I trust I have evidence that the Lord has directed me by his Spirit to write upon this subject." But still we should never give our opinion upon any writing if we were deterred by such remarks. Most authors who acknowledge, in divine things, their dependence upon the Holy Spirit, probably consider that they have a divine leading in what they write. Indeed, our author bids us, not, we suppose, as bowing down to the dicta of infallibility, but as really trying the spirits, to examine and judge, as "wise men:" "Judge what I say." We consider, then, that over allegorization is the great flaw in this book, leading, as we believe, to many outrageous statements such as those concerning Eliphaz's vision. (Job iv.) But our author shall speak for himself:

"Eliphaz is evidently intent upon causing Job to confess his hypocrisy, discard his own former doctrine, and become a convert to him. So, as is usual in such efforts" (we were not aware of this), "he tells of a scaring vision. He would give supernatural weight to what he is going to say, by attributing his knowledge of it to the mysterious teachings of a spirit."

Then our author, having for his text the words uttered in this vision, "Behold, he puts no trust in his servants, and his angels he charged with folly," writes:

"Here we learn clearly that this was a lying spirit; for this is not the truth. We have the assurance of God that these men did not speak of him the thing that is right; and the Scriptures show us the error of this assertion of Eliphaz. God does put trust in his servants, qualified by his Spirit to do his will. 'Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth!'" (Isa. xlii. 1.)

Now all this appears to us very objectionable. We believe Eliphaz uttered a very grand truth in these words, and if he had stuck to his text as things were intimated to him in his vision,

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and sought to correct the self-righteousness working in Job, as Elihu afterwards did, instead of heaping upon him unjust groundless reproaches, he might have been the Elihu of the book; but his own degree of acquaintance with divine things did not allow of this.

There is in this work, when these objectionable things are passed by, as we conceive, evidence of much thought and study, with a judicious explanation of many of the dark sayings; also a considerable acquaintanceship with the child of God's pathway of sorrow and affliction. We consider that there is too much ingenuity of interpretation displayed at times, and too much, as we have before said, of the forced and fanciful. Take, for instance, the remarks upon Job i. 6:

"We need not try to imagine a particular number of people gathering to a particular locality literally with Satan in a bodily presence among them. Considering Job as representing the church, these, in the spiritual significance of the subject, would represent the individual members. Though each is a component part of the church, yet that church is presented as a perfect body to the contemplation of each. If we have known how Satan is present with his temptations when we seek the Lord, we have an intimation of what is presented here."

Now, if our readers fail to extract any definite meaning out of these words, we shall not think it any great proof of incapacity. Indeed, we can only venture to guess at the meaning, and suppose the author's view to be that when an individual child of God goes to God in prayer, he looks upon himself as a sort of aggregate, and therefore in him the sons of God come to present themselves before the Lord. And so in his individual temptations Satan comes with them, and to quote our author, "he is manifest to us only by doubts and evil thoughts; * * * * he is manifest to the Lord, can be addressed by him, and can do but what he permits." We must say we highly prefer the view which, if we mistake not, Caryl and other good men have taken, that God, to aid our weak capacities, describes here heavenly things by a figure taken from the courts of earthly monarchs, before whom, from time to time, their subjects appear. We do not conceive that Jehovah actually talked thus to Satan; but this idea of an earthly monarch's, court day, or an eastern divan, is sustained throughout.

But we must conclude. We think, as we have before observed, that there are many good remarks and much proper reflection in the book, but cannot help conceiving that the tried, tempted, simple-minded reader will soon lay it down, and probably go with a double relish to that book which records the trials of Job with the sweet and simple, yet sublime pen of inspiration.

Ah! Happy afflictions, that wean us from this wretched, dying world, are a means to mortify our corruption, teach us to live more constantly by faith on Jesus Christ, and to fix all our hopes and expectations on another and better world!—*Berridge.*

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INQUIRY AND ANSWER.

SHOULD churches in connexion with the "Gospel Standard" have ministers to supply for them who are themselves erroneous, or uphold and sanction those that are? If churches have such ministers, should the ministers of truth still continue to preach for them?—T. H.

ANSWER.

IN answering your questions we shall endeavour to lay down what we believe to be general principles of right, leaving the application of these principles to yourself and others as cases occur.

1. You ask whether it is right for a church in connexion with the "Gospel Standard" to have erroneous ministers as supplies. We hardly think any such church can be said to be in connexion with this periodical, and are inclined to give the question a much wider scope, and ask, "Is it right for any church, much more one professing truth, to have erroneous men as supplies?" and to answer with a most emphatic, No! "No lie is of the truth," and of all lies the devil is the father.

2. The second question is rather more intricate. Is it right for the churches in union with the "Gospel Standard," the members professing to hold the sentiments advocated therein, to have as supplies men upholding or encouraging such erroneous persons? The partner of a thief cannot be pronounced an honest man (Ps. l. 18; Isa. i. 23), and he who upholds men in error, or in spite of error, must either be himself erroneous or strangely indifferent to the truths he professes. But in this case there may certainly arise practical difficulties. A people may find it very hard to decide whether one man is so encouraging and upholding another. It is difficult to trace the genealogy of a Moabite through several generations, and when a man preaches nothing but sound truths himself, and disavows error, it may be extremely hard to say he is so upholding another man in error or in spite of it, as to make his own soundness or sincerity questionable.

3. Should a minister be a supply continuously in a place where ministers either holding, or sanctioning those who do hold error, likewise preach as received supplies?

Subject to what has already been written, we shall frankly signify the rules that we desire to govern our own actions in these matters.

We completely disapprove of the idea that a minister is to go and preach wherever he is asked. Each case, we believe, requires a particular looking to the Lord, and direction from him. We should not ourselves preach in combination knowingly with any erroneous men; believing in this, as in other cases, Paul's words to apply: "Keep thyself pure." (1 Tim. v. 22.) We should not preach in those places habitually where error was allowed, or truth counted as a matter of indifference. Consequently, if we thought a people professing the truths we hold displayed (by having erro-

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neous men or those sanctioning erroneous men to preach for them) a laxity of principle, we should certainly consider it our duty to testify against such wrong or latitudinarian conduct, by protesting and withdrawing. Ministers are in a very responsible position, not only as to what they speak, but where they minister. If a man preaches truth, but, in so doing, sanctions wrong in the people to whom he preaches it by supplying for them, he may practically overthrow more than all his preaching can build up. These things are not, we believe, sufficiently attended to, and the church suffers accordingly.

To illustrate our meaning, take the following cases: a minister might preach once in a way even in a Unitarian Chapel, and testify to the people concerning the truth they oppose, solemnly warning them against error. He certainly would lay himself open to reproach if he habitually preached in such a place, collected for such a cause, or said a confederacy to a Unitarian minister.

These remarks will apply to similar cases. Only we observe the nearer error comes to truth, the greater the danger of such a course of conduct being misunderstood and stumbling the godly, especially the weak. A minister should in love to men's souls, as well as for God's glory, consider the influence and effects his actions may have upon others.

Again, a division may have taken place in a cause of truth, and a minister may act with great impropriety and want of wisdom in supplying for either the one or the other of the parties. He may by a wrong course strengthen the hands of evil doers. It is very easy to settle these matters by saying both are sure to be in the wrong. A better way is to look sincerely to the Lord, use such means of judging righteous judgment as a man can obtain, and then decide honestly to uphold that side which in the main is seen to be in the right. A more honest, straightforward, spiritually judicious course in the ministers professing truth, would tend to discourage improper divisions by proving that they would not be sanctioned. Every minister of God should be watching the eye of Christ, and seeking to serve in that particular sphere into which the providence of God calls, and for which his abilities qualify him. Not meddling with other men's matters, and doing as the bad shepherds in Israel did: "Ye kill them that are fed, but ye feed not the flock." (Ezek. i. 34.)

We have indicated the general principles which should, according to our judgment, govern the minister of God; but we can see how difficult sometimes in practice the application of these principles may prove. Still the Lord has promised to be a spirit of judgment to those who sit in judgment, and to guide the meek with his eye. Churches may, through hearing different reports of a man, be perplexed in judgment, and hardly able to decide whether he is erroneous or not; then again they may feel a still greater difficulty in deciding whether another man does so support him as to countenance him in error or wrong-

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doing; and, going one step further, a minister may feel still greater difficulty in settling the question whether a church shows a culpable tampering with error, or indifference to truth, in having a man as a supply whom some persons, more intimately acquainted with matters, may fairly consider as upholding one who is erroneous. Probably an honest conscience, and loving, tender, truthful heart, can settle questions of this kind in most cases, for these will lead a man, whilst displaying all proper tenderness and consideration, to separate himself from that which indicates a disregard of those truths and ways, which are alike to the glory of God, the welfare of Zion, and salvation of poor and ruined sinners. We have a little gone beyond the bounds of the question, but trust the importance of the subject will be a sufficient excuse, and that the general principles laid down may not only prove useful to the friend making the inquiries, but to others.

Obituary.

MARY GORE.—On June 18th, aged 59, Mary Gore.

She was formerly a member at Ebenezer Chapel, Melksham, but latterly at Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, Wilts. She was of a very reserved disposition, and, as she often said, she had not the gift of expressing her feelings, which many are favoured with; so that ofttimes when her heart has been full to overflowing, either with joy or sorrow, she has been scarcely able to say a word. But her countenance has, at such times, manifested the feelings of her soul.

Being so reserved, comparatively little is known of her early experience; but it appears that the Lord began with her in early youth, and convinced her of her lost state as a sinner, and led her to cry for a manifestation of pardon to her soul. Her convictions were not, as some may think, "deep;" but she had to pass through a trying season of darkness, which lasted several years, before she was raised to any comfortable hope in the Lord's mercy. To deliver her from this state of darkness, the Lord made use of a servant of his, who was led to visit her in her distress; but, as she often said, she could not boast of any great manifestations, but was brought into liberty through repeated deliverances granted in various times of soul need and distress; which, in the absence of any very marked or conspicuous deliverance, tended very much to confirm her in her hope of interest in Christ, and establish her in the truth as it is in Jesus.

The ordinance of baptism being laid upon her mind, she desired to go through it, but feared she was not the proper character, and she wanted to be satisfied that her experience was of the right kind. Therefore she was constrained to ask the Lord to give her a token for good, that she might be encouraged to hope in his mercy, and strengthened to obey his commands.

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And the Lord graciously heard and answered her request by blessing the word preached on one occasion with much sweetness and power to her soul; but the sweetness of this wearing off, she was again afraid, and declined to go through the ordinance. But, as she entered the chapel in the evening of the day on which she should have been baptized, the friends were singing the hymn containing the words, "Hinder me not," &c., and as they sang one verse after another, the conviction was forced upon her mind that the unbelief of her heart had hindered her from obeying the commands of the Lord; and this caused such gloom and despondency of mind, that she sank so low as to well-nigh give up all hope.

Soon after this, she was removed, in the providence of God, to a considerable distance from the chapel; and, having a small but rapidly-increasing family, she was often prevented attending the means of grace, which was no small trial to her. At this time, what with trials in providence, family cares, and such distress of soul as she was called to pass through, her path was a trying one indeed, for she experienced but little relief from her darkness and despondency for nearly five years. After this the friends again invited her to come before the church as a candidate for baptism and church membership; and, although still in such distress of mind (feeling she had done wrong before), she could not refuse. But her darkness was so great that, when she came before the church, she could speak very little of the dealings of God with her soul; but what she said was commended to the hearts of the people, and she was cordially received by them. Being so shut up as not to be able to speak of what she hoped the Lord had done for her, she was now more than ever cast down, and felt she could not go through the ordinance unless the Lord were pleased to shine upon her once more. This caused her to cry mightily to him for another token, and he who has promised to deliver the needy when he crieth was graciously pleased to hear and answer her cry and bless her again; for, when the day came, she went to be baptized, and while in the water the the Lord so shone into her soul that all her darkness, doubts, bondage, and fears completely fled away, and she had one of the best days she ever had while upon earth. This so rejoiced her heart that one of her sons, being born about this time, she called his name "Gideon," in remembrance of the double token and pledge the Lord had given her in answer to prayer. It might truly be said of her that she feared God above many. She was a woman of a sorrowful spirit and a tender conscience; many things which many others passed over unnoticed caused her much soul exercise and trial; so that she was often of necessity compelled to bring her griefs and cares to the Lord in secret, and sometimes was blessed with answers to prayer and favoured to enjoy her morsel alone. And thus was she led along for many years, often fearing she was altogether wrong, yet now and then raised to a hope of an interest in Christ.

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On one occasion, a few months after she came to reside in Trowbridge, while walking alone in the fields, these words dropped upon her mind with some power: "The Lord is my shepherd;" and with them there came such sweetness as she never forgot. She began to wonder what it could mean, as at the time she appeared to have no special trouble to need such a promise; yet she desired, if it were the Lord's will, she might have the other portion of the same verse given her: "I shall not want;" but this the Lord did not grant, but blessed her with the assurance that having him for her Shepherd, come what would, she could not want any good thing. She was not left long to wonder why the Lord had so favoured her soul, for in a day or two after, an event occurred which threatened to deprive her husband and most of her large family of their employment. But the promise was her support; and the writer can well remember with what calmness and quietude she was enabled to bear the long and painful trial which followed. And she proved the Lord to be faithful to his word, for the needs of herself and family were, in due time, all supplied. Not but that the Lord suffered her faith to be tried upon the matter. Especially upon one occasion she was so burdened with the weight of a temporal trial, connected with the event before referred to, that she was compelled to go, and in secret, fall upon her knees to seek the Lord's help; but as she said on the sabbath before her death, when referring to the circumstance, she could only give utterance to the following words:

"Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead."

But such a confidence was raised up in her soul, and so strengthened and refreshed did she feel, that she arose from her knees fully assured that deliverance was at hand, and all would be well; and so it proved; for shortly after a door was opened and deliverance effected.

Notwithstanding these repeated helps and deliverances, she was kept for the most part in a very low place; so that seldom could she express herself as enjoying any great measure of confidence; but went trembling and hoping along, desiring most earnestly not to be deceived, but to be made right and kept right. And most blessedly did her walk and conduct testify that she was one who had felt the power of God's free grace, and loved the power of real religion as taught in the heart by God the Holy Ghost, daily panting after fresh and continued supplies of that rich grace to gladden her heart, and cheer her soul through her path of tribulation here below.

During the last three months of her life she was particularly favoured to enjoy the presence of the Lord; and on several occasions was much blessed in hearing the word preached; and this was made the means of delivering her from those distressing doubts and fears she had been the subject of for so many years. This she felt to be such a favour and blessing, that she told the Lord she knew not what he was about to do with her; but if it

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were his will she would rather he afflicted her body than her mind, for she felt that she could endure bodily afflictions rather than that bondage and darkness she had before known so much of. Shortly after this, being about a month before her death, she was taken ill with a severe cold and sore throat; but after a few days she rallied and was able to get out as usual, and her family hoped she would soon be able to leave home for a change of air, which they were about to arrange for her, little knowing, or even thinking, that the Lord would so soon grant her such a blessed change! But true it is that God's thoughts are not men's thoughts.

The last Lord's day she was at chapel was June 9th, and after service a friend speaking to her of the blessed truths that had been preached, she replied, "Yes; and they are my meat and drink." Though poorly, she went again on the following Tuesday evening; but after returning home, she complained of painful sensations in her head, and the following evening she was seized with acute rheumatism, in consequence of which she was compelled to take to her bed the following day, June 13th, the medical adviser hoping that after a few days' rest and quiet she would get better. Though suffering much pain of body, her mind was peaceful and calm, and as she retired to her bed the following lines dropped with much sweetness upon her mind:

"Come and claim us as thy portion,
And let us lay claim to thee;
Leave us not to empty notion,
But from bondage set us free;
King of glory!
We would live and reign with thee."

And this had such a blessed effect, that all care about herself, family, and all other earthly matters was entirely taken from her mind. So that, although her suffering was very great, she lay apparently without concern about her sickness—whether unto life or death; and, though not in anticipation of immediate dissolution, evidently calmly resigned to the will of the Lord. When able to speak, she spoke of the past dealings of God with her soul, in which she seemed to see much to bless and praise him for; and, at times, she was much broken down with a sense of God's goodness to her in her affliction, especially that he had preserved her reasoning faculties, which she had many times feared she might be deprived of. The hymn commencing:

"Sovereign ruler of the skies,"

Was a great favourite of hers; and now she was evidently favoured to realize and enjoy the sweetness of the truths contained therein, being sweetly assured that

"All *would* come and last and end,
As should please her heavenly Friend."

The last Lord's day before her death she suffered very much, but was kept calm and undisturbed in her soul. On Monday

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morning her husband heard her speaking to herself the following lines, the last two of which she uttered with much firmness:

"O my distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears;
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears."

She revived a little during the day, and Tuesday morning she appeared to be so much better that it was hoped by her family that the worst was passed; and the doctor thought that in a few days she would be about again. After this she took dinner, and slept very quietly; but on awaking she betrayed a slight wandering of mind, but as this was thought to be the effect of weakness it did not cause much alarm. She was very drowsy during the afternoon, speaking only two or three times; once she quoted the two lines which follow:

"O that the Lord would guide my ways,
And make my heart sincere."

She took tea about five o'clock, and apparently enjoyed it, and about an hour after some medicine was given her. She was at this time quite conscious; but, thanking her daughter in a peculiarly affectionate manner, she lay down, spoke some words as if in prayer, the whole of which could not be gathered, and again slept; but it was soon evident from her breathing so heavily that she was much worse. The doctor being sent for, said the rheumatism had flown to the brain. She was now quite unconscious of pain; blisters and other means were tried, but all were of no avail, and she quietly breathed her last at half-past eight.

G. G.

ALICE ANN CAPSTACK.—On April 6th, aged 16, Alice Ann Capstack.

Dear Mr. Clough,—I will try to give you some account of the Lord's dealings with my dear daughter. It is over three years since her health failed. Her complaint was of a most flattering nature, as you heard; it was consumption. She was a very sweet-tempered and affectionate girl, and was kindly disposed to every one, yet she evinced no marks of spiritual life till after the death of her dear father, to whom she was very much attached; when she became very studious and cast down. She remarked, "O! If it only was with me like my dear father, who was washed from his sins in the blood of a precious Christ, and longing for his appearing; but," she said, "I am such a sinner, and I never thought I was a sinner before." I was truly glad to hear her say this, as my poor soul had been in anguish for her eternal welfare. I felt if the dear Lord would but give me a token of his grace and mercy towards her I could freely part with her, though she was a much-beloved child of mine. A short time after, these words came to my mind:

"Though the Lord awhile delay,
Mercy they at length obtain."

Also: "At eventide it shall be light;" which gave me some hope and patience to wait the Lord's time and way. But to return. She often told me how she was burdened with

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sin and guilt, and said, "O mother, I am afraid the Lord will not save me, I am such a wretch." When I reminded her that the Lord Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance, then she would say, "O that he would forgive me my sins, and speak pardon to my poor soul. It is all I want; then I should not have a wish to get better. I do not want to live in this poor world any longer to sin against him any more." She frequently desired me to pray for her, and she was glad when I told her they had prayers for her at the prayer meetings. Friend Henry Platt, Mr. Hargreaves, and Mr. Bury came many times to see her and pray for her. She said, "I do not want any one to pray for me to get well again; but I do want them to pray for the Lord to appear for me. I pray many and many a time a day, but he has not answered me yet." This was two months before her death. She was kept longing and beseeching the Lord to appear. She would say to me, "Have you a bit of time to come and try to comfort poor me, for I am a poor wretch?" Soon after this, she said, "I do love the Lord, but I am afraid he does not love me, I am such a poor helpless sinner; but I feel a little hope to-day that the Lord will have mercy on me in his own time. O! I feel I would bless and praise him." I said it would be something indeed to praise him for. "Yes," she said; "I feel if he was to send me to hell I would praise him there." From this time the Lord seemed to give her faith that he would put away her sin, and that he would take her to his dear self. We had many a sweet converse together about better things; indeed, the thought of her death and sickness has left a savour on my spirit yet. When she was able to read for herself, the Book of Psalms, the hymn book, and the "Gospel Standard" were her favourite books. She read a good deal in them, and she used to turn down the leaves where the hymns had been sweet to her; and many a blessed hymn she had for me to look at. One night, when she was going to bed, she said, "O that the dear Lord would be pleased to grant me a little rest; but I do not wish to murmur; my suffering is nothing to what the dear Lord's was, and they added to it by mocking him and platting a crown of thorns and putting it upon his holy head." She was much affected. Another night, when she lay awake, these words came with blessed sweetness to her: "The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want." "O! Mother," she said, "I feel to have a good hope now that the Lord will take me to himself. Now I know there is no religion right but a free-grace religion the same as you believe in, and the same that dear father believed and died in. How foolish for people to talk of saving themselves and trying to save others." A few days before she died she wished all the family to be called up stairs, as if to take her last farewell of them, when she said, "Now I am going to leave you. I have often read of the death of others in the 'Gospel Standard' and in the 'Gleaner,' and have wondered how it would be with me when I came to die. It is my turn now. What a mercy I am not

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afraid to die. I believe the Lord will take me to his dear self; then I shall praise him, shall I not? And I hope the Lord will prepare you all to follow me." Then we all wept, when she said, "It hurts me to see you cry so, for I am going to be better off than you." She then asked for one of her hymns, and I read for her the hymn commencing "Rock of Ages," which she enjoyed very much. She then asked for the book, and said, "I will read one for myself." It was the 471st, which begins:

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face."

She read it with great energy, as loud as I could have read it, and seemed to eat every word. We thought she was going just after, but she rallied again, and was kept crying for her blessed Jesus to come, desiring patience to wait his time; yea, as long as she could speak; and when she could not speak she clasped her hands and raised them, and looked to heaven, and so fell asleep in Jesus without a struggle or even a groan.

I hope you and Mrs. Clough are well; and may the Lord bless you. So prays a poor unworthy one.

MARY CAPSTACK.

Flaxmoss, Elmshore, May, 1872.

JULIUS NEVE.—On March 18th, aged 58, Julius Neve, of Maidenhead.

Mr. Neve was born at Wittersham, May 7th, 1814, and grew up a very worldly young man, and, I have heard him say, one of the most unlikely persons to become religious. He was removed from home to a situation at Maidstone, where a great and manifest change took place. He was then amongst the General Baptists, and was baptized whilst amongst them. Whilst living there he was persuaded by one of his brothers to go and hear a Mr. Smith who was preaching at Hastings; and, if I remember right, his text was, "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." The preacher spoke plainly about election, and the discourse made a deep impression on Mr. N.'s mind. He removed from Maidstone to Camberwell, and there he sat under the late Mr. Irons, whose ministry was the means of instructing and establishing him in the truth.

He was finally settled in providence at Maidenhead, where the Lord was pleased to prosper him in business; but that prosperity was counterbalanced by trials of various kinds. I could name two special ones in particular, one of which continued for years and lasted till death. He had an impression on his mind for years that he should build a chapel, which he did at his own expense. It was opened in May, 1865. He was a fearless defender of truth, and a professor and lover of what he contended for, and a warm-hearted supporter of the cause and the ministers supplying. He enjoyed almost uninterrupted health till laid by at last. He had complained to me at times, within the last few months of his life, of the pains and uneasiness he felt in his bowels, which proved to be from cancer, and finally terminated in stoppage of the bowels.

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The first Lord's day I ever knew him confined at home from affliction for 15 years was the last Lord's day in January, and during the week he took to his bed, never more to come down stairs alive. Soon after he was confined to his bed, he told me the Lord had shown him what idols he had made of his garden, his birds, and his dog; and, he immediately added, "They are nothing to me now, nor anything I have about me." He was kept in a most comfortable and quiet frame of mind during the whole of his illness. At times his bodily sufferings were intense; but under all his sufferings I never heard him murmur, nor did I ever see him impatient.

When I went into his room to see him before going to chapel, on the last day of his life, his mind was in a wandering state; but as soon as I began to talk of spiritual things his mind became quite calm and collected. I said, "Here's another Sabbath day come, and you are very near an eternal Sabbath." His countenance brightened in a moment, and he replied, "Do you think so?" I said, "I am sure of it." He then replied, "I know whom I have believed, and I know that my Redeemer liveth." In the afternoon he sent for me to go into his room, and then he sent for his wife, sons, and the two nurses. He asked me to read and engage in prayer, which I did, and after I had concluded, he said again, before all, "Then you think it will not be long before I am gone?" I replied, "I am sure it will not." I saw him again after the evening service for the last time, and he was then filled with peace that passeth all understanding.

About three o'clock on Monday morning a great change took place, and about three o'clock in the afternoon he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus.

"This much and this is all we know,
He is completely blest,
Has done with sin, and care, and woe,
And does with Jesus rest."

B. G. Collis.

Mrs. Neve.—On April 24th, aged 61, Mrs. Neve, widow of Mr. Julius Neve, of Maidenhead.

Mrs. Neve was born at Ashford, Kent, and brought up to attend church, and one Sunday while at church she was made sensibly to feel what a sinner she was. She suffered from temptation to commit suicide, but was delivered from the temptation, and raised to a comfortable hope by the application of these words: "God is love." There was not that clear deliverance from the bondage of the law into the liberty of the gospel in her case, as in her husband's. Some two or three years after I became acquainted with them, the Lord having prospered them, her mind was much carried away with pride and worldly mindedness, but the Lord knows how both to correct and afflict, and he laid affliction on the body and brought it down to the doors of death and the gates of the grave, and that affliction brought on such weakness in the power of swallowing that she never could after swallow

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any substance as large as a fair-sized pea. She has told me that she has lain in the night and cried by the hour together from the gnawing pangs of hunger, till she has cried herself to sleep.

About the middle of last summer she suffered severely from prostration, and in the autumn dropsy manifested itself, and at the end of the year she was filled to that enormous extent that the water would come forth through the skin; and although the Lord blessed the means for curing the dropsy, there remained disease of liver and heart, which proved fatal. It was astonishing how the Lord blessed her with sufficient health and strength so as just to keep about during the whole of her husband's illness; and I cannot but remember her altered appearance when I saw her after the funeral.

During the time her husband's funeral was taking place the Lord broke into her soul with these lines of Watts's:

"The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his."

She said the sweetness and preciousness of that visit was unspeakable. From that time she gradually sank, and, from the weakness of mind she was then the subject of, conversation was almost impossible. The last two words she uttered that could be understood were, "Happy, happy." After that, she lay in a speechless state for nearly two days, and about five o'clock on Thursday afternoon exchanged time for eternity.

B. G. Collis.

George Fillary.—On Feb. 27th, aged 60, George Fillary, of Baynton, near Melbourne, Victoria.

For more than 26 years my late departed brother in the Lord was, by the good hand of our heavenly Father, translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. I have known him intimately for the last three years. He delighted to talk to me of free discriminating grace and the glorious doctrines of election and effectual calling. His only hope of salvation was by the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus who died for his sins and rose for his justification.

He was born at Horsham, Sussex, Sept. 9th, 1811, and lived in sin for 34 years. When, under the preaching of Mr. Kayworth, the Lord in mercy was pleased to awaken him to a sense of his guilt as a sinner, and, after some months of deep anguish of soul, to give him peace of conscience through the blood of Christ. He had been a great sufferer in body for more than 20 years. At times his mind was dark; at other times he enjoyed the assurance of peace and pardon. His walk was consistent, and entirely in accordance with his profession.

He was insensible for more than two days, but myself and friends have the perfect confidence that he sweetly sleeps in Jesus until the resurrection morning.

Baynton, Victoria, May 16, 1872. William Green, Sen.

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

NOVEMBER, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

EXAMINE YOURSELVES.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. PERT, PREACHED AT FLIMWELL, LORD'S DAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 2ND, 1871.

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?"—2 COR. xiii. 5.

MY dear friends, Paul is here exhorting the church at Corinth to self-examination. And why did he so earnestly exhort them? First of all, because he had the good of souls in his very heart; secondly, he would not have them deceived for a thousand worlds. He knew there were so many different sorts of faith which were not so good as the faith of devils; for we hear that the devils believe and tremble too. O! How many professors there are that never knew what it was to tremble before God for their sins!

As God shall enable me, I shall show what *false faith* is, and what the *faith of God's elect* is, and how those that stand in that faith are often *examining themselves*.

Now, my dear friends, I believe in my inmost soul that the man who went in to sit down at the marriage supper, not having on a wedding garment, believed he had it on, and those that were with him did not suspect him till the king came in and said, "Friend, how camest thou in hither?" But as soon as the Lord spoke, his word was full of majesty, and the man was speechless; and the king said, "Take him away, and cast him into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Again, my dear friends. The five foolish virgins, as well as the wise, had the oil of profession and light in their judgment. But when the bridegroom came, and the wise trimmed their lamps, the foolish found their mistake. They said, "Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out." O! What a solemn thing it is to have a religion that does not stand in the power of God! The wise had no oil to spare. They had but just enough for themselves, and they sent them off to *buy*. (This was their old trade.) And while they were gone to buy, the door was shut.

Again. Look at Ahithophel. What a sad faith his was! He walked to the house of God with David, and David took in all that he said; but, by and by, David found that as soon as he

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had done consulting with him he was consulting with Absalom. His words, though smoother than oil, were drawn swords against David; and so David found him out, that his faith did not stand in the power of God. When Ahithophel found that his counsel was not taken, he went home and hanged himself, and David summed it all up with: "Because they have no changes, therefore they fear not God." He found out the mistake. Ahithophel was not one that examined himself.

Again. What faith Judas must have had. What a masterly man he must have been, so that none of the disciples doubted of him. They made him treasurer, thinking he would manage better than they. But the evangelist said, it was not that he cared for the poor. And O, my dear friends, with all his confidence and faith, he sold his Lord and Master for thirty pieces of silver; and instead of that humbling him, it made him go and throw the money down, and then he went and hanged himself.

Again. If we search the word of God, we shall find one Simon Magus, who seemed as if he had a work of grace, for he believed and was baptized; but it was but in theory; for Peter declares that he was "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity" at the same time.

Again. Look at the stony-ground hearers, the way-side hearers, and the thorny-ground hearers. Now all these had faith in the letter of the word; and the stony-ground hearers not only heard it, but received it with joy; but, when persecution followed, they gave it all up and went back. So that well might Paul say, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith."

Again. We read of another faith. Paul says, in 1 Cor. xiii., a man may have all faith so as to remove mountains, and not have charity; so that there is such a thing as people having all faith; and I say that is worse than what the devils have. "What do you mean?" say you. Why, it may mean one that has had some terror and *some* sweet enjoyment, like Ezekiel's hearers: "They sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, and, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument; for they hear thy words, but they do them not." For their heart was gone after covetousness. Now, how many of these "all faith" men and women there are. When we come to know them, the world even condemns them. They do not mind swearing or getting tipsy; they are like a stumbling horse,—as soon as down they are up again. Their faith removes mountains, things that would be mountains to one that had the faith of God's elect. They stand up as judges; they never condemn themselves. Now such a faith is "all faith,"—what would be so to a tender child of God. Therefore, what a solemn thing it is to be deceived. You and I have to die, and thus you have this very seasonable admonition: "Examine yourselves."

Now, I do not believe that Judas, or the man not having on the wedding garment, or the foolish virgins, ever examined them-

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selves; but they that have a real faith, that stands in the power of God, are often in that spot; and often, to their sorrow, they cannot see their signs. At times it seems all black as hell, and they say with Hart:

"Shock'd at the sight, we straight cry out,
'Can ever God dwell here?'"

And O! What pros and cons it works in the mind: "Perhaps I shall soon die! What is my hope? What foundation am I building on? Am I one of God's children or not? Am I a deceiver, or am I made right?" How the poor soul will strike out, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." And O! What groans, what sighs, what petitions come out of the soul that the Lord would have mercy, deliver, and shine into their hearts. "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." Nineteen out of twenty parts of their time, if their souls are kept alive, they are at this work; and if men and devils were to say all manner of evil against them, they would not say half as much as they say about themselves. How the soul groans, "Dear Lord, I shall soon die! Do not let me be deceived. O, if I might be saved, though, as Job, by the skin of my teeth."

Now there would be none of these things if thou wert a deceived character; for if thou hadst learnt it in theory, and by taking things in a wholesale way, thou couldst act and slash, when thou knowest nothing of heart work. True faith that will set us examining works by love. It is an active principle in the sinner's soul:

"True faith's the life of God;
Deep in the heart it lies;
It lives and labours under load;
Though damp'd, it never dies."

O, what a blessing is faith!—a new man formed in the soul in regeneration, a principle which liveth and abideth; new eyes to see, new ears to hear, new feet to walk. We were like fish; their element is water,—ours was the world. Now the new man must be fed very often, and the poor thing has no power to stop. He that began the good work will perform it. However little the faith is, it will cry to the Lord for help.

Again. As there are new eyes, the man begins to see differently to what he used to do. He used to think if a man was amiable and moral it was all right; now he begins to see the heart must be changed; that it is a work carried on by God, over which he has no control. He has new ears; he had no ears for the gospel. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear; for, verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." So that, my dear friends, here is heavenly provision. Christ, who was to us as a root out of a dry

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ground, so that if we should see him there was no beauty that we should desire him, is now everything. The poor soul wants to know him, whom to know is life eternal. So that where there is real faith it is a living principle, an active principle.

We hear of the *obedience* of faith. Look at Noah, that highly-favoured servant of God: "By faith, Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." "By faith Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." So that you see, wherever faith is, it is an active principle. It will bring a man out of the world, and make him a companion of those who fear the Lord.

"Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" O! How many times God's dear children are asking themselves questions, and proving themselves by God's standard: "To the law and to the testimony. If they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

O! How the poor soul reads of Paul, and how God stopped him; and of what Christ did for Lydia. He goes from one to another, and compares his own experience with theirs, and examines himself; and very often he is no judge; for we are no judges when we get into the dark. Only as God comes can we see where we are right or wrong. See what love the poor soul feels, and yet at another time, under a sense of his own sins, he says, "There be many that say of my soul, There is no hope for him in God." "God hath forsaken him; persecute and take him, for there is none to deliver." He is writing bitter things against himself. He cannot let it alone, and cannot see that he is right. Sometimes the Lord drops in a word like this: "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." O! How sweetly the poor soul swallows down these words, and they seem life and peace to his heart.

Now, by proving yourselves by the Old and New Testament saints, when they were in the dark and when they were in the light, you will sometimes get a little comfort. I once went to see a man who feared greatly that he should be lost. "Well," I said, "you are not in a very bad place; for if you were not afraid, you would not be in need of prayer, nor could you compare notes with the saints. 'For the Lord made darkness, and it was night, wherein all the beasts of the forest did creep forth.' And as for the Lord Jesus Christ, the nearer he got to the end the darker his path was. Did he not cry out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' You are in the footsteps of

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the flock." The poor man said, "I shall praise him again." He was examining to the end. But I believe the devil cannot bear to hear the children of God examining themselves. Sometimes while I am examining myself, asking myself a hundred questions, the devil seems let loose, and all the work of God is out of sight. By and by, the Lord shines again; and O, what striving that the Lord would shew me that I am in the number of God's elect.

But sometimes it is of no use. You and I may read a good man's experience, and feel a knitting of heart to him, yet, by and by, we get into such a place that all the good men's experience in the world will not do. Why? We must have it from God. "A good man shall be satisfied from himself." The soul is examining whether it is hanging on another's experience, because it is a little like his.

And then again, how often, when we feel a little comfortable, and things look smooth, we think we are right; but when things are all turned topsy-turvy, everything in the world looking bad, and we are dark within, then we begin to think we have mistaken the way. Instead of trusting to the Fountain, we are trusting to the streams; and sometimes the Lord is pleased to dry up all the streams, and then, though the poor soul hears, all is hard as steel. And so the Lord brings him off from all these, and he is obliged to hang upon the faithfulness of God, who has said, "Though ye believe not (that is, comfortably, for God's people do believe), yet he abideth faithful." So the poor sinner is obliged to live by faith and walk by faith. And what wonderful helps faith gets. Hart was not far wrong when he said:

"That traveller treads the surest here
Who seldom sees his way."

Do you know what this means? There is not much fear of a man getting far wrong in the dark. He will take good heed to his steps. O, my dear friends, in this place the poor soul wants the power as much as ever he did; for he cannot live upon the naked promise. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." "If heaven above can be measured, and the foundations of the earth searched out beneath, I will also cast off all the seed of Israel for all that they have done, saith the Lord." So that, my dear friends, the poor soul finds that he has a faith that will stand in the dark; that on this Rock the Lord will build his church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

The poor child of God does not doubt the doctrines of grace. He has learned them by blessed experience; but the question is, "Am I one of the children? Is my spot their spot? Is the world a wilderness to me? What companions have I? What society do I keep? Am I a follower of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises, or am I half-hearted?" Let conscience speak. "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith." Prove yourselves by God's testimony. In this place I am forced to read the word of God; and am I not pleased to find I have

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one mark like a saint? God's children are often asking how stand matters. There will be a time when nothing but the faith of God's elect will stand; for without this real faith it is impossible to please God. How the poor soul groans! I have been asked at such times, "What is the matter?" I have sighed and groaned as if in pain. "Ah," says one, "but if I had had the evidences you have had, I should not be so." But the more the children of Israel were oppressed, the more they multiplied and grew. "Lord, in trouble have they visited thee; they poured out a prayer when thy chastening was upon them." And, O! If they can get an answer to their cry, they say, "He hath delivered, in whom we hope he will yet deliver." He hath promised never to forsake the work of his hands. He will guide by his counsel and afterwards receive to glory. And I can tell you, there would be a schism in the body if one member were wanting.

"Well," says one; "I never before heard so much about one's self." But it is a personal thing. What good would it be to his soul to find such or such a one was gone to heaven, though he might feel thankful. The poor soul wants to know for himself; he wants to assure his own heart that it is all right; he wants the blood of atonement applied again and again.

Those who have a genuine work are tried. Peter says, "The trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire." A faith in the letter is a dead faith that hath no works. "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." How little of this faith we see in the day we live in! It is a thing which cannot be hid; it is like leaven which is hid and works till the whole is leavened. The more it is oppressed, the more it flourishes. The Lord knows his dear people have but little of it. "O ye of little faith!" So that you see those that have real faith often have doubts and fears. Sometimes they can say, "Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." But as soon as the Lord hides his face, sin and Satan make havoc; and often, when the soul has spoken feelingly, is he not sorry he ever opened his mouth? But, by and by, when the right string is touched again, he cannot help speaking again.

O, my dear friends, "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" He is in his people's hearts as a light shining in a dark place; he dwells in their hearts, and is the true light, and their life. "I give unto my sheep eternal life;" and the blessed Spirit makes it known. "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." He quickens to make the soul feel that all the world calls good or great will not satisfy.

Again. Christ dwells in his people's hearts by *precious* faith. Sometimes faith is longing after him, sometimes seeking after

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him, sometimes looking to him; casting its cares on him, rolling crosses on the arm of Omnipotence. "How that Jesus Christ is in you." Paul says, "Christ in you, the hope of glory." Now, what hope has the dear child of God, if he takes away Christ? He is the "hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble." Of faith, Christ is the object; Christ formed in the poor sinner's soul, causing hope to spring up; "for we are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" Some will say, "How do you know it is Christ?" But it *is* he; and sometimes he makes to spring up a hope that you would not part with for a thousand worlds. "Ah," says some poor sinner, "it seems very often as if the devil dwelt in me, and I say, 'Can ever God dwell here? I must be deceived.'" But, O, the dissatisfaction that is felt while he says, "I want the Lord to appear and drive out the buyers and sellers, and take possession of my whole soul." If I have not been deceived I have felt that, and hoped it would always be so. I find as long as the dear Lord was with the disciples they did not fast; but the time was to come when the Bridegroom was to be taken from them, and then they would fast.

"Except ye be reprobates." What a line the apostle draws! We are either Christ's, and he is dwelling in us, or we are in the state in which we were born. There is no knowing who is or who is not a child of God till he becomes a new creature, and faith is a part of this new creation. What a solemn thing! We are reprobates if we know nothing of this self-examination. Where it is going on, sometimes it is the first thing, and it comes over the soul: "What is all the world? I shall soon die! O! If I did but know I was one of God's dear children, I could go through anything!"

May the Lord command his blessing, make it spirit and life to your poor souls, and his dear name shall have the praise.

It is only God who can, but never will (except in wrath), bring any man's condition to his mind; for then his condition should be changed almost every moment, so mutable is man's mind. God will not bring the condition of the wicked to their mind, except in wrath, as was said; for, as their outward prosperity doth increase, so do their desires after more. And the wise man tells us, "The eye is never satisfied with seeing." And the more they have, the more they crave. They can never have enough. And for the godly themselves, they are not so free from covetousness as they should be, but still need to learn this lesson of contentment, and to be learning of it all their days. And most commonly, if not always, God by his grace brings their minds to their conditions, and not their conditions to their minds. And for this, wise Agur prays. (Prov. xxx. 9.) Two dangerous extremes he prays against; the one is poverty, that would breed discontent, in that his mind might be below his condition, debased to vile and sinful practices, as stealing, &c. The other is riches; they would breed discontent, in that his mind would be above his condition, and that would lift him up to base pride and forgetfulness of God; therefore he begs a suitableness and conveniency between his mind and his condition: "Feed me with food convenient."—*Bunyan.*

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ALL FOR GOOD.

The Lord abundantly bless my dear Friend. Amen.

It is from no want of affection or willingness that I have not written before, but from a constant letting or hindering crowding the mind, so that I cannot do the things that I would. I am glad to find that by my writing your hope is still encouraged, and that as to the best object, namely, a fuller manifestation of the love of God towards you, in and through Jesus Christ; and that it is encouraged as to the best channel, namely, an increasing knowledge of the great and precious promises treasured up in Christ; yet you still complain of poverty of soul. Here, then, is the right hope in the right character. "The poor hath hope." They that hunger for Christ as revealed in his word, those who in heart embrace the promises in hope to find the manifestation of Christ as promised, have good ground to expect a fuller manifestation of him in his good time. "He that hath my word and keepeth it, he it is that loveth me; and I will manifest myself to him." The promises are the honeycomb in which the sweet honey of his favour and presence is found; and those who take hold on it with faith (persuasion), and receive it in the mouth of desire, shall by and by taste the sweetness in the affection of the mind. They shall suck and be satisfied with that blessed milk. Those who mourn, being disconsolate because of their sins, sinfulness, darkened unbelief, hardness, deadness, barrenness, coldness towards and want of zeal for God, because of his absence, shutting up in prayer, the want of spiritual food and refreshment of soul, because so little opening towards God, so little fellowship and communion of spirit with him,—those who feel a spirit of heaviness on account of these things, will surely find better days and happier experience; for Christ is Christ the anointed for that end. He is "anointed to give the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He is the fat olive tree, full of the heavenly anointing oil to light up the lamp (the spirit of the mind), and also to give refreshment, joy, and gladness. Then the wheel will go, spiritual life will be in motion, and freedom of soul in the ways of God. All you need is in the covenant of grace, well ordered to meet your wants. It is all in the covenant promises; the promises contain all the covenant contains, and nothing can be more sure than what God hath promised: "He is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it;" "Blessed is she that believeth; for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord." Our life is a brittle thread; with a touch it goes. The earth is as a vapour that passeth away; time is a tale that is told. All creation, comparatively, is a dream, "but the word of God endureth for ever;" and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you. Satan cannot hurt you; you are kept by the power of God and shall be delivered. The evidence is, your hoping with the patience of hope in the word of God. "Ye are

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kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, *ready to be revealed.*" God's power keepeth you till the set time to deliver; and all things are ready. This abundant grace is "*ready to be revealed.*" Our time to have it is always ready; but the Lord's time is the best. "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will keep thee;" "I will manifest myself to him that hath my word." O! How dishonouring to God is slavish fear! It is the offspring of Satan, the fruit of unbelief. It reproaches the word as if not true, and the good work of God in us which gives us to feel we are the characters to whom the word speaks. It reproaches the faithfulness of God as if he would not be as good as his word. It produceth impatience, hardness, shutting up, and despondency. It darkens the air, causes the mind to waver; in fact, it keepeth up a continual looking to Satan's paintings and glasses, and contradicteth the Spirit of Christ in his testimony and his word.

Through this unpleasant inhabitant, how short we live of our privileges, for the very things that make for us we fear are making against us! Little, O, little do we understand the meaning of that word: "*All* things *work* together for good to them that love God." We readily conclude the smiles of God, the light of his countenance upon us, evince tokens for good,—the outpouring of his Spirit, the exercising of his grace in the heart towards him, the warming of his love, access to him at the throne of his grace, fellowship and communion with him,—I say we readily admit that these things, when enjoyed, are working good for us, and we feel gratitude to sing of these mercies; but how little skilled we are to sing of his judgments, and to conclude our worst things are working good; whereas, these things often are for our greatest good, even the plague of sin itself. God would not permit it to abide unless glory came to his name from bringing good out of evil. Doth not a sense of our depravity oppose our pride? Doth it not convince us of the insufficiency of our own righteousness and need of a Saviour? Do we not groan under it, and for relief from it?

Again. All afflictions and crosses are working good; they teach us many useful lessons, as also all the persecutions and trials we have to cope with.

Now, if all are for good, then nothing is for hurt. They work together, are *now* working good. Then the present dispensation, the present cross, affliction, trial, darkness, deadness, or whatever circumstance, state, or condition, all are *now* working for good. How wrong, then, to fear this or that is for hurt, and will not end well. "Surely I know it shall be well with them that fear God, who fear before him." Then the main thing is, Have we his fear? Do we love him? As to having his fear, there is abundant evidence; he hath planted it in our hearts; and as to our loving him, let him come near, let his rays be felt, and our affections glow towards him. And when he is absent do we not desire him? All is well and will end well. Let us hope in

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the Lord, and cleave to him; for with him is plenteous redemption.

I write not this because you are backward, but to add proof to proof you are in the right way.

Mr. B—— has called on me, and I hope and trust wherein he is wrong he has seen it with sorrow, and thereby giveth honour to the cause of God. I, therefore, feel the opposition in my heart to fall, and, like Abraham touching Isaac, receive him as from the dead. Affectionately,

April 9th, 1824. D. FENNER.

COMFORT ALL THAT MOURN.

My dear Brother, whose Life is hid in Christ,—Christ is wisdom, and in his wisdom he set down in eternity, in the archives of heaven, the very time when your dear departed partner should be born, when you should be united, how long that union should continue, and when it should be dissolved. But, my dear brother, this dissolving touches not the union of your ransomed and blood-washed souls. Your late partner is now more happy, but not more secure, than you who are left a little longer on earth to mourn, and for God's glory and Zion's good.

Well, my brother, though called awhile to mourn, yet here is comfort for you, to know that she was of noble birth, of divine extraction, an heir of glory, a daughter of Zion, the King's daughter, begotten again to an inheritance incorruptible, into which her happy soul is conveyed, through the blood of the everlasting covenant and the raiment of needlework. Being one of the King's daughters, she was all fair within; and the time of her presentation having arrived, the King gives commandment to disease to work at the foundation of the house, to undermine it, so that it might fall, when the messenger came with the chariot of heaven's love to carry her into the mansion which love had made ready for her reception in glory. She is gone, but not for ever. No. There will come a meeting time again, and that meeting will be eternal.

> "Then among that blood-wash'd throng
> We'll shout glory to our King,
> While the heavenly arches ring."
> And through all eternity we'll rejoice,

And Ephraim their father mourned and many of his brethren came to comfort him." And so Job's "friends came to mourn with him and to comfort him." And so the "Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother." The word tells us, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men." Now I can come to your house of mourning in spirit, whilst I cannot come in body; and can mourn with you in your present circumstance of trouble, and feel a brother's part with you, having been called to pass through the same.

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This morning, something said to me, "Write to Mr. ——." Then the thought came, "What! I write to a man of such abilities as Mr. ——. What can I say to him in a way of comfort under his heavy bereavement? But, right or wrong, as soon as my hands were at liberty, I said, "I will write;" and I set to it. And my heart's desire is that I may come to you as a comforter in what I write. God says, "Comfort ye my people;" and I know it is not in the power of the dead in sin so to do; for they know nothing of comfort, neither the Comforter. Your God is the "God of *all* comfort," who can "turn your mourning into joy," and who has said, "I will;" so that under him as your Comforter he will give you the "oil of joy for mourning," until sorrow and mourning shall flee away. And he who has taken will also give, and give you strength and grace for your day.

My brother, our God is a great God, the God of *all* comfort; and as he is the God of all comfort, then he has comfort for every care in the family; so that Paul could say, "We are comforted of God." "The Lord shall comfort Zion." Ah, my brother, in this cold, doomed world, have you not many times found him through Jesus pour comforts into your troubled soul, when sources from which others drew comfort were miserable comforts to you? When our God puts a cup of bitters in the hands of his children, he has sweets to mingle with it; and though he cause sorrow, yet will he support, sustain, uphold, and turn sorrow into joy. And O! Many times has he done this for you. He is thy God, thy Jesus still, and I believe he will be with you in the present trouble, so that you shall be enabled to say, "It is the Lord;" "It is well." "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

> "'Tis sweet to lie passive in his hands,
> And know no will but his."

Ah! What a blessedness to be brought here! We do not get here by nature. What a wonderful thing is that grace which teaches a man to deny self, that proud monster that would have all its own way and not be crossed! May the God of all comfort be with you; in these waters of affliction there will not then be an overflowing. It is when we are passing through that we want the "I will be with thee." And as God cannot fail, neither so can his promise. This you have known; and may your soul be kept peaceful and quiet, stayed on the Lord. "I will never leave thee" is the word of Zion's King. Then, my brother, he will be with you. And the word, "Fear not; it is I,"—I who love thee, I who will strengthen thee, I who will uphold thee, will be sweet unto you whilst called to pass affliction's path. O! May you realize in your soul the word of Jesus to his disciples: "I will not leave you comfortless." He is the best of comforters; indeed, he is the only one. The word, the means, the minister, a brother by letter,—not a drop of comfort from any without all-precious Jesus. He it is who is the mainspring to put all in motion; so

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that there shall be wells for us to draw from. Yes; Jesus must fill the well, and then make us draw. It is now that you want to draw upon your Jesus. And he has encouraged you by saying, "Ask what you will;" and whatsoever is good for you shall be given, for God has said it, and he will never go back from his word. May he, then, be a God of all comfort to your soul; so that whilst you have sorrow, you may know he is "the Lord who comforteth thee." And this God may do with or without means as he pleases.

I know not; you may have had many a friend come to comfort you in your trouble by letter, and God may have used them to that end; and I would cast in my mite among the great ones, hoping he may make some word herein a means to comfort you too in your trouble. Know that there must be supplies for every day. The woman's mite was much noticed. I send this with a "Who can tell but God may make a plaister out of it to soothe the wound?" He woundeth and he healeth by whom and by what means he pleaseth. He has all remedies in his dispensary; and when he dispenses he gives power to the medicine to heal. May you find him the good Physician in your present case, bringing peace,—peace unto your soul.

Well, my dear brother, your late partner will not return to you; but O the love of God to your soul that you can say, "I shall go to her." And I know you can say so, through the grace given you, secured in Christ Jesus before the world was. O the wonders grace has done for you, for me, whose feet made haste to hell; and but for grace you and I had gone in thereat at last. But now through grace appearing, and teaching us, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life; and our salvation is nearer every day. The time of our departure is at hand; it may be this year; who can tell? Well; to die will be gain. Yes, God has been a God of grace and mercy unto you, and he has used you for his glory and his Zion's welfare; and if it be his will, I hope he will yet make use of you upon the mountains of Zion, and cause you still to send forth bread, water, and wine, for the sons and daughters of Zion to feed upon. Your work is great; but you have a great God who has great supplies. Yea, a fulness that he can fill his vessels from, so that they shall have strength for their day and their work, and say, "Our sufficiency is of God, who filleth all in all." God cannot do without his people because he will not; and they cannot do without God because he has taught them that without him they can do nothing to his glory.

May the dear Lord strengthen your hands for your work; and when he hath done with you here say, "It is enough. Come in, thou blessed, and sit by me. With my own blood I ransomed thee. Come, taste my perfect favour."

Yours in Christian Love,

36, Havelock Street, Canterbury. J. ROWDEN.

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THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings."—MAL. iv. 2.

LET worldlings boast of all their load
Of learning, wealth, or fame;
God's choicest blessings are bestow'd
On those who fear his name.

This godly fear preserves the soul
Amidst ten thousand snares,
Pernicious errors, dark and foul,
And soul-corroding cares.

This fear the God of heaven imparts
To souls whom he makes wise,—
To humble, broken, contrite hearts,
In spiritual exercise.

Whilst travelling on, 'midst groans and sighs,
A lively hope it brings,
When Christ the glorious Sun doth rise
With healing in his wings.

When in dark paths, devoid of light,
This Sun's bright shining ray
Can pierce the darkest shades of night,
And bring eternal day.

Poor Little Faith, cheer up, and grope
Among the tombs no more;
Thy God will not destroy thy hope;
Salvation's at the door.

Thy hope, though small, 's ordain'd to be
An anchor to thy soul;
'Twill show his faithfulness to thee,
When troubles o'er thee roll.

In sore affliction, when he lays
On thee his chastening rod,
He'll bring thee forth, and thou shalt praise
A wonder-working God.

The word of God e'er standeth fast;
And, though thy pace be slow,
He'll grant thee dying strength at last;
To heaven thou soon shalt go.

Eternal love hath so arranged,
Sin shall no more annoy;
Thy mourning days shall be exchanged
For everlasting joy.

C. S.

How harmless is defamation from a fellow-creature, when the great Creator smiles!—*Hervey.*

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THE BAPTISTS IN AMERICA.

Dear Brother in Christ,—I have read the "Gospel Standard" for a little more than three years, and have felt a sweet fellowship for those generally whose sentiments and experiences have been presented through its pages. At my suggestion, also, a few of my brethren took it the past year, and some more are taking it this year. The doctrine it contains is precious to them, and the experiences related in it speak to their own; and they, as well as myself, acknowledge to having been comforted and profited in reading it. We cannot but feel that those who are represented by it are one with us in the dear Saviour, though separated very widely upon the earth and under different earthly Governments. The power of grace breaks down earthly distinctions and removes national prejudices.

Within the past year or two there have appeared in the "Standard" a few intimations by correspondents that the Old School Baptists were not the church of God, and that the truth is not preached among them. This has very much surprised us, and we have felt grieved that such a mistaken view should appear in the "Standard," and have wondered why it should be so. I think you will allow me to write a little upon this subject through your magazine. It seems to me that the cause of truth requires that I should do so.

About forty years ago, you are aware, the Baptists in this country separated, those who held to the doctrine and order of the scriptures coming out from among those who held Arminian doctrine, or general atonement, and who desired to follow new and popular practices. This separation took place in churches in different parts of the country a thousand miles apart at about the same time. It was the work of the Lord. In most cases those who came out were few in comparison with the others. In derision they were at first called "Old School" by their enemies, but they accepted the name, and by it are generally known. In some places, however, they are called "Particular," in others "Primitive," and in others "Regular" Baptists; while those who hold the general atonement doctrine, and receive the popular institutions of men, are known as "New School," "General," and also "Regular" Baptists. The Old School are still few in comparison with other religious denominations, and the churches are scattered. In some parts of this large country a hundred miles separate nearest churches, though there are some of the Lord's manifested children scattered all through the country, who often go long distances to hear the word preached and to sit down in communion with their brethren. The Old School Baptist Church is the only Church that holds the doctrines of Election, Predestination, the Preservation of the Saints through Grace to Glory, and all the precious truths of the scripture unmixed with any worldly doctrine, and which maintains the order of the gospel. True, this doctrine may be held in the letter by those who have never been

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made alive; but the fact that there are hypocrites who may for a long time elude detection is no reason that we should regard with suspicion those who "contend earnestly for the faith." Wherever there is a church of Christ there will necessarily be seen sound doctrine and scriptural order, and they only can "hold fast the form of sound words *in faith and love*" who have been taught of the Lord.

Within forty years many have gone out from the Old School Baptist Church. Some churches are still called by the name, while they eat their own bread and wear their own apparel; but the churches of Christ remain in fellowship with each other, except in some instances, where the personal ambition or bitterness of some preacher who is an ingenious deceiver has produced an estrangement for a time between churches and brethren. It has been my privilege to visit churches two thousand miles apart, and to hear in each the same precious doctrine of salvation by sovereign grace preached, the same sweet experience of salvation from the awful depths of sin by the precious blood of Christ told, to see the same living faith manifested, and the same order maintained. Here was the unity of the spirit manifested between those unknown to each other in the flesh.

Upon the points of difference in doctrine between the Old School Baptists and those who have separated from and oppose them, I have seen with satisfaction that the views held by us have been expressly stated and taught in the "Standard," and especially in some of the "Meditations" and sermons of Mr. Philpot that I have read. Such are the eternal Sonship of Christ and the eternal, vital union between Christ and the church.

In New York City there seems to have been much trouble in past years, and some divisions that have been caused by personal bitterness between members. The church there is small, and many of the Lord's children are no doubt standing alone, or in disorderly connexions. In Middletown, N.Y., where "The Signs of the Times" is published, which is a medium of correspondence between the Old School Baptists and a paper that has been a comfort to thousands of the scattered poor of the flock for the past forty years, there is a little company opposed to us, formed of some who were excluded from the Old School Baptist Church and some who have joined with them. The one who was most prominent among them, T. T., an Englishman, has returned to the church, and I trust others may yet see their error and return in true humility.

It has been very common for the popular Baptists to ignore the existence of the Old School when inquired of by any who are seeking a place of truth, and to represent themselves as the real old order of Baptists, sometimes calling themselves Old School. I conclude that John Tatley, who wrote the obituary of his wife published in the "Standard" for March, fell among these Baptists, from what he said of them. He certainly did not describe the real Old School Baptists. I do not know of any

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church of our order in the place he mentioned, nor in Peoria, Illinois, from where he wrote.

I have written briefly concerning these things, not wishing to occupy much space. I feel that the intimations to which I have alluded are wrong, and calculated to mislead. Many of the dear children of God have come from England to this country, and some have waited long, looking for kindred in Christ, until they have almost concluded there were none here. But when they have found the Old School Baptists (who are really so) they have felt a union of soul with them. In a country so wide, where churches of the same faith and order are distant from each other over three thousand miles by the most direct railroad communication, and especially in a denomination where each church is independent of every other, and fellowship between them is manifested and maintained only by a friendly correspondence and corresponding and associational meetings, it is not to be wondered at that there should be found ministers and churches that have a name to live while they are dead. We do not understand exactly how it is with you in England, how many errors are held by some called Particular Baptists; but I presume it would be incorrect to say that the truth is not preached among the Particular Baptists, though there may be many erroneous men and churches among them.

In the three churches which I serve, one of which is 120 miles from my home by railroad, which I visit once a month, the Lord is granting us some sweet seasons of refreshing from his presence. I feel very poor, and have many sore trials of which I have not now space to speak; yet it pleases my dear Saviour to manifest himself to me from time to time in wonderful loving-kindness and tender mercy, delivering my soul from the power of the enemy, and granting his blessing upon my poor labours. Many of our sister churches also, which are, for the most part, blessed with a sound, faithful, experimental ministry, are enjoying a refreshing season at this time, while some are mourning a cold and dark state. Could you visit the dear brethren here, either at their homes, or when at their meetings they sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, I feel sure, from my acquaintance with you all through the "Standard," that you would feel a sweet union and fellowship with them; for truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ; and that you would agree with us that it is a great mistake to say that the truth is not preached among us, not in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

Your Brother in a precious Redeemer,

SILAS H. DURAND.

Herrick, Bradford County, Pennsylvania,
April 11, 1872.

[It appears from the above letter, and, indeed, we know from other sources that it is so, viz., that it has been in America as it was in England. Formerly the Baptists were *one*, holding the truth firmly

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in its integrity. Then a party of Arminian caste separated; and these were called General Baptists, those who remained being called "Particular Baptists," and holding strictly to close communion as well as to the doctrines. Subsequently general invitations and exhortations were introduced amongst these latter; and these again led to Arminianism, or a mixture of Arminianism and Calvinism; so that no one can tell what language the preacher speaks. It is these general invitations, &c., that have most to be watched against, as far as doctrines are concerned, in *our* churches in the present day. We rejoice to know that the real Old School Baptists in America discard these general invitations, &c., as much as we do, and will not join with any who do not.]

A MISUNDERSTANDING RECTIFIED.

A letter by A. B., objecting to a remark of mine in the Sept. No. of the "Gospel Standard," I beg to offer a few remarks thereon.

If A. B. will read again what I say on baptism, I think he will see his mistake in concluding, as he does, that I seem to imply that believers' baptism is a saving ordinance, and that a good conscience cannot be obtained without it. Certainly neither of these is the case. I said, "The *answer* of a good conscience; not *a good conscience*, but the *answer;* which is something more, as the answer to a question is more than the question. The baptized one, who had the good conscience before he went down into the water, comes up out of the water, hearing the voice of conscience answering approvingly to the deed; and thus baptism is the *answer* of a good conscience, and is obtained only in the water.

Every thing in its own order. He who eateth blood, or flesh, contrary to the voice of his conscience, defiles that conscience, and must submit to hear its murmurs; while he who obeys its dictates, hears it answering approvingly and giving that peace such conscience affords.

Knowledge, understanding, conscience, and will are wonderfully interwoven in man, and very often indeed,—and in the Lord's family, too, it is to be feared that the will does violence to the other three. The absence of knowledge often leads the conscientious man astray. When Paul said, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall," he had not sufficient knowledge on the subject he touched, and on being instructed he apologized. Christ said, "They know not what they do;" and Paul said, "Had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." So, in the absence of knowledge, many do most conscientiously oppose believers' baptism, and consequently conscience is quiet; but once let sufficient knowledge *on that subject* be obtained, the understanding enlightened *on that subject*, the conscience soon speaks, and the good conscience too. The will begins to operate, and, if not opposed by some external or internal power, the good conscience seeks to the water for answer to its demands; and finds that baptism is the *answer* of a good conscience toward God. (1 Pet. iii. 21.)

EXCERPTA.

O my soul! It is but a little while and there will be an eternal end of all thy sorrows, fears, trials, and disappointments; yet a little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry; that heavenly Bridegroom who has, by his Spirit, betrothed thee to himself, will, ere long, invite thee into his eternal kingdom, where thou wilt forget the storms and tempests, clouds and darkness, in thy passage through this wilderness world; and all shall be joy and peace, love and praise.—*Berridge.*

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"AND CAST THE BAD AWAY."

My very dear Friend in unalterable Bonds,—Your very kind and truly welcome epistle came to hand on the 26th inst. The cause of the delay in my reply has been owing to my leaving town, and, of course, the letter lay at my old residence until my son came down and brought it with him.

I am at this time in Brighton, with wife, family, goods, and chattels. We removed here in April, in compliance with a very pressing invitation, and I have not had much cause to repent. However, I am not much taken with Brighton, although the residence of royalty and the parade of splendour. No, believe me, I would rather finish my few remaining days,—if there are any remaining,—in the sweet solitude of a rural lane, though I well know it is not the *place* but the *grace* that makes our earthly bliss.

The contents of yours has much surprised me in regard to —— and the boot-closer of Gornal. However, instead of these things shaking our faith, they are rather of a confirming kind, and prove very plainly "they are not all Israel who are of Israel," and that whilst preaching gathers a great multitude into a profession, the gathering of a few into the vessel and the casting the bad away is still going on. This I witnessed literally on the coast the other day. I saw a net brought to shore with, I suppose, full a hundredweight of fish in it, but I do not think there were more than half the number gathered into the vessel. Some were run away with by the boys, being of no value to the fishermen; some were trampled under foot as not worth picking up, and some the fishermen flung into the sea with a curse, being so troublesome to get out of the net. Just such as the men would, they put into the vessel to preserve for a better use. This done, they pushed out to sea again for another draught, apparently as regardless of the winds and waves as though they had been on shore. Nor did they seem to be half as much afraid of a little water as some of our pseudo-sprinkling men; for they pushed the boat before them, walking down into the water till it was deep enough to swim in. They then jumped into the boat; and this appeared to be their common practice.

Now this has been the common course of preaching during all ages, and I believe will be until the great design of God concerning the human race is accomplished, and the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls hath divided the sheep from the goats. I well know this solemn separation is very distressing to witness; but this distress and perplexity were designed and plotted by the devil when he first acted upon their natural bent for religion, and made them rapturous, stony-ground hearers, a few flashes of natural conscience for open sins causing them to reform, and their reformation passing for conversion amongst the godly. Having got them into a forward false profession, Satan begins to try their natural abilities, and, finding one here and there

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pretty adroit, immediately sends him to Mr. Talkative for education. As soon as that old dotard (1 Tim. vi. 4) hath received his promising young pupil, he begins to tell him of the fall of man, the deformity of the heart, and the total inability of man to do anything towards his own salvation; that salvation is all of grace; that grace is sovereign; that the justification of sinners is by imputation, and salvation not of works but wholly by grace. When the devil perceives his young pupil has made tolerable progress in Talkative's school, he begins to think of making his young playful goat somewhat useful; so he writes him a note upon the fleshly tables of his heart (Col. ii. 18), and says, "My dear young friend, what a pity but that you had an opportunity of exercising your gifts. You know you are clever in arguments, you are very sound in your judgment, and you have very good ability in defining the doctrines; and were you to addict yourself to religion a little more closely, in a short time you would be able to preach better than most who stand up. You know what a very high and honourable post the ministry is, and there are many emoluments arising from it, and much respectability appertaining to it. Furthermore, I do not wish you to preach Arminianism; I have fools enough employed on board that hulk, raking ballast to make the excellent creature, man, capable of relying upon his own bottom, and steering his own course into the kingdom of heaven by the never-failing compass of his own will; and though, at times, they will get hold of the chart of revelation, which I know is able to 'make wise to salvation,' yet I have never once missed being with every one of them, to slip betwixt their eyes and the inspired page my very famous eye-glass, which invariably prevents their seeing any text they are not instantly tempted to twist to their own purpose; for I am always afraid lest they should 'see with their eyes and hear with their ears,' and be converted and healed; so that I am obliged to attend to them very closely. Indeed, I never think it prudent to leave them to themselves. I don't object to your holding truth, if you hold it in unrighteousness. I will leave you to yourself, and never stir up your lusts; allow you to reform your life, and will not plague your heart. You shall sweep out your old practices and former companions, and become as prudent in your own sight as a man could wish to be. (Isa. v. 20, 21.) You may read sound authors, steal the word from your neighbours as much as you like; I'll not distress you about that. You may for pretence make many prayers, ay, and fine prayers too. I will never baffle you. You may use strong and striking language, and appear unto men to pray."

Ah, my dear friend, it is almost impossible to say to what length of temptation the devil can and is permitted, at times, to lead and drive unregenerate men. He hurries Balaam's covetous heart to tempt the Almighty to change his mind and give him leave to vent the bitter invectives of his malicious soul against the beloved Israel of God; and, behold, to accomplish this,

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ransacks the whole Moabitish territories to find a fit instrument for his work. Yet he that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, and in solemn derision saith, "My counsel shall stand." "Not if I can prevent it," says the devil. "Therefore up, Balaam, and be doing. I long to see you mounted." "Well," saith the Lord, "an angel shall withstand him, an affliction shall befall him, the dumb ass shall rebuke him." "All these are externals," saith the devil, "and I esteem brazen convictions as rotten wood. Let me but keep my lodging within, and I care not for what you can do without. I will tempt him to esteem your iron purposes as straw; he shall think that he can pluck those straw bands asunder (Job xli. 27, 28; Ps. ii. 3, &c.), and prevent the determinate counsels, and so disinherit Israel of their promised rest. Now," says the devil, "I long to see you upon your high places; and the first thing you do you must invoke God very solemnly; but mix it up with a little of your old carnal conjurations; and as you know seven is a lucky number, you must have seven altars, seven bullocks, seven rams, and offer a bullock and a ram on every altar. You shall have a glorious day, and strut from altar to altar." "Well," saith the Lord, "and I will put my word in his mouth, and use his tongue to declare the truth." "I won't fall out with him on that account," saith the devil. "Whilst I have his heart I don't care who has his tongue. With the word of the Lord in his mouth and the devil of hell in his heart, his mouth full of gospel and his heart full of covetousness, this can never disturb me. It will only make him a more shining character in my service. "So, O," says the devil, "things go on well." "No; not quite so well as I could wish," saith Balaam; "for I thought before this to have feathered my nest; but every time I go to speak I am sure to blab out something that offends Balak, and I would not do it for all the world if I could help it; but when my heart would curse, my mouth utters nothing but blessing; and I cannot reverse it, or rest assured I would." "Well, well," quoth the devil, "though we cannot as yet perform our enterprise, have a bit of patience. All my cards are not played. You know the daughters of Moab are fair, and that the men of Israel are wanton. Set the trap, and then drive them into the snare. If we can only prevail upon them to sin, the Lord will forsake them; their Rock will give them up. Then shall one Moabite chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight. Old Balak will think you have fixed a spell upon them, and you will get the money. Don't alarm yourself. I have not filled you with a spirit of covetousness with any design to disappoint you. My kingdom is not so divided against itself."

Here, my friend, is a strange scene,—the mixed multitude; a lusting in the very midst of Israel; a tempting devil; a parson possessed of plenty of cunning and carnal policy; a potent monarch in the field at the head of armed thousands, watching for an occasion against Israel; Moabitish damsels waiting to

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become handmaids of the devil; professors by scores, yea, by thousands, wallowing in sin; Baalpeor and the sacrifices of the dead cried up; the *weak* and *timid* of Israel ready to sink into their shoes for fear; some prostrate before the Lord with broken hearts; the courageous officers in the church fired with holy jealousy for the honour of God's church; censure passed upon the transgressors; twenty thousand appointed to the slaughter; godly parents moaning the death of ungodly children; thousands pale with surprise at the death of some of whom they had hoped better things. Ah, my dear friends, all the trouble and distress were not reserved for our days; and though the enemy will often suggest that there never were such awful goings on as there are now, it will be well to remember that no temptation hath overtaken us but such as is common to men, and God is faithful to deliver us. Remember, it is part of the cross to carry the reproach that others procure. I remember once, in a sore temptation, being driven on my knees again and again, and one time, feeling a little freedom and sacred importunity, I was enabled to tell the Lord that I really did commit the keeping of my soul into his hands, and if I did fall I would fall out of his hands. Although I have not always the grace to be in lively exercise of prayer and faith, yet I have often found it good to try, even in the worst condition of soul. The temptation that drives the saint on his knees, drives the wicked to his feet. (Job xviii. 2.) While the soul is afflicted by the devil, he is in safety; but when Satan brings things which are not troublesome, and draws the fleshly feelings of our hearts to love them, there is the greatest danger of our falling.

I have suffered sorely, twice, since I saw you, in the following way: The devil came at me, as the common saying is, right and left. In his right hand he brought me an open temptation; but in his left a closed one. When he hurled the open one at me, he secretly unfolded the other, in stirring up confidential feeling, contrary to the besetment, and slyly wrought upon me to tell him to his face that there was no danger of my ever doing any such thing, that my days were almost spent, and therefore I was not afraid but the few remaining days of my life I should be kept and should not trouble myself about his temptation. But, ah! When he had tempted me to indifference, surely, surely, no one can tell with what force he redoubled the attack, until I thought I should surely have been overcome. At the same time conscience flogged me for attempting to repel his force in my own strength, and for treating his temptations with indifference. This led me to see more beauty in James's admonition: "*Resist* the devil, and he will flee from you;" "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you." The admonition is to those who have foul hands and double hearts; and when we are tempted to hold the truth in unrighteousness, this will sully the hands of faith and hope. Not that it can pollute the graces, but it may so clog and benumb them that we cannot keep hold. (Heb. ii. 1.) O,

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what a horrible companion is a double heart! Well might James say, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." This, I think, is the devil's masterpiece in man's soul; I mean in a godly man's soul; for none else are troubled with heart against heart, will against will, desire against desire; a desire to pray in the spirit, and an unwillingness to go on our knees; a real willingness to hear the word doctrinally, practically, and experimentally preached, and the devil taking the fiddle of the world and the fleshly heart dancing and jigging about until the new man of the heart is almost compelled to cry out, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Meshech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!"

I am almost in the midst of all evil in the great congregation. I loathe it, I loathe it. I would not live always. O how powerfully can the tempter invade the heart and gain upon the soul! The devil's breath is the health of the old man, and the old man is fond of inhaling the hellish effluvia; and when the wicked one has invigorated our old man, which tends to weaken and make sickly the new man, he will immediately ask the conscience for an evidence of interest in Christ, knowing his eyes are too full of dust to read his title-deeds. "Now," says Satan, "where is now thy God? Where are thy joys? And as for thy hope, who shall see it? You have made great pretence to a work of grace within. Ever since you have supposed yourself to be called by grace, your life has been but a scene of confusion. Besides, look at the strange going on amongst professors. Persons called by grace ought to be a vast deal more consistent than you can attain to. Indeed, I question if there is any reality in religion; and as for your sect, there are so few of you, that for you to think the great bulk of the world are wrong and you only right is the greatest absurdity." These things, being wrought in our very hearts by the enemy, appear as our thoughts, even as our own thoughts; and now will the foe turn round and accuse us that we are infidels; and thus will he fight and war against the graces of the Spirit in our daily experience, stir up confusion within and without, and then condemn us for being confused. He will fill us with infidel feelings and accuse us of infidelity. He will ever busy the mind with the things of the world, and tell us how badly off we shall be when we are old; tell us the Lord does not use us well, because he has given us a very tender conscience, and his dispensations are so trying that it is impossible to keep a conscience void of offence; tell us we should put on the devil a little sometimes, and do a little as the world doth, and that too much conscientious tenderness savours of a legal spirit. "Furthermore," says Beelzebub, "you know you are justified fully and freely from all things even in the sight of God; and as regards justification in the sight of men, that is of little amount. Your heaven does not depend on that. O! How hath my soul suffered here and doth suffer. Well have I learned to say, with Mr. Hart:

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"How sore a plague is sin
To those by whom 'tis felt!
The Christian cries, '*Unclean, unclean!*'
E'en though released from guilt."

David appears to have besieged the throne of grace very closely when he thus addresses the Lord: "Thou hast delivered my soul from hell. *Wilt not thou deliver* my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?" (Ps. lvi. 13; cxvi. 8, 9.) The devil watched David through all the success with which the Lord crowned him; and while the enemy hunted him like a partridge upon the mountains, and deprived him of the public means of grace (Ps. lxxxiv.), he had to encounter one foe after another. Driven from cave to cave, Satan could do him but little harm; but when prosperity crowned him with dignity and royalty, and David retires from his generalship, "Now," says Satan, "this is my time; and though I cannot beat him by fair fighting, I make no doubt I shall wound him by sharp shooting. Though I cannot cut him off in the field, I can break his bones in the palace."

How loth we are to learn it is better to go to the house of mourning than to go to the house of mirth. The path of tribulation hath ever been allowed to be the path of safety; and sure I am it is as clearly the path of evidence as it is the path of safety. May the good Lord lead you and me continually to distinguish between that tribulation which worketh patience and the sorrow of the world which worketh death. The wicked, who know no changes, have as many *external* changes as the dearly-beloved children of God. They may *have* prosperity and adversity in providence; the smiles and frowns of fellow-mortals; plenty of work and good wages, and nothing to do, no, not a shilling to buy bread; a flourishing business and a well-spread table; smiling friends who shine with gay apparel; be bowed to at church or looked up to at meeting, and be quickly hurled from the pinnacle of pride and profession, from fame and popularity, to contempt and derision. Yes; grey hairs may be sent a begging, and splendour exchanged for rags. Yea, the whole world is ringing its changes faster and more numerous than Bow bells, and yet knows no changes in a scriptural sense, knows nothing of true darkness of soul, deadness in hearing, wanderings in prayer, hardness of heart, even when the heart-melting sufferings of the Son of God are solemnly entered into in the ministry or set forth in the ordinances. O! How trying to the feeling soul to be so unfeeling; to the prayerful soul to be so plagued upon his knees with a wandering, prayerless spirit; and yet all this is needful to sift him out of his duties and to turn his comeliness into corruption, that he may sigh through the plague of the heart and mourn in his complaint when he makes a noise, which is not worthy the name of prayer. Never forget that in temporal matters the ungodly and the godly may be tried alike. (Ecc. ix. 2.) Therefore God hath chosen his people where not one man nor

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one woman in all the world would choose their religion, and that is, in the furnace of affliction (Isa. xlviii. 10); therefore the endurance of the furnace is the demonstration of the choice. "But now," says the enemy, "you will never endure." "No," says the soul, "I am ready to halt." Paul says, "We are not of them that draw back to perdition;" our Lord saith, "Remember Lot's wife;" and conscience says, "Lord, if thou art strict to mark iniquity, who can stand?" The rebellion of the fleshly mind refuses to submit to the desires of a quickened conscience. Thus, the law of sin will war against the law of the mind and so fetter and imprison the soul with the law of sin in the members that all the religion the poor captive hath left is, "Bring my soul out of prison that I may praise thy name." Thus the poor heart is "minished and brought very low, through oppression, affliction, and sorrow." Indeed, many are the afflictions of the righteous; but, bless his precious name, the Lord delivereth them out of them all. But by terrible things in righteousness will the Almighty rebuke for iniquity and make our beauty to consume away like a moth from our dwelling.

For a man to be made experimentally nothing is a greater wonder than the seven wonders of the world. God will bring down high looks, pour contempt upon creature consistency, render our righteousness as filthy rags, roll us in our hearts until we abhor ourselves, and plunge us again into nature's filthy, stinking, depravity, and choke us with our flesh, that we may never open our mouths any more.

Thus will heavenly mercy clearly demonstrate betwixt a talkative fool and the soul that is dumb with silence (Ezek. xvi. 60, 63); make us remember our changes from good to bad, and from bad to worse, and stir up the fear of the Almighty in our hearts; and thus the very sinkings of our souls prove that we are those who tremble at his word and have a reverential fear of the Lord, which is clean and endureth for ever. The Lord hath said, "I will give her her vineyards from thence and the valley of Achor for a door of hope." Achor signifieth affliction; and surely that must be a wonder-working hand that can and doth bring meat out of this eater, and out of this strong one sweetness. But if changes of soul from light to darkness, from liberty to bondage, from joy to sorrow, are so profitable, and are amongst the all things which work together for good, O, how truly blessed, after heaviness hath endured for a night, for joy to break into the benighted spirit, and the dear and ever-blessed Sun of Righteousness to arise with healing in his beams! O! How often hath Christ arisen in our minds while hearing the word, and made almost all the sermon appear like to a mirror, where face answereth to face. And hath he not often appeared for us when the devil has been carrying everything his own way for hours together, and made our hearts as prayerless as cranes and swallows, our minds as blind as bats, and stupified us to that degree that all we could say was, "I am more brutish than any man, and have not the

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understanding of a man?" "And hath he not darted a softening, gladdening ray of light into our dark minds, and in a moment turned our captivity, until our very hearts have melted into nothing at his blessed feet? We have, with self-abhorrence, adored him, begged mercy again, rolled ourselves upon him, and begged him never to let our hearts depart from him any more. Hath he not filled us with virtue, which signifieth godly courage (2 Pet. i. 5), until the soul hath drawn forth the sword of the Spirit and poor Little Faith hath chased away a thousand doubts and fears, and in company with his blessed Captain of Salvation hath put ten thousand to flight? Yea, though a host doth encamp against him, he doth not fear; "for," saith his grace-gladdened heart, "we are more than conquerors through him that loveth us." "Truly," saith the favoured soul, "the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." (Ecc. xi. 7.)

I could not help smiling the other day at a simple-hearted countryman enlivened by a soul-warming ray, after having been beset by the enemy and sorely tried. When the Lord appeared, he caught up his hedging-bill and cut at the devil; and I make no doubt that if the old fiend had been corporeal he would soon have been a head shorter. O! bless our God, he can give conduct to fools and courage to worms; and,

"Feeble souls shall win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way."

Since I commenced writing I have been a long journey into Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire, and on my journey was seized with the most severe ailment I had ever had; but the Lord very kindly billeted me at a druggist's house, where I had every kindness, both in attendance and medicine, that I could wish. And more than this, the blessed Physician granted me such a sweet composing draught that doubt was gone, and fear was gone, and dread was gone. One sweet portion of Scripture after another rolled into my mind; so that I began to think mortality was going to be swallowed up of life. But it hath pleased the Lord to restore my health; for what I know not; but were it his blessed will I should like to labour more successfully in his cause, and have my soul more in each service and each sermon, and that body, soul, and spirit might be more set apart for him as a temple of the Holy Ghost. O that I could declare more of the unsearchable riches of Christ, more deeply enter into that covenant that is so well ordered, and which hath so blessedly secured the eternal salvation of the elect family, which hath made such blessed and ample provision for them in their worst, their lowest, their lost estate! There is no fear of the devil ever making us too bad for Christ; and through mercy the Lord never will let him make us too good for Christ, or he would a thousand times. This accounts for half the trials we endure. O the pains (if I may so speak) the Lord takes to lift us into the arms of Christ! O the merciful goodness of God the Holy Ghost in discovering to us the graces of Christ, and stirring up in us a Christ-craving,

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Christ-hungering, Christ-thirsting state of soul! O the blessed sympathy of that eternally-loving heart of God the Father that blesseth the family with a Christ-seeking spirit, and whilst they are truly seeking declares that they shall find! The Father sends the soul into the closet, and sees him in secret with a design of rewarding him openly.

Children are not born talking, but crying. And so with the dear children of God. Before our lips were capable of making the least attempt to pronounce "Abba, Father," we were owned by and known of our Father. It is blessed to observe that while Ephraim was mourning, the Father was listening, and says, "Why, that's my Ephraim bemoaning himself!" And by this the paternal goodness saith to all who bemoan themselves, "I have surely heard" (or as the Hebrew word is) "I have heard, I have heard." Don't be afraid. I hear, though it be but a moan, a sigh, a sorrowful spirit, a broken and a contrite spirit. Yes, my dear friend, when we are sore broken in the place of dragons, and covered with the shadow of death; when the steps fall, and the apostatizings of others seem like so many harbingers of *our* final falling; when our stony heart and sandy flesh seems too heavy for faith and hope to bear up, and the deep which swallowed up the empty professor calls out in us, and the pit is waiting to close its mouth upon us, and the poor soul, affrighted with the shadow of death, says, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing;" "I shall one day perish;" "All these things are against me;" and everything seems to make head against hope, and yet hope struggles to lay hold of the promise,—struggles to stay a sinking soul upon the sure foundation and get hold of the atonement; ah, my friend, these are things, though briny in themselves, that will keep and preserve the soul. They come through blood and lead to blood; and though we cannot soar up to rapturous enjoyments, yet the never-failing mercy of a covenant God allows and manages all our trials, afflictions, temptations, changes, darkness, miseries, and conflicts; to teach us the blessedness of Christ being made sin for us,—that is, for our wretched, ruined, law-condemned souls; so that we must learn that "In all our affliction he was afflicted;" learn fellowship with him in his long sufferings, and be made conformable to his death. God will teach, preach, reveal, and glorify Christ; and to ease our hearts by the way whilst the dear Lord is carrying on this, that precious promise is made in Rom. viii.: "All things work together for good," or, as the old Bible have it, "All things work together for the best."

Travelling, illness, and removals have prevented my earlier reply, but I will endeavour to be more speedy for the time to come.

Wishing you all every covenant blessing and every providential indulgence, and most earnestly begging and entreating your most fervent supplications, I remain yours with willingness and earnest desire to render you any service in my power in the cause of Him we love.

Brighton, Aug., 1886. WM. COWPER.

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TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIAN'S PRAYER.

[We copy the following from an old magazine. Its honesty, simplicity, and godly sincerity have been commended to our conscience.]

"Cretes and Arabians, we do hear them speak in our own tongues the wonderful works of God."—ACTS II. 11.

Most high, incomprehensible, and eternal Lord God, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders. The heavens are not pure in thy sight, and yet thou art pleased, in Jesus Christ, to look down and to dwell in poor man, who is sinful dust and ashes; thou livest in the highest heavens, and in the lowest hearts; good Lord, make my heart so low in mine own esteem that it may be so high in thine that thou mayest delight to dwell in it for ever. When I consider all that thou hast done for me and in me, together with all that I have done against thee, I am ashamed; confusion covers my face as a veil, having transgressed all thine holy laws, from the first to the last, from the least to the greatest, as well by commission as by omission, as well by actual as by original sin, knowingly as well as ignorantly, both wilfully as well as willingly; on thy days as well as on our days, in thy house as in other houses, in doing thy work as in doing my own work, in duties as out of duties, in praying sins, reading sins, meditating sins, in hearing the preached word sins, and other ordinance sins; so that my repentance must be repented of, and my prayers prayed against. My sighs and groans have need of tears, and my tears of redoubled tears. How, Lord, have I made thine holy things unholy, and turned thy grace into wantonness, quenching the motions of thine Holy Spirit by wilfulness. How have I treasured up wrath against the day of wrath unto my poor soul, and made thee a savour of death unto it, when thou camest as a savour of life! How have I hated to be reformed, and run from thee when thou wast running to meet me in love and in mercy! How have I cast thy promises behind me, and trampled thy precepts under my feet! How many times have I broken my promises, vows, and covenant I made with thee in my straits! With how much eagerness and earnestness have I served my sinful lusts, more than thee in thine ordained services! How much more pains have I taken for earthly things than for the things appertaining to thy kingdom! How far more delightsome have things here below, and the remembrance of them, been to me than the things above! How much sweeter has sin been to me than grace, and how have I bent my will against thy will in all things! How have I run in the ways of destruction, labouring delightfully to bring others into a participation of my own sin, tempting them to do the same things! How easily did I believe the suggestions of the devil, and with what ardour have I left thy work, and how often, good Lord Jesus, to do his. Nay, many times have I tempted Satan to tempt me to sin, when I knew that the wages of sin was death, temporal, spiritual, and eternal! I have done my utmost to destroy both body and soul. But what

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are these sins to those I cannot recollect, both for their greatness and multitude? Nay, what are all the sins I have committed to those I would have committed, hadst not thou, in love and in mercy, O most loving Lord, restrained me, and come in to my help and succour, when I was helpless and without prospect of succour? Thou ownedst me when I would not own thee; thou didst run after me when I ran from thee; thou continuedst knocking when I would not open my heart to thee, and wast contented to stand at the door without, until thy locks were wet with the dew of heaven; and when I was most pitiless, then didst thou pity me most; pity me, and even didst take me from myself, and out of the power of all my adversaries, and didst enter with forcible possession into my heart, there to sup, lodge, and dwell for ever, which thou didst find more unclean than a dunghill. And is not this enough to make all the creatures in heaven and earth stand amazed at the condescension of so great a God as thou art?

Lord, what couldst thou have done more for me than thou hast done, to bring me out of the death of sin to the life of grace, out of the vicinity of hell into the possession of heaven. Thou hast not only delivered me out of the paw of that roaring lion, the devil, who had well-nigh devoured me, but hast given me of thine own power and strength to overcome him, to trample him under my feet, and to despise him to his face! Thou hast discovered to me his falseness and malice, and the dreadfulness of my own heart, which has so often betrayed me.

What can I render, then, blessed Jesus, to thee for all thy beneficence, who am a poor, vile, wretched, and miserable sinner,—a worm, and no man? What render to thee, who art almighty, and the giver of all things? O that thou wouldst accept of what I have to give thee, which is only these two poor mites, my soul and body. It is true, Lord, I confess they are not worthy to be put into thy rich treasury; but if thou, Almighty Father, wilt be pleased to stamp upon them the image of thy Son Jesus Christ, I am sure they will pass current in thine heavenly courts, and thou thyself wilt esteem them portions of thine especial and peculiar treasure. Set me, then, as a seal upon thine heart, and let thy love be set upon me; so that, being out of love with all else, I may be in love with thee only.

When, Lord, shall sin be utterly destroyed and rooted out of me? When shall the time arrive that it shall be crucified unto me, and I unto it? When shall I neither feel nor see it more, and when wilt thou give me a final conquest over it, and utterly destroy it in me? When shall come that cheering day wherein I shall not sin, when I shall put off sin as an old garment, and never theneforth put it on; when all tears, sighs, and groans for sin shall be expelled and extinguished, and thou, O Lord, be all in all?

Yet though sin b[illegible] heart, let n[illegible]
in sin; and thou[illegible]ile over r[illegible]
in me as a s[illegible]d thou
let me live [illegible]

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though temptations fall upon me, suffer me not to fall into temptations, but deliver me from all evil. Knowing that thou hast provided for me a kingdom, let me here demean myself as if I were already a subject thereof. Write thy laws in mine heart by the finger of thine Holy Spirit, and so check me by thy rule and guidance over me that I may neither go astray to the right hand of pleasure nor to the left hand of profit. Wean me from the world ere thou takest me from the world, and to all things in the world, which are its honours, pleasures, riches, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. Give me those things only which can make me thine, and only thine; teach me to use the world as if I used it not, that I may not abuse it, myself, nor thee, who hast given it me to use. Give me grace to be ever mindful of my last hour, and of the reckoning that I must make before thee, thou judge of all. Remove all my doubts, fears, and cares for the things of this life, that I may cast all my care upon thee, who carest for me, for the earth is thine and the fulness thereof. Grant that I may know how to want, and how to abound, and to be content in every condition, knowing that all things shall be for my greatest good, and that though affliction reign during the night, joy cometh in the morning. Let my last thoughts, loving Lord, be my best thoughts, and my last day the best of my days. Order so that I may be willing to lose all to gain and to retain thee, esteeming it no loss but great gain. Let me be willing to decrease that thou mayest increase; to spend and to be spent for thee; and be as content to wear the crown of thorns here as the crown of glory hereafter. Let me be as willing to suffer for thy glory as to reign with thee in glory, that I may desire heaven more for thee than thee for heaven.

Would, Jesus, that I could with Mary be content to sit at thy feet, and to wash them with my tears, standing behind thee, being ashamed to come before thee. How willingly do I, with the prophet, wish mine head were a fountain of water, that mine eyes might gush out rivers of tears! O that I could with David weep *continually*, with Magdalene *abundantly*, and with Peter *bitterly*, that I might suffer my soul no rest until I come into thy blessed arms, the saving ark of rest, which shall for ever cause me to float and swim above all the storms and tempests of Satan. Grant, Christ, that having passed the time of my pilgrimage here in thy fear, I may die in thy favour; unite me to thy blessed self so closely that I may become bone of thy bone, and flesh of thy flesh. Make me a member of thy mystical body here, that I may be a member of thy glorious body hereafter for ever.

Sanctify all afflictions and temptations to me, and lay no more on me than thou wilt enable me to bear; and take not thine holy Spirit, the Comforter, from me. Be thou mine help in want, my strength in weakness, my joy in sorrow, my comfort in grief, my riches in poverty, my pillow in prison, my home in banishment, my health in sickness, and my life in death. Let my blessedness in thee enable me to see my cursedness out of thee; let thy ful-

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ness cause me to see mine emptiness, thy beauty my vileness, thy riches my poverty, thy obedience my disobedience, thy perfection my imperfection, thy heaven my deserved hell, and thy glory my ignominy.

Dear Lord, thou camest from heaven to earth to exalt me from earth to heaven. Thou tookest my vile nature on thee to make me partaker of thy divine nature; thou becamest an heir of misery to make me an heir of mercy; yea, co-heir with thy blessed Self of heaven's glory and happiness, which is thy Father, Self, and Holy Spirit. Thou wast made a curse that I might be made a blessing; thou diedst once that I might live for ever; thou didst wear a crown of thorns that I might wear a crown of glory; thou sufferedst thy Father's frowns that I might enjoy his smiles; thou didst drink up the dregs of thy Father's wrath that I might drink to the bottom of his love; thou didst bear all my sin that I might appear without sin; thou didst shed all thy heart's blood to wash me from my blood; by thy stripes I am healed, and by thy wounds all my deadly wounds are cured.

Thy love, O loving Lord, surpasseth all understanding; thy goodness all human love, that did so much for me, when I was not a friend but an enemy; not when I was in covenant with thee, but when I was to all feeling of mine out of covenant; not when I loved thee, but hated thee; not when I was comely, but uncomely; not when I was holy, but unholy; not when I desired thy favour, but when I desired it not; not when I asked for it, but even when I thought not of it; not because I did anything for thee, but when I had done all things in my power against thee; not when I was thy servant, but the devil's; and all this not for thine advantage, but for mine; not for thy good, but for mine; not for thy glory, but to bring me to glory; which thou didst, looking for no adequate return, for thou lovedst me only because thou wouldest love me.

O the height, length, breadth, and depth of divine love! That an offended God should sue, woo, and pray, and pay, and promise, and give, and die, and live, to reconcile to thyself offending man, cursed man, vile man, wretched man, worthless man, nothing man, less than the drop of a bucket, or the dust of the balance. Let these thy wondrous mercies and compassions cause me ever to admire and adore thy loving-kindness, and exclaim, "Lord, what is man that thou art so mindful of him, and the son of man that thou so regardest him," as to visit him, to magnify him, to dwell in him, to delight in him, to set thine heart upon him, and to give him and do him all the good thou couldest; having provided for him an incomprehensible and eternal weight of glory in heaven, where thou art; for with thee, and in thee, is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand are pleasures evermore; to which fulness, Lord, bring me in thy due time, that I may behold thy beauty, and thy glory, and see thee face to face; that by the light of thy blessed countenance my body may shine brighter than the sun, and my soul be made wholly perfect as thou art. Grant

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these things, O heavenly Father, and whatsoever else thou deemest needful for me, both for soul and body, for the above merits of thy Son my Saviour, thy Christ my Jesus, for whom I bless thee that he is the Lord my righteousness, and to whom, with thy glorious Majesty and the Holy Spirit, three Persons in one God, be given, as is due, all honour, glory, dominion, and thanksgiving by me and all thine elect, now and for evermore. Amen.

THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

Poor weak creatures as we are, how lifted up should we be if we did not feelingly carry about with us the body of sin and death. We never could value salvation by Christ; we never could see by the eye of faith the righteousness which Christ wrought out and brought in, which shall be unto and upon all those that believe; yes, the righteousness which Christ wrought out in his life, from the manger to his giving up the ghost upon the cross, which he brought in when he rose again from the dead. He came that we, his body, might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly.

O! How I felt this morning the power of those words which Paul spoke to the Corinthians: "But we have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead." I knew from felt experience I had the same sentence in me. I could see, by the eye of faith, the same Deliverer, a precious Jesus; so that I had to cry out, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless and praise his holy name." From our Lord's fulness sprang all my holy joy and gladness; and at such times there is no mixture. It is fresh from the fountain. It is through feeling the love which God has shed abroad in our hearts, by the Holy Ghost which he has given us, that I feel and know that I have fellowship with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ. I expect no greater blessing in this time state. This is eternal life begun. We feel the real existence of it within our hearts, inasmuch as our hearts are drawn out toward God and his Christ, who is the Maker and Preserver of all created things. Yes, I feel confident that he who has begun the good work will perfect it to the day of Jesus Christ. It is Christ formed in the heart, the hope of glory, while we are in our earthly house of this tabernacle; but we know when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, we shall likewise appear with him in glory. So Christ is our All in all; and we desire none beside him. He is the I AM, whom I ever desire to worship in spirit and in truth. May he ever permit me to sit at his feet, waiting for his gracious words, those blessed words which he said were given to him of the Father, and which the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, will guide us into. E.B.

Jesus goes into Egypt first, where the Church was first formed into a church.—*Hawker.*

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A JOYFUL TIME.

My very dear Pastor,—As I cannot see the least opportunity of getting out, I feel quite compelled this morning to write; although I scarcely know how to begin. I cannot put into words the inexpressible sweetness I have felt in my poor soul under the preached word these last two sabbath days. It has truly been the word of life to me. I have felt a precious Christ so near and I trust so dear to my heart that it has made me say, "Thou art indeed the chiefest among tens of thousands and the altogether lovely." I have said, I believe from my very heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none upon the earth I desire beside thee." O! Do not we prove ours to be a living God!

"He lives to still his people's fears;
He lives to wipe away their tears."

I can testify to the truth of that, for all sorrow seems taken away this morning, and I feel so overwhelmed with the sense of the love and goodness of our loving Saviour that my tears are truly tears of joy. I do desire that the bread of heaven shall be my only food, the water of life my only drink, the living people of God my only friends, and my God my glory. Under these feelings, how willingly I would give up mortality; for my poor praises seem so confined. I do long to be in the immediate presence of Jesus, to enjoy that fulness of joy and to know no more of that enemy, sin.

I do trust you may be favoured with sweet communion with Jesus, to sustain you in your weaknesses; as you were saying yesterday, "How easy suffering is while Christ is with us." But may you be enabled to rest sweetly upon him even when he seems absent. As the Lord, by the power of his grace, shall enable me, I will remember you at the throne of mercy.

As I went to my bed last night, after reading a portion of the word of God, I felt the day had ended with the goodness of God, little thinking what awaited me in the morning. I here enclose you a letter which I have received from my brother, who is a soldier in India, giving me an account of the work of God on his soul. What am I to understand by it? Is it not too much to be true? What can I do? I cannot praise my Saviour as I would. I hardly know how to bear it. Is the soul of my brother once and for ever redeemed? Have our poor petitions been heard and answered? I can say, "O God, we would praise thee; we would here on earth ascribe all glory and honour to him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever." If it is true, cannot you rejoice with us? If there is joy in heaven over one poor sinner that repenteth, shall not the family on earth rejoice? My dear brother speaks much of joy; but perhaps in his other letter to my sister he speaks of something that preceded it; for I do believe and am sure the bitters come first. I can well remember, when in very great trouble in providential mat-

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ters, after the death of my mother and father, I was wondering what would become of us, so that I cried most bitterly, not knowing how the poor children would be supported. I took my Bible, and opened on Ps. xxvii., and when I got to verse 10, where it says, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up," I remember I had a confidence towards God drawn out that he would be our Friend; and he has indeed been a "Father to the fatherless, a Friend to the needy, and a Saviour to the lost."

Give my love to Mrs. Dennett. I was pleased to hear she was comfortable. I must close, desiring you may be sustained and strengthened, and also preserved to us a poor unworthy few, who, at times, have a strong desire to glorify Christ in our bodies and our spirits which we would have to be his. O that my few remaining days or years may be spent in holy fear. I feel so lost in wonder at the compassionate and loving heart of Christ this morning that I long to praise him through every moment of time; but I must close. The most unworthy of all the Flock,

Birmingham, Nov. 7, 1870. C. D.

PROFITABLE ADVICE.

Dear Friend,—The insertion of a letter in the "G.S." for May, by that highly-esteemed servant of the Lord the late Mr. Philpot, having particular reference to the cause of truth at Ebenezer, formerly under the pastoral charge of the late Mr. Fenner, now under that of Mr. Hull, has induced me to forward to you the copy of a letter written about the time referred to by that honoured servant of the Lord. I can assure you it was much prized by the church and congregation to whom it was read, and I believe it proved to be profitable and instructive, and I think I may say it was acted upon in no small measure. The Lord heard and answered in sending us a faithful pastor to go in and out before us, breaking the bread of life. Surely such advice was never more needed than in the present day; and might not the church of God receive profitable instruction by its insertion in the "Gospel Standard?" Yours in the Truth,

May 8, 1872. ——— R. Funnell.

Dear Friend in the Truth,—I have mislaid your last letter, and therefore cannot lay my hand upon it; but I think I remember sufficiently the main subject of its contents to answer it without further delay.

I expressed in my last my inability to accept the kind invitation of the church to come amongst you, so as to have the opportunity of conversing with you upon your present trying circumstances. Indeed, there is scarcely any position more trying to a church than when it loses a beloved pastor, who under God has for many years been the honoured instrument of feeding, guiding, and ruling it in the fear of the Lord. Such a loss, humanly speaking, is irreparable; for whatever gifts and graces his successor may

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possess, he can never be to a church what their own beloved pastor was. And it seems to me that in this day there is a peculiar dearth of men qualified for the pastoral office. They have neither the gift nor the grace to qualify them for that most important office. Even as supplies there is a great deficiency in the needful gifts and graces.

I wish that I could name any man as one whom it is likely you could receive as qualified to go in and out before you. Meanwhile you cannot do better than wait upon the Lord under a sense of felt weakness that he would supply all your need out of the fulness which is in Christ Jesus. The great thing is to hang together in a spirit of love and union, and walk as far as you are enabled in the footsteps which your late lamented pastor for so many years laid before you. Some amongst you will probably get weary of meeting together in weakness, and be crying out to get the pulpit supplied rather than have no preaching. If indeed you can get a gracious, humble, spiritually-minded, faithful, and experimental servant of God to speak to you as occasion serves, it would be a great blessing, and would, I doubt not, be highly prized by those among you who love to hear the gospel preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. But merely to desire preaching for preaching's sake, and to want the pulpit supplied because they cannot bear to see it empty, and think God has no other way of feeding his people when they meet together, is a great mistake, and often leads to very painful consequences. Strife and a party spirit come into the church and congregation. They are not united in one mind and in one judgment; they do not stand fast in one spirit, striving together for the faith of the gospel, but have men's persons in admiration because of advantage; and this breeds strife and confusion, with every evil work. I have seen this again and again, and have observed how churches have in this way lost all their former spirituality and love to the Lord, his truth, cause, and people, and sunk down into carnality and death.

I hope, therefore, dear friends, that you will cleave to each other in love, waiting upon the Lord in prayer and supplication that he would send you a man after his own heart to feed you with knowledge and understanding.

Yours affectionately in the Truth,

Sept. 3, 1868. J. C. PHILPOT.

THE very first feeling in the soul of every one that is saved that is in the least satisfactory and soothing is this: *A will* to be saved by the mercy of God. The publican found this when he would not so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, though his heart went in this petition: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" In this day of God's power was he made willing to be saved, as God was willing to save him. There was no compulsion (as he was made willing). It was free and spontaneous on each side. And so it is to this day. All who come to Jesus Christ are drawn of God to him; and without this "no man can come to me," says our Lord.—*Brook.*

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CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to a land where sorrow is unknown."—COWPER.

My dear tried Brother in the Vale of Tears,—I do truly sympathize with you in your heavy loss. I can the more do so, having been for the last four years, or nearly so, in the depths of sorrow, suffering bereavement upon bereavement, till reason has tottered upon her throne, and health and spirits have quite given way. No one friend upon earth can fully enter into the heart-felt griefs of a Christian man or woman (truly exercised) *in trouble*. He has not the wine-cup or ale-bench to fly to; he cannot go there for relief. He is shut out from *all* sympathy, from the cold, heartless, merciless, grasping, wicked world, which rather laughs at than pities those who "have no fellowship" with *them*, and who cannot be expected to share either in their love or esteem, *really*. Were it otherwise, the Master's words would be rendered null and void, where he says, "Ye are not of the world; therefore the world hateth you;" "In the world ye shall have tribulation;" "Offences must come," &c. The sting of the serpent is, as it has been from the beginning, still at the heel of the woman (the church); the poison of asps (the carnal enmity) is as fully alive as ever, and will be shown so by the world and felt by the godly as long as sun and moon endure, and the "two nations" come in contact with each other. To the sensitive minds of those who fear God the scorn is felt, the slander is cutting, the persecution a fiery trial, and the burden, be it of sorrow for sin, bereavement, or temporal distress, is rendered heavier by the treatment of those *false friends* and foes, who, as the word of our God has it, help forward the affliction. These are truisms in which, I have no doubt, my poor afflicted, aged brother fully agrees with me, and which, but for the sovereign, unlimited, all-supporting grace of God giving spiritual aid and comfort day by day, would be overwhelming.

We can, however, bless our heavenly Father that, though chastened sore, we are not given over to eternal death. Though we do fear and tremble often as we enter the cloud, and often are weighed down heavily under the (seemingly to us) severe, cutting stroke which takes away the desire of our eyes at a blow; yet, nevertheless,

"His right hand supports us still,
And we trust it ever will."

So that hourly grace sufficient for us, strength equal to our day, bears us up and onward in the path of divine life, while we can experimentally say, "Cast down, but not destroyed; persecuted, but not forsaken; perplexed, but not in despair." And this is our great mercy, that we, who are weak and helpless as an infant, of ourselves, in the fiery trial are upheld by Omnipotence, who, as a father, pitieth his children and lays underneath the everlasting arms of his paternal love and almighty power; who doth not

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afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men; who is, in his every dispensation and movement of providence and grace, still

"Too wise to err,
Too good to be unkind;"

accomplishing his will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, whilst none can stay his hand, or dare say unto him, "What doest thou?" As the poet sweetly sings:

"Good when he gives, supremely good,
Nor less when he denies;
E'en crosses, in his sovereign hand,
Are blessings in disguise."

"Baptized in Jordan's stream our Saviour show'd
The way to God was through affliction's flood!
Buried in sorrows, lo, the Man of grief
Seeking our good, and not the world's relief.
Homeless, oppress'd, afflicted, and disown'd,
Beneath a people's sins he daily groan'd.
Who, as the shades of night approached, and on his bed
He should have lain, had not whereon to lay his head."

Hoping that my dear tried brother may be greatly helped and comforted of God, the prayer-hearing, covenant-keeping, merciful One,

"Whose smiles can gild the shades of woe,
Bid stormy troubles cease,
Spread the fair dawn of heaven below,
And sweeten pain to peace;"

and trusting in that same sin-forgiving, compassionate High Priest of our salvation to meet you, when all the storms of life are past, on that better, brighter shore where sin can no more defile or enter, disease never blight, death never invade; where no whispering tongues of the hypocritical false professors can ever again divide chiefest friends, or the foul monster slander, with jaundiced-eyed envy, poison the springs of domestic comfort, or undermine the sweetest earthly love and scatter brethren. No sweeping tempest of sorrow or temptation bursts upon that land; no blast of evil from the gates of hell; no weapon of malice, persecution, or rage of man to inflict the rankling wound as the iron enters the soul. The sword reacheth not those! The fowler's arrow is lost in the pathless flight, and drops far, very far short of that beautiful rest for the saints of God. We hope to meet there, and we believe we shall, in spite of unbelief and sin, by the blood of the cross, and through the merits of the sinless One. We shall join each other's company on the unbounded plains, and find those loved ones who have gone before.

Praying for you, for all the dear tried people of God in like tribulation, for my poor, unworthy, hell-deserving self, that the King of kings will bless us, and magnify his grace in us, in life and death, singing as we pass through the valley, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

With kindest Christian love and sympathy,

Yours in fiery Trial,

Warminster. H. M.

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CONFLICT.

O WHAT an awful enemy
Is Satan, the foul prince of air;
With what devices does he try
To stop or shut the mouth of prayer.
When to the Lord I fain would cry,
I find this mighty tempter nigh.

On Jesus I would cast my care;
But back the burden seems to roll;
A gloomy, sad, and dull despair
Comes creeping darkly o'er my soul.
Clouds rise and tempests o'er me lower;
But, ah! I feel no genial shower.

The black satanic king of hell
Stirs up his hateful tribe within
This nest, where crooked serpents dwell
In many a coil of secret sin.
Sins which I fondly hoped were dead,
Like hissing serpents raise their head.

Self, the great idol, seeks to reign
Within this secret chamber vile;
Before her bows a hideous train;
O how they do my heart defile.
I see, alas! on every side,
The dreadful progeny of pride.

Rebellion rears its haughty brow;
Self-pity stirs up discontent;
Ingratitude assails me now,
Forgetfulness of mercies sent.
While fretting o'er some fancied loss,
I murmur at my daily cross.

O, mighty King of Zion, quell,
By thy all-conquering power divine,
The dark designing hosts of hell,
Which lurk within this heart of mine;
Drive, drive the rebels from their seat,
And bring me to thy blessed feet.

Lord, I have often proved thy power;
O let me once more feel thy love;
And in this dark distressing hour
Look up to thee and things above,
And count all earthly things but loss
To follow thee and bear the cross.

Feb. 24. C. SPIRE.

IF God the Judge of the world be appeased and satisfied, and the law, upon which our accusation is grounded, and which is the testimony of our debt, be cancelled, the removal of our guilt must necessarily follow.—*Charnock.*

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Obituary.

ROBERT SIMON.—On July 5th, aged 72, Robert Simon, of Chorlton-upon-Medlock, a member of the church at Rochdale Road, Manchester.

My dear husband was born at Ruthin, North Wales, Jan. 3rd, 1800. When about 14 years of age he went to a Baptist chapel near his home, where he heard this text given out: "Immediately therefore I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now therefore are we all here present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God." (Acts x. 33.) From that time he was constrained to follow on to know the Lord; but he said, "I have been very much disappointed in myself. I thought then that I should be something more than I am; but it has pleased the Lord to keep me very low for some purpose, and he must be right." He was baptized in the river at Ruthin by Mr. John Edwards, but I do not know in what year. He left them in 1827, and, coming to Manchester, joined a little cause that was carried on in a room by the Welsh people. Speaking of that time, he said, "What storms we had, many of us striving which could be the greatest." In the year 1835 they opened a little chapel in Granby Row, Manchester, and my husband was one who collected a portion for that place.

One Sabbath morning he accompanied one of the brethren who was going to address a few Welsh people living at Hyde; but when they got there, they found the chair taken by one of another party in Manchester, and, of course, he and his companion had to return. They resolved to make haste back, to be in time to hear Mr. Gadsby, and were there to hear him give out the text: "I will be as the dew unto Israel." (Hosea xiv. 5.) When he reached home, he said to me, "Well, Margaret, we are all wrong. According to what we have heard this morning we are idolaters."

After this, there arose some confusion in the church, which consisted chiefly of young people. The chapel being in debt, and the minister having left and gone to Aberystwith for a higher salary, these young people, being the majority, told the four deacons that they would leave the chapel if the others did not; saying at the same time that they differed from them in faith, and that they ought to go to be with William Gadsby. The deacons took them at their word, and were for some time like wandering sheep, not venturing to ask for a place among the Lord's people at St. George's Road (Mr. Gadsby's), now called Rochdale Road. Of the four, one returned to the people he left, two have now gone to glory, and one still remains and is a deacon with us; whereas, solemn to relate, out of that number of young people, I think in the same year two were taken up for theft, one lost his reason and was taken to Denbigh Asylum, and many hold no profession at all. My husband has often said, "What a mercy that we were pushed out, so that we could go and hear the truth."

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What an honour he felt it to be allowed to sit at the door of God's house, feeling with the psalmist that "It is better to be a door-keeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly."

But I must refer to a time of trouble. I told him I had heard that a certain brother was walking very disorderly, to the dishonour of the church. He went to caution those who were more intimate with him; but they would not hear what he had to say, telling him that he ought to tell the man; but as he was not an eye-witness to what had occurred, we agreed to pass it by, and let the thing work its own way. However, to our great astonishment, the man got to know; and he came to our house in great fury, threatening to go to law. Then the enemy of souls threw his darts at my husband, and told him that his house would be stripped, and he, and I, and the children would have to go to the workhouse. After this trouble, some one asked him if he would still continue to go amongst them? "Yes," he said, "I must go where Christ has promised to be with his people." But the stroke was too heavy for him. He never quite recovered from it, although he would still say, "It must be right. The Lord is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." He would cry for clearer evidence; but his life was evidence enough for us: "By their fruit ye shall know them." He was very feeble all the winter.

On the day Mrs. John Gadsby was buried, Dec. 30th, 1871, he went to see the funeral. When he came home, he smiled like a child telling its mother what it had seen, and said, "I stood looking, and felt that we should all be alike very soon. I felt so free that I went and shook hands with them all, and they seemed very warm hearted." He clung the closest to the cross of Christ of any one I ever knew.

On June 5th, 1872, being very unwell, he went to Wales; but the journey was too much for him. He returned on the 21st. When we saw him, we all thought he was not to be here long, and sent for the doctor at once; but he could only give him a little relief. He sank daily. I asked him if he would like to see some of the brethren. "Well," he said, "they have all found me wanting; but Christ is my Rock; but if they come of themselves, don't prevent them." However, we came to the conclusion, as his heart was so affected, not to allow any one to see him. On Friday night, the 28th, he had the spasms so badly we thought that he was going. He was a little better in the morning, but so tried with the violence of the pain that he could not even lie in bed until quite exhausted. On the Sunday morning he begged that I would ask Mr. Taylor to remember him at the throne of grace. He was indeed very low, and thought the dear Lord and all the friends had turned their backs upon him. Early on the Monday morning before he died, he had a sore attack of the enemy through fear of death, yet crying at the top of his voice for Jesus to save him. Many were the expressions of dependence on the Saviour, such as, "Christ is my hope." "His

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chariot is coming." On having a teaspoonful of water given to him, he said, "Christ had not that." "Jesus is the only way. Him hath God exalted to be a prince," &c. "Accept me, clothed in thy righteousness." "Hear thy dust;" and many more, too numerous to mention. On Monday evening, when very much exhausted, he desired Acts x. to be read to him. At the conclusion, he lifted up his voice in prayer, with a power we had not thought possible. He sank very gradually on Tuesday evening. He wished his eldest son to read a chapter. He said, "Father, any particular chapter?" He said, "No, my dear; any you like." He chose Jno. xiv., knowing his father to be assailed by doubts and fears. My dear husband then engaged in prayer. We had felt rather doubtful whether he understood all that had been read, but he not only did so, but referred to it many times in the course of his prayer, which was singularly clear. On Wednesday evening he was so weak we thought he would have passed over our usual time of prayer; but, to our astonishment, he desired all in the house to be called, and Eph. ii. to be read; after which he again engaged in prayer, showing how he retained his consciousness while his tongue had scarcely power to utter the words. On the Thursday morning, he said to his daughter-in-law, "You see here a pauper." She said, "Yes, saved by grace." "Yes," he said; "and I have not earned it. I am sure I have not deserved it, nor have I bought it." She said, "No, but it was bought for you." "Yes," he said; "and the price paid honourably." After that he was too weak to say much.

On Friday morning, to our great comfort, he said to me with a smile, "I have had a large paper set before me, and I must read it, and I don't know when I shall finish all that there is on it. It says, 'The Lord's mercy endureth for ever;'" and he repeated the words until near the time of his departure. About 12 o'clock he got rather restless, and soon after his happy spirit fled to be present with the Lord.

ANN SIMON.

THOMAS SELLERS.—On Feb. 27th, Thomas Sellers, of Accrington. He was very feeble and infirm for three years, having had a severe attack of bronchitis, and no one that saw him thought he would recover. I was sent for from Manchester to see him, and I thought with the rest that he could not last long; and I said, "Father, dear, how do you feel in your mind?" He said, "I feel rather dark; but that verse describes my feelings better than I can:

> "'I've scarce a glimmering ray of light;
> With me 'tis little else but night,'" &c.

He was very much plagued with his breathing, so could not talk much. He beckoned me to him, and said, "Don't let any one say anything good about me. I am a poor unworthy sinner, saved by free and sovereign grace. Give all glory to the Lord Jesus for picking up such a vile, self-righteous, unworthy, sinner." He was always very low in his own esteem, a humble follower of the

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Lamb, a great contender for the truth as it is in Jesus, and a good scriptarian. I have heard him say many a time, "Bring me a 'Thus saith the Lord' for your argument, or I cannot do with your religion. The Lord's shalls and wills are what I have to look to. The Lord says, 'I will,' and, 'They shall.'"

He first made a profession of religion, I believe, when about 24 years of age. He then lived at a place called Ringsrow, in Rossendale. I have heard him say that he was very self-righteous, and thought he was very good, till Mr. Gadsby and Mr. Kershaw began to go into that country, preaching in barns and houses or wherever there was a door opened for them; and he said they knocked all his self-righteous props from under him, and the Lord opened his eyes to see that those men preached the truth, and his soul could feed on nothing else ever after. He walked hundreds of miles to hear them, as he thought nothing of walking 12 or 14 miles.

But I come to his latter days. He would often say that he was very dark in his mind, and had to travel much by night; but said he would not like to murmur, as the Lord had been very kind to him, and given him very clear manifestations of his interest in him. He was very much tried with affliction in his family, and sometimes very poor, but always very submissive and very honest, and always said the Lord was far better to him than he deserved. I do not know that I ever heard a murmuring word escape his lips.

A few weeks before his death the last verse of Isa. liv. was very much blessed to him, especially the last clause: "And their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." He said it was so good to him because he had no righteousness of his own. For a week or two before his death he seemed very anxious to see Mr. Taylor and some of the friends from Accrington, as he was very lonely. His house had to be broken up, in consequence of the sudden death of my mother, which was a heavy stroke for him; and we had to remove him to Blackburn, to live with my sister. I said to him, "Father, do you feel you can put your trust in the Lord?" He replied, weeping, "I have nowhere else to trust; but I don't feel as I should like to feel. Do pray for me that I may have patience and resignation to the Lord's will." The enemy hit sore at him for a time, but the Spirit of the Lord set up a standard against him; and he said, "The Lord Jesus has come again and given me the victory. Do help me to praise him."

He still seemed anxious to see Mr. Taylor; so we sent for him. He came, and Mr. Chandler came with him on Feb. 22nd, and a blessed meeting it was. It seemed as if the Lord came with them. It was a time long to be remembered by us. My father thought it was so kind of him to come such a distance to see such a poor unworthy creature as he felt himself to be. He told Mr. Taylor that he had had a fight with the enemy, but he had come off more than conqueror. He slept about two hours after Mr. Taylor

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and Mr. Chandler had left, and seemed a little refreshed; but after a short time he sank again and seemed very low. I said, "Come, father, cannot you look more cheerful? You know you had a good lift this morning, and the Lord has said he will never leave nor forsake you. You will soon be at home with him and see him as he is, and behold his glory. And you know what Mr. Taylor said:

"'And O what joy shall crown that happy meeting!
We'll bow before the throne, each other greeting,'" &c.

In a little while he said, "O lift me up! Lift me up!" We raised him in bed, and while we held him he said, "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!" We laid him down, and he seemed quite exhausted.

He passed a restless night; but in the morning a very particular friend came to see him from Accrington; and he said, "O Dennis, I want to go home; I want to go home!" And Mr. Barnes said, "Ah, Thomas, and I should like to go with you to your home;" and he talked with him very nicely about having such a home to go to. My father could not talk much to him; he was so exhausted; but was very pleased to hear him talk. Mr. Barnes engaged very fervently in prayer, and then went away. My father did not take much notice after this until the next (Saturday) morning; and then, about five o'clock, he said, "The Lord Jesus has come again and put the enemy to flight. Do help me to praise him! Do help me to praise him!" I sang a verse or two for him as well as I could; and when I had done he said, "Sing again;" but I found it hard work for me to sing and watch a dear and affectionate father just passing, as I thought, through the valley of the shadow of death. He rallied a little again; but took very little notice of anything more.

He suffered very much on the Sunday, he had such hard work to breathe, and we thought he would choke; but, bless the dear Lord, he took him without a struggle or a groan.

Surely never was one borne and carried more gently than he was to the very last. The Lord is a promise-making and a promise-fulfilling God. S. LEWTON.

[I knew the subject of the above well. His name is worthy of a better report, or a better written article.—A. B. TAYLOR.]

JOHN CARR.—On Sept. 6th, aged 58, John Carr, of Lowgill, near High Bentham.

As a man he was of an honest, upright spirit, yet kind and generous, even to a fault. He belonged to a family of Independents, somewhat noted for their adherence to the doctrines of grace for generations back. Having considerable cottage property in Preston, he came there twice a year for his rents, and 14 years ago he was detained over a Sunday. A friend asked him to go with him to chapel. "But," said he, "I fear you have nothing in Preston worth hearing." His friend said, "Stay till night, and I will take you to a place where you will not say that."

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I have heard him say that as soon as the man got up and read his text, something seemed to come over him which took his attention so much that it was fixed at once, and he said to himself, "There is something different here to anything I ever heard before." As soon as he could, he said to his friend, "I wonder if this man would come and preach at my house?"

The next half year he went again to Preston, but he did not need asking to go to that chapel. He went without, and felt the Lord was there. When I came out of the pulpit he was waiting for me, and, looking straight at me, said, "Sir, I have a question to ask you." I rather trembled, as I thought here is an old critic going to lay a trap for me, on account of my sermon. "Well, Sir," I said, "ask your question; but I am not prepared to answer all questions that may be asked of me." He said, "Will you come and preach at my house? I will send a conveyance for you, and pay your expenses." I did not go then, but in April, 1859, he wrote to me, and I went to preach at his place, called Whitendale Farm. Since then I have gone regularly not less than four times a year, and sometimes oftener. Thus I came to know them. Four of them are now dead; but I think the last touches me most. A kinder friend I never had; for I can say he oft refreshed me. I have received scores of letters from him, and many a timely help by the way.

He was a very tried man, often in the dark, and endured much soul trouble; but when gospel light shone, he was a most intelligent and cheerful Christian. He was no novice in the divine life. In his last hours he was unable to speak; but a little previously he cried out:

"With sin and guilt poor Zion toils,
And labours hard for peace;
But till the Lord the Saviour smiles,
Her conscience gets no ease.
Her efforts all abortive prove;
Her working makes her worse;
Nought but the Saviour's flesh and blood
Can save her from the curse."

I feel much the loss of him and my dear wife; but this morning, as I was weeping, these lines came sweetly to my mind:

"He never takes away our all;
Himself he gives us still."

THOS. HAWORTH.

JANE WHALLEY.—On Aug. 22nd, aged 42, Jane Whalley, of Blackburn.

Her end was very sudden to us all. She was taken ill about 11 o'clock in the morning, and died near 11 at night of the same day.

Her father, John Slater, was a member of our church, and brought her with the rest of his family to the school and chapel, so that she attended our place of worship all her life. Like all the

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rest of Adam's children, she lived estranged from God, and according to the course of this world. I have heard her say that she was as ignorant of self, sin, a holy God, and the glorious gospel of Christ, as to their real nature, as if she had been brought up in a heathen country. Well, after she was quickened, she knew not that it was the work of God that was begun in her soul; and she was afraid to tell either her father or any one else. There was a marked change in her life and conversation, but she was ashamed to tell any one how she felt. At length one of the deacons got into conversation with her, and, like a father in Israel, sweetly and kindly led her into the things of God, as to the experience of them; when she was led to see that it was the work of God the Holy Ghost that was going on in her poor soul.

After years of soul trouble, under the administration of the law of condemnation, the dear Lord spoke peace to her troubled soul, by giving her a blessed revelation of Christ crucified in her law place; after which she gave in her experience to the church, which was satisfied that the work in her was of God. She was baptized in May, 1858, and from that time walked in the order of the gospel. She loved a salvation all of God, as the plan, purpose, and goodwill of the Father, wrought out, finished, and completed by God the Son, and revealed to and wrought in the soul by the power of God the Holy Ghost; and where this was in any way deficient in the ministry, she lifted up her voice against it. She had a deep sense of her weak, sinful, and polluted nature, while she was very jealous of the honour of her dear Redeemer. She was a kind, tender-hearted mother, even to a fault, and of a very forgiving spirit; and was one of the most regular attendants on the means of grace I ever knew, though she had a family of eight children.

She often expressed great thankfulness to the Lord for his upholding power to her, a poor weak worm.

For some months back it had been observed that a quiet, solemn, and spiritual frame of mind were given her by the Lord the Spirit. She would often talk of death in a calm, solemn manner, and express a longing to depart and be with Christ. The preached word of late had been much blessed to her. The Lord's day before she died, Ps. xix. 9, 10 was preached from. When returning home, she said to a friend, "O, I have had a rich feast to-day. It has been sweet to my soul." The friend could not but admire the sweet heavenly frame of her mind; she looked so solemn and yet cheerful.

When she was taken ill, the neighbours asked her if they might fetch some one to pray with her. Her answer was, "The Lord has made me all right; I have no fear of death." A little before she died she was asked if she had a good hope. She said, "I have no particular feelings; but I am all right; the Lord has made me so." Shortly after this she breathed her soul into the hands of her dear Saviour. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

JAMES ARCHER.

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THE

GOSPEL STANDARD.

DECEMBER, 1872.

MATT. v. 6; 2 TIM. i. 9; ROM. xi. 7; ACTS viii. 37, 38; MATT. xxviii. 19.

AN EXPOSITION OF PSALM CXXX.,

BY MR. PHILPOT, AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, OAKHAM, NOV. 20TH, 1859.

NOTES BY J. T. B.

THIS psalm is called a "song of degrees," as are several others, viz., from cxx. to cxxxiv. inclusive. Degrees mean steps. They are called "songs of degrees," it is said, because they were sung by the Levites as they went up by steps into the house of the Lord.

But leaving that dark and shadowy dispensation, I think we may affix to them a more spiritual interpretation. What think you if we spiritualize it into the way the soul mounts upwards in ardent desires and holy aspirations from earthly to heavenly things? Or as like the ladder which poor afflicted Jacob saw in vision, which reached from earth to heaven, on which angels descended with blessings of peace and consolation to his sorely-exercised soul? Or it may signify steps of experience, as the Lord is pleased to lead the soul into a greater knowledge of himself in the manifestations of his Person and work, called a growth in grace.

"*Out of the depths.*" Here is the foot of the ladder. How low it is set; as low as, or little higher than, the gates of hell. Look at the depths into which man is fallen through the Adam transgression, out of which he cannot in any way, or by any means, extricate himself, but is continually adding to it the weight and guilt of actual transgression. O, what a depth! And there are a numerous variety of depths into which a child of God sinks: 1, Depths of *affliction*, caused by seeing the anger of God revealed in a fiery law against him as a transgressor, and that it burns to the lowest hell; and feeling himself to be under its awful curse, and seeing no way of escape. 2, Depths of *poverty*. Poverty of soul; so poor that he cannot think one good thought even if it would purchase heaven, or bring about a reconciliation between an offended God and himself, a poor, lost, and undone sinner; so that with his poverty he is in the greatest misery and distress. 3, Depths of *temptation*. The devil does not now let him alone, as once he did. Everything now seems to be a snare, and there is so much in him akin to the temptation, and then there is such an awful boiling up within that he hardly dare look up. He now feels

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himself to be vile and black indeed. 4, Depths of *persecution*. His friends and companions forsake him, and heap all manner of contempt upon him, together with (not to enter more fully into this part of our subject) trials and difficulties; so that he fears and feels that the hand of God is gone out against him, which brings him almost into another depth, and perhaps the greatest of all depths; and that is, 5, *despair*. He feels himself to be an outcast, and an alien from the commonwealth of Israel, and thinks he never shall see light. He thinks it quite improbable, if not impossible, for the Lord to manifest favour to his poor afflicted soul. He sees others have been left to sink into despair, and why not himself? "Why," he says, "I am there already." But what comes next? What does this state of things produce? A sigh and a cry, or perhaps only a groan.

"*Have I cried.*" You see, my friends, David cried. He was never so low but that he was enabled to cry; and by pouring out his cries he had a secret persuasion that the Lord would hear him. And the lower he sank, with the greater importunity would he cry, according to the felt depth of his needs. Here you may see a grand distinguishing mark between a child of God and a reprobate. A reprobate may go into greater depths apparently than a child of God, but a reprobate never spiritually cries. They cry not when the Lord smites. The Holy Ghost never raises a cry in their breasts. For instance, look at Saul, the king of Israel. I think there is not a more awful account of any character in the whole Book of God,—awful on account of his wretched profession, which terminated in such an awful end. Judas, too. You know his whole history. What depths these two men sank into! Let us look for a moment at Saul. Dare we feel pity for God's enemies, the case of Saul seems to draw it forth more than any other character we read of. Just look how he was chosen by the Lord himself to be king over Israel. He appears not to have had at the time any fleshly motives at work. He did not want to be king. When Samuel was to anoint him, he hid himself among the stuff. Again, we read there was poured out upon him the spirit of prophecy, and he prophesied; so that it was said, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" And the Lord gave him another heart, but not the "*new* heart" which he has promised to bestow on the election of grace. He had a heart given him suitable for his exalted station as king and leader of the Lord's own nationally-adopted Israel; and through him instrumentally they were exalted high among the nations of the earth to what they had been in time previous. But there was in him a rotten spot, not the spot of God's children, which in time kept breaking forth and making itself manifest, and proving him to be not a plant of the Lord's right hand planting. He was like an apple that is rotten at the core, or a potato (to use a common figure). It can never be prevented from becoming worse till it is only one mass of rottenness, only fit for the dunghill. If you read the history of Saul, you will see how this rottenness kept breaking out and spreading,

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till at last the Lord rejected him from being king, and chose David his servant, which stirred up jealousy in Saul; and then he began to sink into great depths of different kinds. The Philistines make war against him, and he is sore afraid; and though he inquires of the Lord, the Lord answers him not, neither by dreams, nor by urim or thummim, nor by prophets. He had quite turned his back upon him, and left him to himself. I verily believe no tongue can tell or heart conceive the misery, distress, and anguish of that unhappy man when he lay wallowing on the ground before the witch of Endor, and refused to eat bread; till at last, being left to go into battle, and seeing it going against him, he was hit by the archers; and so, what with the pains of his body and the workings of despair in his mind, he could bear the agony and torture no longer; therefore he committed suicide by falling upon his own sword. What a mercy to be one of the Lord's "kept" and "preserved!"

Judas, too. Chosen by the Lord himself to be a disciple and to preach the word as well as the other disciples; but in him as well as in Saul there was that rotten spot that kept manifesting itself till at last it brought him into such depths that none but himself could comprehend. Who can tell what he felt when he confessed that he had sinned in that he had "betrayed innocent blood?" He could not bear it, so he went out and hanged himself.

But these two men never truly cried for mercy. Sin in them had made an awful conquest. It had hardened them into despair, and excluded every beam of hope. But poor David, low as he was sunk, cried. So did poor Jonah when in the belly of the fish, and when in his own feelings in the "belly of hell." Faith was not quite dead. It made one more struggle with all apparent oppositions, which caused the poor man to give one more look towards the holy temple, and that "look" brought him out and set him on "dry land," and in his soul's feelings upon a Rock, singing, "Salvation is of the Lord."

"*Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord.*" Whom did he cry unto? "The Lord," "Israel's God," the "One Lord," a Triune Jehovah,—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; three Persons in one undivided Godhead.

"*Lord, hear my voice.*" You see he was not satisfied with crying. He wanted the Lord to hear him. Here is another mark of a child of grace. He cannot content himself with the mere form of prayer, just to mumble over a few words, morning and evening, as a duty, just to pacify conscience and to lull himself to sleep, in the same way as an opium-eater takes opium, or as one that takes to drinking laudanum cannot do without it. He must have it, or he seems like one half dead. I am not speaking against the practice of private or public prayer when it can be attended to without distraction, and the mind in a measure sweetly solemnized with the presence of that Being we are attempting to address in our petitions. I could not think of leaving off such a blessed practice. The Lord does often condescend

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to meet with me there, and proves it to be a most sweet and blessed engagement; but it is against that hypocritical form of prayer, just the doing of one's duty, as many, it is to be feared, believe, which I ever desire to speak against, when heart and tongue do not go together, and when asking for things we have no felt need of, and which if granted would not be relished, so thus mocking the blessed Jehovah, who will not be mocked but with the utmost displeasure.

"*Let thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.*" He not only wants the Lord to hear his cry, but to attend to it and pity his case; to take it into consideration, not to overlook and pass it by; it is a sore case, and he wants the Lord to give him ease or strength to bear up under his difficulties. He knows, too, that vain is the help of man. It is no use looking to a fellow-creature,

"Could the creatures help or ease us,
Seldom should we think of prayer."

If the Lord does not please to remove the cause, he cries for patience to be enabled to endure. Or it may be, he is in great darkness of soul. He will then earnestly desire and long for a smile from the Lord's heavenly countenance. And it is not one thing alone he wants. He feels his

"Wants are great and many too,"

and cries,

"O Lamb of God, some pity show."

He wants the Lord to be attentive to the voice of his supplications; in the plural, "supplications."

"*If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?*" David begins by confessing his sinnership, which seems to prove that a felt sense of his sins, and the anger of God against them, was the depth he was in at that time; and indeed it is a great depth, sin being the sole cause of all sorrow. If a man knows and feels but little of his own sins, and how provoking they are in the eyes of the dread Majesty of a sin-hating Jehovah, he knows but little of those anxious cries of a vessel of mercy after a sin-pardoning God, or after a manifestation of his goodness and mercy. But the Lord does not mark the iniquity of his people. Not but that he is cognizant of their manifold provocations, and will visit them with a rod for their transgressions; for there is a rod in the house for correction. The Lord will not spoil his family. If you escape the rod and the stripe, you may well think you are a bastard and not a son; for we all have sinned, and that grievously. Look at the peevishness, stubbornness, and rebellion that make themselves manifest under every little thing that comes across our fleshly cravings. But the Lord does not put down the sins of his people in a note-book, to bring out against them at the last day of account before assembled worlds. How should you feel if you thought that the sins of the past week alone should be brought out against you at the day of judgment? What could you answer in your own behalf? Or even the sins that you have committed since you opened your eyes this morn-

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ing? Or the sins you have been guilty of since I have been speaking? I confess I could not meet them and stand; I must sink under them. O Lord, who *could* stand? If there was a sin brought against any of the saints they could not; and even though they may have previously realized a sweet sense of the Lord's pardoning mercy, if the guilt of one sin was charged upon them the holiest man that ever lived could not stand; not Bunyan, not Huntington, not Hart; and these three perhaps the holiest of men since the apostles' days. No, nor yet Job, Isaiah, Daniel, or Paul. No, nor yet holy John, who was so favoured as to lie in the Lord's bosom. None of them could stand if the Lord should mark iniquities.

"*But there is forgiveness with thee.*" What an unspeakable mercy that the Lord should not deal with us after our iniquity, but that he should exercise his forgiveness toward such base wretches! There may be some here who have not as yet tasted the sweetness of this forgiveness, yet are longing and panting for a knowledge of it, to taste for themselves that the Lord is good. Well, for your encouragement the words before us say, "forgiveness *with thee;*" that is, locked up in the heart of Christ the Son of his love, and to be revealed to thee, poor, hungry, thirsty, panting soul, in his own time, way, manner, and measure.

"*That thou mayest be feared.*" Not with a slavish, servile fear; but with that fear of the Lord which is declared to be the beginning of wisdom; that fear which the Lord implants in the soul to keep it from going out after forbidden objects and into forbidden paths, and to keep it near to himself; a fear to offend so good, gracious, and merciful a God. And here is the great distinguishing mark between a hardened Antinomian and one whose conscience is made and kept tender. The Antinomian says, "There is forgiveness with thee; therefore I will not bridle my lusts and passions, but will take things just as they come; and if I am left to sin, it only springs from that corrupt nature, that body of sin which I daily and hourly carry about with me, and you all know that the old man is a bad one, and he cannot by any means be made better. But the Lord is very merciful and full of forgiveness, and his grace superabounds over all the aboundings of sin; so I hope all will end well, and that I shall have peace at last." But the tender conscience says, "I know by painful experience I have a corrupt nature, which is my heavy burden, and causes me to sigh and cry, 'Who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?' And I greatly fear that sin will be my master, dragging me wherever my carnal inclination leads; and to me it seems like crucifying the Son of God afresh and putting him to open shame, who, I trust, has done so much for my poor never-dying soul. O, how can I, how dare I presume on such mercy and forgiveness? No; I fear to do it."

"*I wait for the Lord; my soul doth wait.*" A waiting posture is good and safe place to be in, though not a most comfortable one. The Lord may keep you long waiting, to try patience or sin-

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cerity. If a man is waiting, it shows there is a living desire after something he is not in present possession of. If a person came to your door, it might be either to see you personally, or in want of something you could furnish him with; his waiting would not satisfy him. It would be having his desires granted that would satisfy him. So with the desires of living souls. They are very different to the desires of the sluggard, who desireth but hath not, nor careth much to have. And how many professors, it is to be feared, have just such a lazy desire, causing them just to attend to outward forms, hold certain creeds, but have no abiding or painful sense of needs. But where these things are felt by the pinings of hunger and thirst, and after that which man cannot bestow, it leads the soul to wait upon and look up to the Lord, both in secret and in his own appointed means, knowing well that help alone can be found from him who is the Helper of Israel, and of those who have a sense of their own inability, weakness, infirmity, and helplessness.

"*And in his word do I hope.*" It may be a word of promise, as recorded in the "written word," applied to the soul with power in a time of trial or great need, though it may have been some time past. But still the soul seems to cling to it and hang upon it. But we must pass on.

"*My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning.*" And lest any should doubt it or call it into question, he repeats it:

"*I say, more than they that watch for the morning.*" Like a poor shipwrecked sailor in a dark night, how he would look out and long for the morning, casting his eyes towards the east to see the day dawn, and hail the approach of the first beams of light, so that if it was possible to ascertain whether any further help could be had, or whether he might descry any boat in the distance, or even whereabouts he was cast. Or like a man passing through the night in great pain, how he longs for morning, to see whether he could obtain something for ease or relief. So spiritually. When the Lord teaches his people out of his law, revealing to them his anger against sin and sinners, and showing up to his view his state by nature, what an actual transgressor he is, and what awful darkness he is enveloped in without one ray of gospel light, and who is quickened to feel that darkness, how such a soul will long for the day-dawn and Day-star to arise in his heart. Or one on whom the Sun of Righteousness has arisen with healing in his beams, revealing peace, pardon, and consolation to his afflicted soul, when the Lord has been pleased to withdraw the light of his blessed countenance and his comforting presence, and he has become involved in darkness, he now feels he cannot command the sun to break forth; which causes distress; and then all the beasts of the forest creep forth. Then, again, with what anxiety will he long for the Sun of Righteousness, and he is well persuaded it will be morning when he appears. Help and healing come with it. He now rejoices in the

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light. He can now sing, "He hath turned darkness into light, the shadow of death into morning." His former distress is now all gone, and he wishes it would be all sunshine. He really loves the light. It is to him a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun. Therefore,

"*Let Israel hope in the Lord.*" Thou canst have no hope in self, for "thou hast destroyed thyself." But hope in the Lord, who is the confidence of all that feel themselves to be in feeling at the very ends of the earth.

"*For with the Lord there is mercy.*" Seek mercy where mercy can alone be found; for it is with the Lord to bestow it on the objects of his favour, on Israel, the objects of his eternal choice.

"*And with him is plenteous redemption.*" Some who have most felt their sinnership may be inclined to think that they have out-limited God's mercy, and that the blood of Christ could not redeem such out-of-the-way sinners; but the blood of Christ super-abounds over, and is sufficient and efficacious to wash away, the vilest of his people's transgressions. What a consolation there is in the gospel of grace to one whose sins are felt to be more in number than the very hairs of his head, and who fears they will prove as heavy as a millstone to be tied round his neck to sink him into perdition never more to rise. But no; for,

"*He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.*" Not all the world, but "*Israel.*" The Bible knows nothing and teaches nothing about universal redemption. It is only a figment of men's brains. There is plenteous redemption for all the blood-bought family. There are none in hell for whom Christ shed his precious blood; for he himself declared, "My sheep shall never perish," and that it was not the will of his heavenly Father that one of the little ones should perish. No, blessings on his name! "Not a hoof shall be left behind." It will be a perfect body, and a perfect temple. Sin or Satan cannot pluck them out of the hands of divine Omnipotence; so that the child of God is eternally safe. And a faith that can enter into, lay hold of, embrace, and realize the blessedness of these vital realities will rise high on the ladder hinted at in the commencement of our exposition.

May the Lord of his good pleasure grant and increase it.

DIVINE POWER.

FROM THE DIARY OF JOHN RUSK.

On Sunday, July 28th, 1816, I was much better. The previous night, after supper, we sang that hymn:

"How oft have sin and Satan strove," &c.,

and then went to prayer, and I felt a change in my soul; and though it was but small, yet I knew it came from God, for it removed my wretched hardness and unbelief, and I felt this way: "O Lord, that ever thou shouldst look upon me, that ever thou shouldst take the least notice of me! O dear Lord," &c. This was a blessed lift to me; for I had felt very hardened and shut up

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for some time. "When I fall, I shall arise again." After this I felt a lying passive in God's hands. I and my wife went to Conway Street to hear Mr. Gadsby; but my wife was taken very ill and we were forced to come out. We stopped all night, and heard of a place for Mary at Westminster; but when I came home I felt very barren and dead to God, and very cast down about being out of work. My father also being so ill, and the dreadful appearances of things greatly tried me. We have met with great kindness from God's children. My father was very bad all day, and to all appearance his time here will be but short.

On the 30th I went with Mary to her new place in Downing Street, Westminster, which hindered me from looking out for work, or going over the water. I dined with Mary at Mr. B.'s, though I went with reluctance; but Mary would call there. I heard Mr. Gadsby at night at Cross Street. His text was, "Who will have all men to be saved," &c. A masterly discourse, and a dreadful blow to the Arminian. But, O! How low and hardened do I feel; for it appears so plain to me that I am not real in heart, but only have an understanding of the truth.

On the 31st I went over the water and got my money, 11s. 2d.; but, O! What dreadful sinkings did I feel as I was going there, even as though you might have knocked me down with a feather. These feelings made me put up many petitions to the Lord. I also thought of the names the Lord calls his family by, such as worms, lambs, sheep, the weak, poor, needy, destitute, afflicted, foolish, &c.; all of which, and many more, show how defenceless they are, and their need of crying continually to the Lord; and I know that many an earnest sigh, groan, cry, desire, panting, longing, &c., goes up to the Lord from the heart, which never would were it not for these feelings of weakness, innumerable fears, and expectation of danger continually approaching nearer and nearer; so that we fully conclude we shall be a prey to the teeth of every foe. How alarming these feelings, and how dangerous the path appears. Thousands of times I have concluded it would be all over with me. The fear of man, fear of destruction, fear of the oppressor, &c., till my life has been a sore burden to me, and I in all this weakness, in jeopardy every hour, like walking on the brink of a river. But hitherto the Lord hath helped me. I walked much during the day, that I felt very tired indeed, and greatly cast down, till I got well on my journey home, when my soul did not sink quite so much. When I awoke in the morning of Aug. 1st, I felt as if there was going to be a breaking up in my soul, which made me cry much to the Lord Jesus to manifest himself to me; but though I cried for some time, yet I did not succeed as I could wish. I was sorely cast down that day, not knowing whether I should go out amongst the trade every day or not to look for work, though I knew the trade was very bad, for there are people that have been some three and some four months out of employ. I would be glad for the Lord to lead and direct me in all things; but, O! How I do shrink

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back at going amongst the trade. Then it is represented to me that this is my cross, and as I will not bear it, I cannot be Christ's disciple. O! How my soul is torn to pieces about these things! My aversion to mixing with the trade is so great that I never can describe it. Then it appears in this way to me: "The work that you have boasted of is not of God, and never will endure the fire, or else you would not be afraid, come on you what will; for 'the righteous are bold as a lion.'" Now, those that find fault with me let them tell me how to get out of it, and I will be very thankful. It would rejoice my soul; but I am in prison.

In the evening, being very restless and bowed down in soul, I went to Bow Lane, in hopes of hearing Mr. Watts; but he was not there; it was Mr. Newman, of Brockham. His text was, "He went out and wept bitterly;" and he cleared it up very well; but I did not find the word come with power, yet I hope he is a good man; but it must be a great display of power to bring such a one up who is sunk so low as I am.

Say you, "I do not understand what you mean by power; for I hear the word from time to time, and if I hear sound truth, I am satisfied and contented." Let me ask you one question: "Do you experience changes? Do you know what it is to be in such a state as you cannot pray,—a hard heart, shut up in unbelief, sinking without hope, believing yourself a child of wrath?" &c. Now, if you truly feel such things as these, then you will know the worth of the word being attended with power. God brings his family into these straits that they may know these things experimentally, and not rest in head notions.

Now, it is power to attend the word that such want; and where the word of a King is, there is power: 1st, to *pray*. See Jacob, when he wrestled with the angel: "As a prince, thou hast power with God, and hast prevailed." Now, to hear the word and feel a spirit of prayer afterwards, this is one branch of this power. 2ndly, to feel and grieve over a *hard heart*. Now, if I get rid of it, and get a heart of flesh, this is power: "Is not my word like a hammer, to break the rock in pieces?" and his word is quick and powerful. 3rdly, to feel shut up in *unbelief*. When such hear the word, how glad they would be to believe it, and receive the comfort; but, alas! They could as soon create a world as they could believe their interest in what they hear; but if the word is attended with power, then they can believe; and this is God's work: "God fulfil in you the good pleasure of his goodness, and the work of faith with power." Now, I know by experience what I am writing; and though you may boast of your faith, yet God's people have faith at the very time they are shut up in unbelief; and that is true. 4thly, to feel *sinking without hope*. O, how the soul despairs! How very low it sinks, at times, and feels as if it was all over with it; and all this after the sweetest experience of all the blessings of the new covenant. Now, if God is pleased to attend the word with power, such will get rid of all their sinkings,

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and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and this is called "abounding in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost." Now, this is power. Lastly, to be believing myself a *child of wrath.* Such a one can no more believe that he is a child of God than Satan, but feels as if he was a hypocrite, an impostor, and given up of God to a fearful looking for of judgment. O! Such would be so glad to feel the smallest mark or evidence of being one of that blessed number; but if the word is attended with power it will break through all these wretched feelings, and lay claim to God as his Father. Hence you read: "To them gave he power to become the sons of God," &c. That is experimentally. Now, this power is in a greater or lesser degree felt according as we stand in need; and if God's children attend the word preached and *never* feel this power, though it be preached never so soundly, yet such preachers are only ministers of the letter. I have found this power under Mr. H., Mr. B., and Mr. G.

PREACHING VAIN WITHOUT THE LORD.

My dear Friend,—I fear that you will not only think me unmindful, but ungrateful, in not having written to you before; but do not think me so, for I can truly say you still live in my affections. I sincerely hope there has been that union manifested to my soul towards you that none but God could have revealed. I feel obliged to you for your kind and friendly letters which I received with pleasure, and am glad to hear from you at any time when you feel your mind disposed to write.

You have heard that we have lately had our much-esteemed friend —— with us; and I rejoice to tell you he was heard well. His solemn appeals to the conscience, and the practical remarks he makes, are very searching and profitable. I cannot say that I consider him so grown or deepened in the work of the ministry as some others perhaps; but there is a power attending his word that is not to be found in many that may despise him. Our friend I. is far more gifted, and perhaps improved, as it may be termed, than our friend; but, after all, what is it if the souls of the people be not comforted and fed? I am sure that all preaching is vain without the Lord's power accompanies it to the heart. I trust, notwithstanding what I have said, that many of the friends in Wilts were blessed in hearing I. Poor old Mr. S. says that he has not been blessed under preaching for many, many years as he was under I. in Devizes. They all thought him in such an excellent spirit, and so much improved in the ministry. Poor old Mr. D., too, has astonishing union to I.'s ministry, and thinks he is raised up for a great work in the church of Christ.

My dear friend, I do solemnly assure you that I never found myself such a poor, helpless, hopeless sinner as I do now. No good sermon, however right and true, can liberate me or send or impart any comfort, strength, or consolation to me; no past ex-

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perience, however clear and plain it might have been, can administer any peace, confidence, or strength in a trying hour. Thus it is with me, time after time, under the hidings of the Lord's face. I look back and consider what the Lord had done for me, how sweetly he manifested himself unto me when he sent from on high and fetched me and drew me back from the *waters*, when he snatched me as a brand out of the burning; but none of these things will serve in a trying hour. No, dear friend; you and I know it is present mercies and present deliverances that give strength, courage, and fortitude. O! How often do the darts come in and upon me, in my dark and gloomy days, "Where is now thy God?" And in this distressed state I can no more look up to God with any degree of comfort or confidence than Lazarus when dead. This is my own experience: "Bring my soul out of prison, and I will praise thy name."

Dear friend, has not this been your own soul's experience? And in this trial has not the Lord been eventually seen, and has not this place of his feet been glorious? O that I could live in my soul so as to say, "The Lord is my portion; therefore will I hope in him." And I trust that, in times that are past, I have sat and sung with David, "My soul hath longed for thy salvation;" and I have had a good hope through his word. These precious moments never abide with me long; but however matters go there is something at the bottom that still remains, that can never die; for what the Lord does he does for ever. But what I want is to have these truths by his blessed Spirit revealed and spoken home with power and assurance to my sin-sick soul. I feel more and more the need I have of being kept from the evil of the world, with all its alluring baubles, its smiles and frowns, its gins and traps.

Yours affectionately,

Allington, Dec. 11, 1849. JOSEPH PARRY.

WHY DO I MOURN?

I MOURN because I cannot love;
Because I cannot pray;
Because I cannot soar above
The trifles of a day;
Because I cannot find my God;
Because he hides his face.
I mourn for sin-atoning blood;
I mourn for saving grace.

I mourn because my heart's so hard,
Because it cannot yield;
I feel myself so unprepared
To stand the battle-field.
O when, dear Lord, when will it be
That this sad state shall end;—
When I shall rise and dwell with thee,
My best, my only Friend?

Cholsey. T. S.

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THE MEANS OF GRACE.

Dear Brother (Mr. Axford),—Will you allow me the privilege to say to you that, while I heartily endorse the sentiments set forth by the Baptists of England, I seriously object to some of their phraseology, such as "Means of grace," "Using the means of grace," "Attending on the means of grace," and such like expressions. Those expressions certainly convey an idea that they themselves do not hold or believe that anything outside of the Trinity of Persons in the Godhead and the provision made by the righteous life, ignominious death, resurrection, ascension, and intercession of the adorable Redeemer, can be (properly speaking) the means of grace. Such an expression is not found in the Bible, neither is there any scripture to favour the idea that attending on the preached word, or reading the scriptures, is the means of grace. It is not the language of the New Jerusalem. Christ and his apostles never used it. It, no doubt, had its origin in Popery, and is the language of Babylon; and I very much dislike to hear the children of the New Jerusalem speaking the language of Babylon.

When Israel entered the land of Canaan, there were many of the original possessors remained there, such as the Canaanites and Ashdods, and dwelt with Israel; and the consequence was many of the Israelites spake a mongrel language, partly Hebrew and partly Ashdod. Now, the old mother of harlots, and all her harlot daughters and grand-daughters, are very loud in talking of the means of grace,—that unless a sinner uses the means of grace he cannot be saved. You say that the Old School Baptists of America do not preach the truth as the Baptists of England do. Now, if the doctrine of means of grace is a truth, I acknowledge that the Old School Baptists of America do not preach it. And I would be glad if the Baptists of England would not use it, for the phrase certainly does belong to Babylon.

Affectionately yours,

Molalla, Clackamas Co., Oregon, July 13, 1872. JOHN STIPP.

[We confess our ignorance. We cannot understand what Mr. Stipp means. It is *grace* that saves, not the *means* of grace. So when we exhort our brethren to use the means of grace, we simply do what the apostle did when he exhorted them not to forsake the assembling of themselves together. Neither he nor we exhort them to use the means for salvation, but because we believe they *are* saved. To say that the term "means of grace" belongs to Babylon, except if used in a legal sense, is utter nonsense. The same might be said of every exhortation to believers in the Bible, and so all be set aside; but we might then well be termed Antinomians.]

A MAN must have the Spirit of God before he can have true faith; for the Spirit does not first find faith in us, and then come himself to us; but he first cometh himself to us, and then worketh faith in us. So that he that believes must needs have the Spirit; for, unless he had the Spirit, he could not believe.—*Bp. Beveridge.*

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ADOPTION.

(*Continued from page* 270.)

ADOPTION being one of the first comfortable stages in a Christian's experience, it is to him a marked period in his mortal existence, pointing him to a glorious future, and is one of those things the natural man receiveth not; it is foolishness to him, and what he cannot know (1 Cor. ii. 14), and is a display of that hidden wisdom which none of the princes of this world knew in Christ's time upon earth (1 Cor. ii. 8), but was ordained before the world unto our glory (1 Cor. ii. 7), and is God's work with man to bring back his soul from sin to be enlightened with the light of the living. (xxiii. 30.) As said Paul to the Ephesians (ii. 9): "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good work, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

The very word Adoption carries in it something new, a change, a position unknown before. God separated Abraham from his family's idolatry, and adopted him, choosing him from all the families of the earth, leaving others without such experience as Abraham had, and commanded his heart, in the obedience of faith, in a most special manner. And in the Christian's case a miraculous deliverance and sweet enjoyment are experienced, such as the highest anticipations of nature never can reach; but thanks to our God for reigning grace, which shall reign through righteousness unto eternal life. The adopted one feels that sacred liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free; and while the soul is made free a strange holy binding chains it in sweet obedience to all God's holy will. Cords of love bind the soul, while it says, "Other lords have had dominion over us; but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." (Isa. xxvi. 13.) "Hinder me not, world, honour, riches, pleasures of time,—hinder me not. What things were gain to me, those I count loss for Christ, and a doorkeeper's place is now envied by such in the comparison."

While the sun shines in the month of May after a soft shower, all Nature seems alive and beautiful; but it is not May all the year round. Autumn comes, and then follows grey winter, when rivers, rivulets, and rills are bound fast, as in death, and Nature herself wears a mantle of sadness. Nor does the child of adoption continue to bask in the sunshine of grace and love. Those who have no changes may be suspected to have little knowledge of themselves, and no fear of God. (Ps. lv. 19.) Many things trouble the adopted one,—depravity, pleasures of the world, crosses of time, Satan's devices, for he is not idle; all these and many more. But all, under the high sovereignty of our eternal unchanging God, have access to the very heart of the adopted one; so that even Paul was not always in the third heavens; he knew what buffeting was. Noah, though a man of great faith, could be overcome; Abraham, though the friend of God, was left to speak falsely; Elijah, whose prayer God answered by fire, and who slew Baal's prophets, trembled before a woman's anger;

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David, with all his holy songs, suffered the fondness of his natural affection to lead him to murder; even Peter was not always saying, "Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee;" and John was not always leaning on the Redeemer's bosom; for they all forsook him and fled. Terrible thought! But they did. (Surely our God and Redeemer rests in his love, nor is there the shadow of a turn with him.) What their hearts felt when they saw him led away by a ruffian band we cannot know. Poor tried followers of the Lamb of God, here was a stage of experience for them, such as no human mind could conceive, and what they could not understand with the facts before their eyes; for as yet they did not know the scriptures on this mighty transaction. So with all God's adopted ones. They know not the mind of God as to their untrodden steps in this path of tribulation, nor can they comprehend fully the Redeemer's meaning, though he says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," only as the tribulation comes opening up to the heart the truth of the saying; nor do they understand fully that without Christ they can do nothing till the trials come. Many of them conclude that "the bitterness of death is past," and "dreamt they shall see war no more;" but Bunyan lost his roll; Paul cried, "O wretched man that I am!" David sank in deep water and in miry clay; and Peter cried, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." And so the adopted one of our own times must find changes. If last year he sang of grace abounding, he may this year sigh out, "Woe is me, for I am as when they have gathered the summer fruits;" or with another prophet, "O that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!" and next year he may be darker still, and find himself sitting in dust and ashes, with sackcloth on his loins. Heaviness in a man's heart makes him stoop, and it requires a good word from the Father of spirits to make him glad so as to wave a heart offering before the Lord.

Dear Mr. Editor, it is now over 40 years since a friend called my attention to what he termed "the spirits." I did not understand then what he meant. Everything that had Christ about it suited me in those days; and he left me, saying, "Try the spirits." My attention was drawn to the subject privately. In 1 Cor. xii. 10, I found "discerning of spirits" was a gift, and I thought, "I will not trouble about that. If I can enjoy Christ in the gospel, I care nothing about either sort of spirit, good or bad;" but since then I have found John speaking in a somewhat different strain. (1 Jno. iv. 1.) He says, "Beloved, try the spirits," as if all to whom he wrote had some knowledge of this business. Paul refers certainly to a special gift; but John seems to invite the whole church to this subject, saying, "Beloved, believe *not* every spirit, but *try* the spirits whether they be of God, because many false prophets (spirits) are gone out into the world." Every adopted child (and none else) can, and does, according to light given him, judge, or try the spirit of a preacher. "Know ye not," said Christ, "that ye shall judge angels" (ministers);

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the same that John says (Rev. iii. 1), "Unto the *angel* of the church of Sardis write." When a minister appears upon the platform of our "Zion," he must submit to be judged, tried, approved, or condemned by God's adopted ones; and though youth, timidity, or other causes, may keep the adopted one silent for a time, the judgment goes on in the heart, and will out one day. But here is one sweet and blessed mystery, where our Lord Jesus sends the minister, angel, or spirit, the adopted children soon feel a soul-union to the man; while others, not sent of God, have to push their way, trying to raise themselves at the expense of others—a scheme that will never succeed in Zion. Paul might well say to Timothy, "Lay hands suddenly on no man." If, as we read, there were many false prophets (spirits, ministers) in John's time, how is it now? All who chase, drive, or mock at God's helpless children are false prophets; the spirit of Christ is not in them; and you, ye "little flock," are to judge them; ye are so commanded: "Try the spirits." Such men add loads to the shoulders of God's heavy-laden ones—oppressing, instead of comforting. In old time, where the living and true God had one prophet Satan had four hundred and fifty; and I am afraid it is quite as bad now. Some of those false prophets will really go out of their own line of ministration to suit a people for a time, till they can do better; and whenever their purpose is accomplished, return again to the whip, and flog poor Zion. (But the Lord is her portion.) And though many of God's people have been partly compelled to submit for a time, yet the Lord will return to Jerusalem with mercies, and the poor and needy who could find no water shall see the Lord's hand pouring floods upon the dry ground.

May the Lord's dear adopted ones have much of that holy anointing that teacheth them all things (1 Jno. ii. 20), for we live in a dangerous day. As to the craft of the spirits around God's people, in the professing world, it is doubly keen, I think, to what it ever was before; therefore, try the spirits; judge not the outward appearance, though "weak and contemptible," or "a goodly person to look upon." Shut your eyes to externals; and, if learned and eloquent, shut your ears to both, when only acquirement and talent; and, what is more hateful than the above, "affectation," seeking to move their hearers by appearing to be solemnly affected themselves. This is a fearful spirit. Those who practise this divination have the art—I might say, the hellish art—of squeezing their eyelids together to produce tears, certain that tears will produce a sensational movement among their hearers. Judge them, ye adopted ones. Try the spirits, ye children of the kingdom; and let their sentence come forth from your God. Be swift to hear, but slow to speak. Look for matter, not manner nor sound; and remember those spirits say, "Lord, Lord," as if God had sent them; yet they often wound God's family, and also say, "Let the Lord be glorified."

Dear Sir, I think we are fast approaching a time when we

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shall have to be left, when the true living portion must stand aloof from the general mass more than they do at present. There are so many who trample upon the "sighing prisoner"—"them that are out of the way," "the poor and needy who seek water." Such bewray the wanderers, and even laugh at the sighs and groans of God's family. The serpent casts off its old skin, and appears in brighter colours at certain seasons; and if the church could shake off those that cling to her who know not the spirit of adoption, it would be well.

But methinks I hear you say, "O! Sir, the tares and wheat are both to grow together till the harvest." Well, so they are; and we must just submit to those things we cannot alter, and pray for God's dear little ones, who are often brought into much darkness and heaviness of heart by those spirits or ministers who have not the spirit of adoption, and are not sent to comfort the mourner. But this does not mean we are not to be separate from them, but that we are not to "gather them up," or destroy them. The causes of darkness, trouble, and fears, in God's people, are many, and as varied as their countenances almost. They often creep upon the soul by a sort of stealth, and, filling the place of better things, entangle the sinner. The snare is not seen at first by the unsuspecting one; the delusion is pleasing, and the infatuation becomes stronger.

To relate all that may follow would be a task, as it would be sinful. The experience of saints departed testifies enough of painful things, and poor fallen nature is still the same. God only can prevent darkness, sin, and sorrow from covering our spirits. David cried, "Send out thy light and thy truth. Let them lead me and guide me." Not only truth, but light also; light to shine upon truth, that we may see light clearly in God's light. So all adopted ones cry in their turn. Their lot is much in darkness, death, and the grave, where the soul questions if God will show wonders to the dead; if his loving-kindness shall be declared in the grave. Wonders in the dark, and faithfulness in destruction, and his righteousness in the land of forgetfulness. (Ps. lxxxviii. 10, 11, 12.) A duty-faith man, who can warm himself by his own match, can afford to laugh at this. Not so the adopted child. He roars and moans in his prayer; and the most he can say is, "Lord, help me!" But, blessed be God, he has promised "times of refreshing," though they are to be waited for; and God will be inquired of to do certain things for his people.

Oftentimes the Lord restores to his people the years the locusts have eaten, blessing them abundantly, and filling their souls as with marrow and fatness, and bringing the adopted one nearer to himself, revealing greater things even than the adoption itself. The newly-adopted one is but a youth in the divine life, and but stepping, as it were, in amongst the mysteries of the kingdom; and though tossed and tried in many ways, he has much to learn, and the dear Lord leads him into certain stages of experience, that he may show brighter glories and a higher relationship than

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a child can know. Hence the Redeemer represents himself as one seeking to win the affections and gain the heart, as one who had loved with an everlasting love, drawing the soul, with love-cords, away from all darkness, death, forgetfulness, and fear of coming short of eternal glory at last; so that the one lately adopted rises up into a mysterious union and oneness with the Son of God. "Be astonished, O heavens; for the Lord hath done it." The dear Lord has been nourishing as well as trying the adopted one, and preparing the soul for his own glory. Hence the Redeemer speaks of being a Husband; so he brings his sons and daughters on in the divine life, to see the safety and happiness of those who can say, "My Maker is my Husband. The Lord of Hosts is his name;" and having his own authority for it. The young ones cannot all at once aspire to such language, and they wonder at those who do till they have been brought away from days of infancy, and the Lord begins to teach them doctrine; and the dear soul seeks for a new, an additional testimony of God's favour, when God of his unchanging love whispers in the soul, "Thou shall call me 'Ishi,'" my *husband*. Here the glorious Redeemer opens a new revelation to adopted ones, and intimates a nearer connexion with the Lamb of God.

Should it please God, Mr. Editor, and you are not wearied, I hope to resume the subject at a future time. EXCERPTA.

A CONSOLATORY LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Dear Madam,—I have been lately much hurried, or, according to your desire, I should have written before; but, however, I have endeavoured to send you a few lines, which I shall be thankful and rejoice if they are blessed of God to your support and comfort under your present troubles.

I desire to be sensible of my own unworthiness and unfitness for anything of myself that is spiritually good; much more for so hard and difficult a task as the administering effectual consolation to a soul that groans under outward afflictions and outward troubles—that is tossed upon the waves of Satan's temptations and worldly disappointments. Indeed, this is the work of none other than the Divine Spirit; it is he alone that can command a calm into a tempestuous soul, and speak peace, rest, and satisfaction in the greatest multitude of perplexities. However, I desire most tenderly to sympathize with you; remembering that I also am in the body subject to the same adversities and trials, and would help you all I can to bear your burden with faith, patience, and resignation. I grant, then, that your circumstances are very intricate and exercising; but let me beg of you not to construe your afflictions as a token of God's displeasure, or a sign of your not belonging to him. This is an old temptation of Satan's, with which he often assaults the afflicted Christian; but take the shield of faith, that you may quench his fiery darts.

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"Shall Simon bear the cross alone?
And all the rest go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for thee."

We have need to be emptied from vessel to vessel: We are too apt to settle on our lees—too apt to be taken with the vanities of this passing world. If we are without afflictions, whereof all are partakers, then are we bastards and not sons. How many have questioned the truth of their state or relation to God for want of these exercises and trials! Where are the cause and matter of your fears and despondency? Go search the records of sacred scripture, and see how it fared with saints in all ages; what David, what Job, and Paul, yea, our blessed Lord himself, endured and passed through in this world. Should that be an argument against your interest in God, which is the common portion of all believers here? We are now chastened that hereafter we may not be condemned. Ah! Happy afflictions that wean us from this wretched world, and are a means to mortify our corruptions, teach us to live more constantly by faith on Jesus Christ, and to fix all our hopes and expectations on another and better world! And for that end you should be earnest in your wrestling with God in prayer, that your trials may be all sanctified unto you. At present they are not joyous, but grievous; yet hereafter they may yield you the peaceable fruits of righteousness, according to God's gracious promise. (Heb. xii. 11.) Sanctified afflictions are a thousand times rather to be chosen than unsanctified prosperity. These may consist with, yea, are often the effects of, God's special love: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." (Rev. iii. 19; Heb. xii. 6, 8.) He sees we want them, and he knows they will work for our good. Do, then, Lord, what thou pleasest with me, so I may but die to this world, overcome my corruptions, live more upon Christ, bring more glory to his name, have more comfortable tastes and pledges of his love, and be often saying, "The will of the Lord be done." He is infinitely wise, and knows what is best for me; he is infinitely gracious, and will be tender of the weakest of his children; he is infinitely sovereign, and may do what he pleases with his own. The heaviest afflictions on this side hell are less, far less, than my iniquities have deserved. O, boundless grace! The chastening rod of our Father might have been the flaming sword of an avenging judge. I might now have been weeping and wailing with devils and damned spirits in hell. "I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him." It is of his mercy alone that I am not consumed. And O, my soul, it is but a little while, and there will be an eternal end of all thy sorrows, fears, trials, and disappointments; yet a little while and "he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry." That heavenly Bridegroom, who has by his Spirit betrothed thee to himself, will, ere long, invite thee into his eternal kingdom, where thou wilt forget the storms and tempests, clouds and darkness, in thy

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passage through this wilderness world; and all shall be joy and peace, love and praise. No doubts, no fears, shall ever assault thee in that happy state; but thou shalt dwell eternal under the immediate shinings of divine love, and shalt sing with the strongest believer, yea, the highest and most glorious archangel in heaven, the wondrous mystery of redeeming grace; and the comfort and blessedness of that state of rest will be more brightened, illustrated, and endeared by all thy tears and sighings here below. The remembrance of the gall and wormwood of affliction will tend to sweeten the taste of heavenly enjoyments.

I pray that God may be with you, support and comfort you with the divine consolations of his Holy Spirit, and establish you in his own due time. He is a faithful God, a covenant-keeping God, and therefore will not lay upon you more than he will enable you to bear. If you have less of this world, may you have more of his comfortable presence. O, blessed exchange! And if he seems to be hiding his smiling countenance, and suffering Satan to buffet you, may you be supported with his everlasting arms, and have him to sustain and uphold you in every time of need. Should you want his comfortable presence, if it be ever thus with you, remember it was so with your once dying but now exalted Redeemer; and is the servant greater than his Lord? Shall we not joyfully tread in his steps, that we may at last be where he is? Can we, or ought we to repine, if God deals with us as he did with his own well-beloved Son? The Lord help thee willingly to submit to him; and doubt not but at the appointed time, when he sees it will be for your good and his own glory, your heavenly Father will find you out a way to escape. He is never at a loss to bring about his gracious designs when once his set time is come; and you should so think that he is carrying on the great work of your eternal salvation amidst all your troubles and disappointments, and under all your outward and difficult pressures. O! Say then, with Job, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him;" though I am weak in grace, yet will I adore him for the smallest hope; though I am surrounded with terrors, yet will I praise him that I am out of hell. He that has begun a good work in my soul will see that it is perfected, Lord, I desire to submit unto thy will. Do what thou wilt with me, so that I may but bring honour to thy name and promote my own everlasting welfare.

And now, O that you may be embraced in the arms of everlasting love, and enjoy the comforts of your pardoned state! The Lord increase your faith, take from your burdens or add to your strength, and let me beg of you once more, dear sister, not to suffer the crosses and disappointments of this world, however sore and trying in themselves, to drive from your mind the frequent and joyful forethought of what free, rich, and distinguishing grace has designed for you in a brighter and better world, and is fitting and preparing you for every day you live. Let not the hardships of your journey cause you to forget, but rather long

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for, your home. O! Think on that heaven which neither sin, nor death, nor hell shall ever be able to deprive you of; in which you and I, through sovereign grace, I trust, shall spend the endless ages of a blessed eternity. Yours, &c.,

Everton Vicarage. JOHN BERRIDGE.

THE BELIEVER'S BEST LIVERY.

BY THE LATE MR. H. FOWLER.

"But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof."—ROM. XIII. 14.

I ONCE knew an eccentric, seafaring Scotchman to purchase a cast-off full dress suit of a general's of the British army, that he might occasionally appear in a different character to that by which he was generally distinguished; but his putting on the general's regimentals did not constitute him a general. So do many in religion. Many put on the garb of Christianity, but that does not constitute them Christians. Alas! How many there are that wear the outside livery of Christ, but how few the number that truly put on Christ! Hence what they put on they are often seen to put off when a sharp trial comes, when their worldly interest is at stake, or when they are exposed to persecution for the cause of God and truth.

A right beginning in religion will certainly end well: "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." (Job xvii. 9.) Where grace is given it will never be taken away, nor can it be destroyed, though it may be tried as with fire; but there is often an error in the beginning of men's profession. Nothing but the truth, received in the heart by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, will lead to present peace and future glory. If the Son make a man free, then he is free indeed; nor will he receive any man's opinion as truth, unless that opinion be founded upon the word of truth.

The text at the head of this piece was not addressed to those who were in their first-born state, or in nature's darkness, but to such as were "beloved of God, called to be saints" (Rom. i. 7), and whose "faith was spoken of throughout the world." (Ver. 8.) This question should always be put when we read the scriptures: "Who are the persons spoken of, or spoken to?" For if we do not observe who the parties are that are intended by the inspired writers, we shall be liable to fall into many mistakes. Paul's epistles were generally addressed to and designed for particular churches or particular individuals; and though he says many things concerning them that were not saints, it was with the view to reprove, to caution, to edify the saints of God thereby; and whether a man be a preacher or a hearer, he had need be frequently cautioned and exhorted above all things to "put on Christ, and to make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." The flesh likes ease and indulgence; but the child of God is called

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upon to let his moderation be known unto all men, because the Lord is at hand, to put on Christ by faith, as ye would your clothes every morning. Do we want a garment to appear with acceptance before our Father? Christ is our righteousness. We have no covering, but are naked without the righteousness of faith; therefore, put on Christ, believer, as your righteousness, whenever you would approach the Father; for he is well pleased with him, and with you in him. When sin and corruption struggle hard for the mastery, and when Satan and your legal heart would start various strong objections against your faith, then put on Christ, which is the only way to silence all objections and to put an end to strife. The corruption of the heart cannot be conquered nor even weakened by anything of the creature's. Vows, tears, strong resolutions, abstinence from eating and drinking, till the body is wasted to a skeleton,—all these have been tried to no good purpose by many. Satan laughs at all such armour; but put on Christ, and Satan trembles. This, indeed, may appear like presumption, at times, to the believer. It may seem to him as if he had no business with Jesus Christ, as if he ought to bear his own burden, indulge a despondency of mind, and fret himself to death; but he will find at length that put on Christ he must, as his only piece of armour for the battle. Did they of old overcome the accuser of the brethren? It was by the blood of the Lamb. Do we obtain the victory? It is through our Lord Jesus Christ. Are we more than conquerors? It is through him that hath loved us.

The saints' falls arise, not from putting on Christ, but by putting him off and trusting to their own foolish and devilish hearts, which never can do anything but what is contrary to God and all real holiness. Nor is it by the Lord's whipping the rebellious child with his rod that will produce in him sweet obedience. He must mix his fatherly chastisements with his loving-kindness and tender mercy, and then the child will loathe himself in his own sight, and pray for continual supplies of soul-enlivening grace, that he may put on Christ and live to his glory. A man may put on zeal like Jehu, and after all set up his golden calves and come to destruction. Pride and love of popularity may lead men to do and suffer much in the cause of religion, and on that delusive foundation many bolster themselves up, it is to be feared, and pass sometimes out of the world with apparent composure; while those preachers who are fond of preaching funeral discourses, alike deceived, will eulogize the departed brother, and set out his character as bordering on perfection.

False fire and the passions of nature may lead astray for a time a real child of God. Witness Peter: "Though all men shall be offended because of thee, yet will I never be offended." (Luke xxvi. 33.) Poor man! His heart deceived him. He trusted to himself, and his courage fled in the moment of danger. Every child of God will be taught, sooner or later, that the efforts of nature and fleshly confidence are of no use to him; that he must

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be guided and upheld by the Lord's power; that safety is alone of the Lord. The very many cautions and admonitions in the holy word of God to the saints, and the grievous falls of many of the most highly-favoured servants of the Lord which we read of in the Bible, should make us tremble while we rejoice, walk humbly with God, and ever pray to be kept from evil, that it may not grieve us.

Lord, help a sinner, needy, weak, and poor,
To serve thee better and to love thee more;
To put on Christ, and on his grace depend
For strength and courage till this life shall end.
Then give me strength to pass through Jordan's stream,
And everlasting love shall be my theme.
When the last trump shall sound, then, there shall I
Put on the robes of immortality!

A PETITION.

Go, gracious Lord! Go with thy servant, go,
And guard and keep from every hurt and foe;
Watch o'er his way. Protector, leave him not,
But safely bring him to the destined spot.

Then there thy Spirit's power anew impart,
To raise his hope and animate his heart.
Aid well his voice, afresh anoint his soul,
And let him preach a risen Saviour whole;
And let thy needy children also share
In royal dainties and delightful fare.

Whene'er he speaks, let age and growing youth
With wonder listen to the voice of truth;
And let his visit teem with hallow'd praise,
Be bread that's cast on waters many days.

Be with him in his goings out from hence,
Wherever call'd the gospel to dispense.
O! Let him not at his own charges go,
But souls and seals for hire do thou bestow.

Thus daily strength may he in Jesus find,
And not forget those friends he left behind;
But may their spirits meet around thy throne
Till thou, in mercy, shalt return him home.

Grant journeying mercies! Bless his coming in!
Laden with gospel treasures, felt within;
And let him in thy house again record
The glorious mysteries of the Incarnate Word,
From Zion's heights again thy truth proclaim,
And many a sinner catch the rising flame,
Till time with him and them shall cease to be;
Then dwell in love throughout eternity.

Godmanchester, Nov. 30, 1865. LESS THAN THE LEAST.

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REVIEW.

Pastoral Letters of "the Rev." Mr. Hobbs, late Minister of the Gospel at Haberdashers' Hall Chapel, London. With an Autobiographical Fragment.—London: 5, Little Love Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside.

Amongst the many passages of scripture which have, we trust, been blessed to our soul we dare not place amongst the least, if such a term as least may without irreverence be applied to any portion of the Sacred Word; we dare not place amongst the least the record of the blessed Spirit by John that, in the divine life, there are little children, young men, and fathers. Not all little children, or babes; for then there would be no armed men to fight the Lord's battles. Not all young men; for then there would be overmuch zeal, cutting off, as it were, the heads of all who, being yet unenlightened in the word, could not fully comprehend, and as a consequence did not zealously contend for, the unadulterated doctrines of grace; and there would be too often, also, a doubting of the spiritual existence of babes who could receive nothing but milk, and of all who could not point to the very spot where the Lord first began with them. Only see the zeal of these young men for the Lord!* Not all fathers; for then all would be "strong meat,"—the bottomless pit and heaven at the same time within; the vile corruptions of the heart and the overcoming power of sovereign grace; fighting against principalities and powers, and shouting "Victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

But there *are* babes; and as these are as dear in God's eyes as the fathers, they *must be* nursed and taken care of; not spurned away or treated harshly, but be fed with milk. So there are also fathers and mothers in the family to take special care of the babes, fondle them, and instrumentally wean them from the milk. And some there are, as we well know from experience, who may have been half a century in the way, and who are fathers, firm as a rock, in the doctrines, yet in their experience of the power of them often feeling as helpless as babes.

Many "little children" there are,—indeed it is a very usual case, who hear the "fathers" talk of their heights and depths, their fights and their victories, their sufferings and their glory, Christ's love to them and their love to Christ, and fear that, because they have not experienced these things, though they pray and groan after them, therefore they are not children at all. But no judgment can be more erroneous; for who ever heard of a dead person either fearing or groaning? A "father" who is a father indeed, knows all this. Having trodden the same path, he knows there are little children as well as fathers, weak in

* We must not be understood as implying that what we say of babes, young men, and fathers is all that the terms imply. Far from it. Sermons might be preached on each and all.

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faith as well as strong in faith, and experiences a real pleasure in feeding, encouraging the little ones.

True it is that in this respect grace is contrary to nature. In nature, once a man always a man, though the intellect may become weakened or impaired; but in grace we may be men to-day and little children to-morrow. We may not only doubt our own interest in the great Victory, but, through the power of temptation, may doubt whether there has been a victory at all; whether there is a word of truth in the whole Bible; nay, more, sad to say, whether there is a God at all; and of all the awful temptations that can be instilled into a Christian by Satan this is the most awful. And though Satan may be foiled in this, and not be able to shake our confidence in the existence of God, he may sometimes try us in another way as to our creed: "Is it not dreadful to think that God has chosen some to salvation and selected the rest to condemnation?" But the latter part is a doctrine we deny. God did not select *any* to condemnation. The whole human race were condemned in Adam. God chose from them some who should show forth his praise; the rest were *left* where he found them,—where they had in Adam cast themselves; for in Adam all died, or were condemned. (1 Cor. xv. 22.) It was no act of God's which put them there. Suppose we were to go into the orphanage at Bristol, and take one or two of the orphans to live with us as our children, would any one be foolish enough to say we were the cause of the rest being there? And shall we charge God thus foolishly? God forbid! Mr. Hobbs had a right view of this:

"As a child of Adam, I was involved in all the tremendous consequences of his sin and disobedience. His act was my act, his guilt my guilt, his state in all respects after the fall was my state by imputation, for by the disobedience of one many were made sinners. Besides, Adam begat a son in his own image, after his own likeness; and all his posterity are alike involved in his guilt, alike dead in trespasses and sins, alike alienated from God by wicked works, alike blinded through the darkness of ignorance that is in them, enemies to God, hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, led captive by Satan at his will, having the conscience seared with a hot iron, twice dead to God and to all righteousness and true holiness. Add to this, that we are all born in a state of total ignorance of this our sad condition, spiritually dead, consequently incapable of performing any spiritual act, and subject to temporal death, as it is appointed unto all men once to die."

One thing, however, we assert as certain, that when once a Christian has been a father in the divine life, not all the temptations of Satan can make him altogether forget it; and often, when he is exclaiming, "Hath God forgotten to be gracious?" calling to mind the "works of the Lord" in his heart, he will, almost in the same breath, say, "This is my infirmity!" He will never be altogether without hope; and if in the ministry, he will be able instrumentally, by the blessed Spirit, to feed the babes even with that hope, until they are led on perhaps to the full assurance of faith. If a man has arrived at his assurance by merely read-

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ing *the word*, he may content himself by saying, "There is the word; take it, as I did; you ought not to doubt it;" and so forth. But we may doubt if such a one has ever been a little child, and are certain he is not now a father.

But we must not forget that we are merely writing a Review.

The author of the work before us was undoubtedly a father in Israel, and a true minister of the gospel; yet we know of no father with like gifts and grace who was less known amongst the children. This arose, we believe, in a great measure, from his own exclusiveness. Few, indeed, if any, there were, if we are correctly informed, and if not we shall be glad to be put right, whom he would admit into his pulpit. He had some dear friends in the south of England; and we have often thought, speaking after the manner of men, that it was a great mistake of his, remaining at Haberdashers' Hall and preaching sometimes only to a score of people, when he would have had much larger congregations in the country. But to some ministers London seems to have charms which to us are perfectly unintelligible. That he was, as we have said, a father, at least as to his own standing, if not a very active one, we think no one who reads the following can doubt:

"I perfectly recollect one evening, when I was left alone for several hours, meditating on my sad condition, with a mind as full of rebellion against God as sin and Satan could make it, that God's holy, righteous law was brought before my mind in a most extraordinary manner. It seemed to me like a map laid out before me. Each of the ten commandments occupied my mind separately; and it was as if a voice sounded in my conscience, 'You have broken every one of these.' To which I replied, 'Not so; there are several of the commandments I have never broken, particularly the first three and the seventh; and therefore I cannot be as guilty as many others, who have broken all of them;' when the following words were, as it were, sounded in my ears: 'Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' This was followed by these words: 'The law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin;' and such light broke in upon my understanding as I had never experienced before. I was led to see that 'the *thought* of foolishness is sin;' that it is not necessary that the outward sin should be committed, to bring the sinner under condemnation; but that the inward thought of the mind, the inward desire of the heart, the gratification which impure and unholy thoughts afford to the heart, that impure source from which they all proceed, is, in the eye of the law, in the sight of a just and holy God, *sin*, even that sin which subjects the sinner to temporal and eternal death. This completely stopped my mouth. I had nothing to say why the sentence should not take its full effect upon poor wretched me.

"I did indeed feel that I was the chief of sinners; and yet my obdurate heart was so hard and impenitent that I never so much as thought of putting up one petition for God's mercy to be extended to me. I had never yet cried to God for mercy, for I was so convinced that he was unchangeable in his justice and truth, that I could not ask him to mitigate the righteous sentence pronounced in his word against sin and sinners. As I said before, I never knew anything about religion in theory, not having any acquaintances who could instruct me by their conversation concerning the way of salvation. All I knew of a just

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and holy God and of myself as a transgressor, was what he was pleased to teach me by the application of his own word in secret.

"I now felt as if I was sinking through the floor. It seemed to me as if I was descending fathoms every moment, and I really thought that I was going into the pit of destruction; when all of a sudden these words sounded in my heart with such a life-giving power as I had never before known: 'Israel shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation; ye shall not be ashamed nor confounded world without end.' A momentary thought passed through my mind, 'What good can the salvation of *Israel* do me?' This was immediately followed with, 'I have saved *thee* with an everlasting salvation.' Faith came by hearing. It was an appropriating faith; and I believed, as firmly as I did my own existence, that I *was* saved with an everlasting salvation. All my guilt, and all my fear, and shame, and sense of sin were taken away in a moment. Wrath flowed out, and everlasting love flowed in; and I became as happy as I believe it is possible for a poor sinner, saved by sovereign grace, to be in this time state. * * *

"Thus the Lord was graciously pleased to make known to me his great salvation. The effects were wonderful indeed. Instead of constant grief and sorrow, I was blessed with joy unspeakable and full of glory; instead of despondency, I was begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; instead of continual terror and fear, the peace of God ruled and reigned in my heart. I could truly say with the church of old, 'O Lord, I will praise thee; for though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me.' The Bible seemed to me to be quite anther book from what it was when I was under the law. My meditation was then principally confined to the threatening portions of God's most holy word; but now the promises flowed into my heart with a power and sweetness which I cannot express; and they all seemed to be my own, as though they were spoken to me. Faith was enabled to receive, appropriate, and apply them all to myself."

His deliverance appears to us to have been far more conspicuous than his convictions; but, in this respect, his case was by no means singular. Not that he was without convictions for sin; but they seem to have been so gradual that, like many others, he could hardly say when they began. Still that they *did* begin, and were ultimately sharp and piercing too, may be gathered from the following:

"I became more and more distressed in my mind; and what seemed to add to my affliction was that I could not mention my feelings to any one. I used to think to myself, Why was I ever born? Why did I not die before I had committed any sin? Like Job, I was ready to curse the day of my birth, such very wicked thoughts would possess my mind. I hated the Almighty as a cruel, tyrannical being. Self-pity worked to a very great extent, and all this sunk me lower and lower under a sense of guilt. When the sentence of a broken law, the wrath of God revealed therein, a guilty conscience, the fear of death, the workings of sin, and the temptations of Satan all meet together, a poor, wretched condemned sinner feels as if he must be swallowed up every moment. Such was my sad experience. I could enlarge much more in describing the sorrowful days and sleepless nights which I passed when God's wrath lay heavy upon me, and his hand pressed me sore; but I forbear, lest it should seem that I say too much."

We may here state that when only three days old his little brother put some coppers upon his eyes, which caused him to be

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totally blind. We have often heard him spoken of, not reproachfully, as "the blind parson," or "blind Hobbs."

When a boy, a Socinian treated him most kindly, took him to a Socinian chapel, and taught him to disbelieve the doctrine of the Trinity. Speaking of that time, he says:

"On looking back to this period, it often seems to me that Satan was permitted to crowd into a few years of my existence all the evil thoughts and desires and general pollution of man's nature. I was not only full of all real and imaginary evil, but I was led by Satan and unbelief to dishonour that worthy name by which all the saints are called, to deny the only true God and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent. For 'he that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father;' and if either of the adorable Persons in the glorious Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, is denied, the whole Godhead is rejected; for there is no God, to the exclusion of either of the glorious Persons of the Trinity in Unity. Reader, may you be led with myself to see, contemplate, and feel the awful state in which I was; and I must have remained in that awful state to all eternity, had not matchless grace interposed to rescue me as a brand from the burning."

He had been taught the Church catechism; and was one day much struck with the words: "I believe in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me and all the *elect* people of God." He wondered what was meant by "the *elect* people of God;" and this led to the opening up to his mind of the doctrine of election. He found a form of prayer insufficient for him; and though, by the advice of a young friend, he went to various chapels, he could hear nothing that met his case; until at last he told his friends "there were none in our day who preached like Paul."

Shortly after this, a Mr. Peto began to talk to him about what God had done for him (Mr. P.); and young Hobbs exclaimed, "Sir, I did not know that anybody knew anything about such things besides myself." This is the case with many; and the first time they hear a gospel sermon they are lost in amazement, and wonder who has been telling the parson about them, not then knowing that they have been taught by the same blessed Teacher. Mr. Peto took him to Providence Chapel, Titchfield Street. There, for the first time, he "heard the Rev.* William Huntington." Need we say more? Here he found what his soul so ardently desired:

"The Lord was graciously pleased to convince me of sin, and to reveal his pardoning love in my heart, before I had ever heard a work of grace described by any one; but Mr. Huntington was made instrumental in shedding that divine light upon what God had wrought in me, which confirmed it as being of his own operation. When hearing Mr. Huntington, I heard something more than man's voice. It was this, indeed, that I heard with my outward ears, but then I frequently heard more, even the voice of the Chief Shepherd, in, through, and by the word preached. I know it was *his* voice, by the power that attended it. 'Where the word of a king is, there is power.' It attracted my heart to himself, his servant, his word, his ordinances, and his dear

* We wish our Huntingtonian brethren would drop that word "Rev." It sends forth a savour of swelling pride.

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people. It was like manna to a hungry soul. I frequently enjoyed under the word the sweet flowings of that pure river of the water of life which proceedeth out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. O! How often has my poor, needy, thirsty soul been refreshed, comforted, encouraged, and strengthened by the instrumentality of this wonderful ministry."

This was about a fortnight before the chapel in Titchfield Street was burnt down. Subsequently, as is well known, the chapel in Gray's Inn Road was erected; and here Mr. Hobbs continued to attend to the last. He heard Mr. H.'s last sermon, which was on June 9th, 1813, from Rev. iii. 3; and he describes it as one of the most remarkable sermons he ever heard him preach.

Mr. Hobbs well observes in the above extract, "I know it was *His* voice, by the power that attended it." And in another place he says, with equal truth:

"It matters not what we may hear if the Saviour's voice is not heard speaking to our hearts; and this is known by the life it communicates and feeds, by the encouragement it affords, by the faith it works; in a word, poor sinners are thereby brought to say, 'It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh.'"

And to this we may add that when once a man has heard and felt the power of the Saviour's voice, he will know it when he hears it again; for there is no mistaking its power.

Mr. Hobbs also speaks of hearing Mr. Chamberlain in Mr. Huntington's chapel, and says his sermon was unconnected, and that Mr. C., several years subsequently, remarked that he had thought himself a great man before that night, but that he "had never been one since."

Mr. H. speaks somewhat disparagingly of those who left Providence Chapel after Mr. Huntington's death; but we believe many of the most spiritual amongst Mr. H.'s hearers went to Conway Street and afterwards to Gower Street, when that chapel was built, and which were supplied by Mr. Vinall, Mr. Fowler, Mr. Gadsby, Mr. Warburton, and others, some of whom were Baptists and others not.

The account of Mr. Hobbs's call to the ministry is given in a letter by him to Mr. Chamberlain. This is too long to insert; but we may observe that his "call" was to our mind perfectly clear, though remarkably smooth. His mind was "impressed for several years that the Lord would, in his own good time, send him forth to speak in his great and holy name;" so that he was not, as it were, *forced* into it against his will, as Huntington and some others were, but was quite ready, though with many fears, to accept of the first invitation he received to go forth.

After that, as the biographer says, his life was "an uneventful one."

We were surprised to find that Mr. Hobbs, as well as Mr. Huntington, was a politician. He states that one Sunday morning, early in 1812, Mr. Huntington took for his text Heb. x. 34. But first he commented on the preceding verses: "But call to remembrance the former days;" and in doing so spoke of the

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tribulation in queen Mary's and the Stuarts' days; adding that those who belonged to the Lord might, in all probability, be called again to suffer from the Roman Antichrist. At the close of his sermon he said

"That a public meeting had been held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, when a petition to Parliament was agreed to, against what was called Catholic Emancipation; that a committee had been formed to carry out this object; that the secretary had applied to him to assist in it, and that he did hope that all who loved the Saviour and were loyal to the throne and institutions of the country would sign the petition, which was now ready *at the chapel*, and that a person would attend in the vestry, through the week, to receive signatures."

Mr. Hobbs sent to the secretary for the necessary papers, aided as much as he could, and obtained nearly 300 signatures. Now we see nothing wrong in all this. On the contrary, we think it was all very right and proper. But we can hardly say the same of what follows. After the retreat of the French from Moscow, Mr. Huntington applied Isa. xiv. 12 to Napoleon, and had a collection made towards the rebuilding of Moscow. This, however, we leave, merely observing that if Mr. H. really did apply Isa. xiv. 12 to Napoleon, and of coruse as Mr. Hobbs says so there is no reason to doubt it, he for once stepped out of his way and made a great mistake. A thousand Napoleons united would not make one to whom that passage would apply.

The letters occupy 400 pages. Many of them might have been omitted. As far as we have read of them they are as smooth as polished glass, yet, as far as they go, sound in the truth. The varied and deep exercises of a poor tried child of God, his doubts and fears, his ups and downs, his backslidings in heart, lip, and life, his battles with sin, Satan, and the world, if not altogether passed over, are but comparatively slightly touched upon. It is not enough for the dear seeking child of God to be told that it is through much tribulation that he must enter the kingdom. He wants to know something of what the tribulation consists in a Christian more than in the men of the world. It is not enough for him to be told that the saints are safe in Christ. He wants waymarks set up, that he may know whether or not *he* is a saint. Not that the letters are entirely destitute of this. Certainly not. But they are by no means a leading feature. Still they contain a fund of matter which will interest and edify the young men and fathers.

Obituary.

ESTHER BROWN.—On May 31st, aged 88, Esther Brown, of Oldham. She was well known to many readers of the "Gospel Standard," as will be seen from the following extracts from a book which she had commenced writing herself, but through affliction and weakness was unable to finish; her whole life was indeed one of great suffering.

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She begins by stating that she was a delicate and sickly child, and when about seven years of age, through adverse circumstances, her father had to remove his family to Oldham, "a place," she says, "where much sorrow and suffering awaited me." She goes on to say,

"When I was about 12 years of age my dear parents, finding I was stronger, put me into a good school. There I took the small-pox, through washing with a girl about my own age. I suffered greatly; for it left me with bad eyes for some years; so that I was not able to attend school again but a few times. Before my eyes got quite well I had a fall, through the fright of a dog, which was the cause of me being a cripple for life."

Shortly after her fall the family removed to Chadderton, a small country place five miles from Manchester, where there was a small Baptist cause, a branch of the same chapel she had attended at Oldham; and here we find her very diligent and active in her attendance at the preaching, prayer-meetings, and Sunday school.

"I and a sister who dearly loved each other attended every meeting both on a Lord's day and week days, and we were both engaged to distribute tracts, which we did after school in the afternoon, and this I was very proud of, thinking I was doing a great good. There was a young minister at that time over the place, who was very anxious to get many members in the church, and had what he called inquiry meetings for young people, and I with others was asked to stay at one of these meetings; but I said I could not stay; I must ask my father first. And O how thankful I feel even now that I had such a good Christian father; for when I named to him what had been said to me about showing my love to the Lord Jesus Christ by being baptized, he said, 'My dear child, it is a very solemn thing to be baptized, and you are very young (I was then but 15 years of age); and I don't like that way of asking people, time after time, to be baptized; for I believe the dear Lord makes his people ready and willing at the right time without men having the trouble to drag them in.' I don't know what my father said to the minister; but I was not asked again for several years to join the church. At that time I thought my father was very hard with me; for I thought then I loved the Lord so much that I could never do anything wrong, and therefore I thought I did not need him to tell me about temptations, and felt sure I should never fall into sin. But, alas! I little knew what a wicked and deceitful heart I had, and that I was so soon to be led into a path of deepest trial and suffering that would prove my fancied strength and my religion only natural, and therefore useless in the hour of trial."

She continued to go about distributing the tracts till she was stopped by the severity of the weather, and the effects of the fall she had had began to develop a more grave aspect; her hip and knee began to fail, and gradually got worse; and after trying the skill of several of the most eminent surgeons of the day, she only got worse. And now clouds of trouble began to hover

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over her. Besides her affliction, her dear father, to whom she was so affectionately attached, was failing in health; and before very long he was not able to leave the house. Writing about these painful circumstances, she says:

"O the anguish of heart I went through while sitting with my father and watching, day after day, my greatest earthly comfort sink into the arms of death, and myself in such an afflicted state that there was but very little hope that I should ever be myself again; and when any of my young friends came to see me from school, and I looked upon them and saw how happy they all seemed, and could walk about and enjoy themselves, and I thought of what progress they were making at school, such awful rebellious thoughts and feelings would rise up in my heart against God, because he had not made me strong like others; and in my rebellions I said I did not care what became of me, and often wished I could die, feeling at such times I could not be worse. So fretful and rebellious was I that hardly anything would please me. My dear parents and sisters tried in vain to comfort and cheer me. My father would read the word of God to me, and ask me to read for him, after choosing such portions that spoke of God not afflicting willingly or grieving the children of men; and would say to me, 'O, my dear child, will it not be a great blessing if the dear Lord should make this affliction and sorrow the means of weaning you from self and sin, and bringing you to the feet of Jesus, seeking mercy and pardon through his precious blood?' And at such times I thought I would be different, and try to be more passive, and read my Bible and pray more; but all being made in the flesh ended only in the same.

"And now my dear father's last days on earth came, which was a very sad and solemn time for us all, but especially for me, who had often said in my rebellion that if the Lord took my dear father, I hoped he would not let me live a day after him. And now I began to fear what would become of me; for I felt sure if the Lord took me, according to my rebellious wish, I never should meet my dear father, who, I felt sure, would spend a happy eternity with Jesus in glory. And this led me to cry that the Lord would spare me and have mercy upon my poor soul; and yet I felt afraid, knowing the hard thoughts I had felt in my heart and expressed with my lips against God; till one day, just before my dear father died, after commending us all to the care and keeping of God, he was praying that the Lord would change my heart by grace, and enable me feelingly to acknowledge that the Lord was just and righteous in all he did, a feeling came over me that if the Lord would not hear my prayers he would hear the prayers of my dear father for me, and that I should not at this time be cut off. This gave me some hope, and I began again with more diligence to read my Bible and pray many times a day, hoping by these means I should become better and better."

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It was a great trouble to our departed friend to be left in such a helpless state, and that for the residue of her life, without any prospect of ever being able to earn the bread that perisheth; and had we space we could mention some remarkable instances in which her plans and projects were crossed; but we will briefly mention one. A rich uncle in the south had promised to her mother that she need not be anxious, for he had provided for them both. This was good news to her; but not long after this the sad intelligence came that he had died suddenly, and that his will was not signed. Speaking of this circumstance, she says:

"O, what a blank was the news to me! All my plans were again upset. I thought none were so hardly dealt with as I was. Again my rebellion broke forth in hard thoughts and words, and saying, I would not mind had I not been so helpless and afflicted; but it was hard, now I could not work for myself, that I should be dependent upon others for every means of support, little knowing then what blessings and mercies the Lord had in store for worthless me."

Shortly after her father's death the minister came to see her, and asked her to engage to distribute a few tracts again in the neighbourhood; which she thankfully agreed to do when she was able. She says:

"Thinking I should be doing more good than sitting in the house, I went about with the tracts; and this was the means, in the hands of the Lord, of bringing me to hear for the first time of a free-grace gospel. It was brought about in this way. A man, named Solomon Cordingley, who attended a Particular Baptist chapel, had come to live in one of the cottages where I took the tracts, and when I went to change it he asked me if I would accept one from him, which I did, thanking him, saying, I was very fond of reading. When I got home I found it to be a very old pamphlet, containing part of a sermon in which were set forth the doctrines of free and sovereign grace. I read it again and again, thinking I could not read it right; for I had never heard or read of particular redemption before; but O the hatred and rebellion that rose up in my heart against the truths it contained! It makes me sigh to think of it; and when I returned it I told him I never could and I never would believe in such awful doctrines; for I was sure they were not in the Bible. Then he got the Bible to show me that they were indeed Bible truths; and thus a controversy began between us, which was very great at times; for although I often made up my mind to give up all controversy, as my relatives wished me to do, telling me I might rest satisfied that Christ died for all, and that I should be saved at last, this I could not do; although I tried with all my heart to rest satisfied like other people, and not trouble myself about these things, as I did not before I knew the man. And why should I do now? But keep away from him long together I could not, but would often be going with verses marked down in my Bible, and leaves turned down, feeling sure I should be able

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to prove by these that he was wrong; but I often came away greatly troubled in mind, wondering which could be right. O, the anxiety and trouble of mind I went through for some years, both concerning my soul and body, I never can describe. But the appointed time had now come; as dear Kent says:

"'Not to propose, but call by grace;
To change the heart, renew the will,
And turn the feet to Zion's hill.'

It was brought about in this way. Our old minister from Oldham was to preach at Chadderton, and I with the other members of the family went to hear him. He preached from Rev. iii. 20. In the course of the sermon he said the Lord Jesus was so tender and kind that he sometimes stood knocking at the hearts of men ten, some twenty, and others upwards of fifty years, and the hearts of men were so hard that they would not let the Lord in, and he had to leave them after all to perish in their sins. 'Well,' I thought, 'this is a proof now that my friend is wrong;' and I made up my mind I would go just once more and tell him about this sermon; but when I was so doing, to my surprise, he told me he had been to hear him, and said, 'I tell you, if that man lives and dies in the state he preached last night, he will go to hell.' This greatly hurt my mind, and I bid him good-bye with very angry feelings, thinking I would never go and see him again; but I had no sooner left the house than I began to think like this: If this good man (meaning the minister) is to be lost, what is to become of me, who never did half the good that he has done; for I have never done anything but sin, murmur, and complain against the Lord's dealings with me? Surely there can be no hope for me; I must be lost; when these words came with much power to my mind: 'For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any man should boast.' The words quite overcame me; so that I had to sit down on the grass, and was some time before I was able to get up. My foundation was entirely taken from under me, the eyes of my understanding were opened, and I was led most deeply to feel my state as a sinner before God. How long I remained sitting in this place I cannot tell; but when I came to myself it was getting dark. This was about the end of the year 1854."

According to our sister's statement, the eyes of her understanding had been opened, and she now began to see light in God's light, and felt such a hunger and thirst after divine truth and the spiritual enjoyment of it in her own soul that she could no longer feed upon the husks of an empty profession. This brought her into trying circumstances with her nearest friends and associates in profession, which brought about a separation.

About this time she heard that there was a place in Manchester where the truth was preached; which news begat in her an irresistible desire to go and hear for herself; and on a certain Lord's day morning she went to Rochdale Road chapel, where

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Mr. Taylor preaches. The word was much blessed to her soul, and she felt the glorious liberty of the gospel of Christ, and that the truth made her free. And now, having found the place where food was to be got for her soul, she determined in the strength of the Lord to go again, which she did; but she met with sore opposition from her nearest and dearest relatives. They could not see why she could not be comfortable with them without going to Manchester; but having tasted of the good old wine of the kingdom, she could no longer do with the rank wine of religious flesh. She had bought the truth and could not sell it. After her first visits to Manchester means were taken to deter her from going again; but such was the intensity of her desires to hear the gospel and worship with the saints, fearing that she would be disappointed, she would get up out of bed at a very early hour on a Lord's day morning in the winter season, when the snow was on the ground, and go out and sit under a tree in a lane till such times that she could go with the train to Manchester; and she has often said how much the word was blessed to her soul, causing her to forget all her troubles.

The friends at Manchester soon noticed her and felt a heart-felt union with her in the truth, and encouraged her to come before the church and relate what the Lord had done for her soul; which she did at a church meeting. Her testimony was received, and she was baptized in February, 1856, by Mr. Taylor, she going into the water with her crutches. She sat at the Lord's table in the afternoon. She was not able to come to the place many times after, being confined to her couch, through her ailment, to the day of her death, being for upwards of 14 years.

During her long affliction she was visited by the friends from time to time, and prayer-meetings were held with her; which seasons she would hail with much delight, and they often proved a time of refreshing to her and those engaged. Although, as we have stated before, she was prevented from going to the public worship and enjoying the fellowship of the saints, yet the cause of God and truth were nearest her heart. She prayed for the peace and prosperity of Zion.

As a friend, she was affectionate and faithful, and despite her own sufferings would bear the burdens of others. Her letters to friends were full of sympathy for those who were in any trouble. She had received the word in much affliction, and the word of the Lord was very precious to her soul; and notwithstanding the many trials and sufferings she experienced in her pilgrimage, she never flinched from the truth, but was enabled, through grace, to make it manifest that whereto she had attained, to walk by the same rule and mind the same things. Although entirely helpless as to means to earn her daily bread, she was never left to suffer want. Many times she was severely tried; but the Lord undertook and cared for her, by disposing the hearts of friends and others to contribute to her necessities. Friends from a distance, who never saw her, also helped her. She would often say

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she could only manage these matters by telling the Lord, and casting all her care upon him.

She was deeply tried and exercised in the path of Christian experience, she had her dark as well as her bright days; and when her troubles and sufferings were great her consolations also, at times, abounded, and she could say with the apostle that her light affliction, which was but for a moment, worked for her a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. She was much privileged in having fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ in his sufferings, and would say, at such times, her sufferings were nothing to what her Lord had suffered for her.

Towards the close of last year her strength was failing fast, and in the spring of this year it was evident to herself and friends that her dissolution was drawing near. She said to a friend that the Lord was about to fulfil his promise to her: "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovest me before the foundation of the world." (Jno. xvii. 24.)

A week before her death, feeling herself too weak to speak to the friends that called to see her, she told her sister to "give them her dying love, as she was going to Him whom her soul loved." And on the morning of May 31st, at half-past two o'clock, she fell asleep in Jesus.

On June 3rd her relatives and friends met, when a hymn was sung, and prayer being offered up, she was conveyed to her last resting-place at Tonge churchyard, where her mortal remains were deposited; and in the language of dear Hart we say:

"Earthly cavern, to thy keeping
We commit our sister's dust;
Keep it softly, softly sleeping,
Till our Lord demands thy trust."

The last two years of her life she lived with her sister, Mrs. Priestley, at Oldham, where she received the most untiring attention, watchfulness, and care that affection could bestow upon her.

Manchester. ——— J. L.

HARRIET MATTINGLY.—On Aug. 2nd, aged 57, Harriet Mattingly, a member of the church of the late Mr. Tiptaft.

In early life she was brought up to attend the Established Church, and continued to do so till some time after her marriage. But the Lord led her to see the worthlessness and emptiness of mere form. I well remember, about 26 years ago, hearing her tell the present Bishop of Lincoln, who was then the rector of the village of Stanford, where we lived, when he was advocating infant sprinkling and confirmation, that they were of no avail for her, as she had been brought to attend to both, and yet found her soul still exposed to the wrath of God.

About this time she was in great distress of mind; and often have I heard her in the silent hours of the night, when she thought none but the Lord heard her, saying, "O! What will become of

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my poor soul? How will my wicked soul appear before God?" In this state she continued for about three years, sometimes being raised to a little hope, and then sinking very low. In 1848, just before the birth of the last of her children, she seemed to have sunk almost to despair. She feared she should die and sink to endless perdition; but, as she most sweetly related to me on her dying bed, in about seven weeks from that time she had a most manifest and blessed deliverance, and walked in the enjoyment of it for some time. Her only surviving son, then a little boy, can well remember that she was almost always singing that hymn of Watts's: "Awake, my heart, arise, my tongue," especially the verse:

"And lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And cast it all around."

But she had soon to prove experimentally that it is through much tribulation the dear children of grace must enter the kingdom. She had to share with me many losses, crosses, and bereavements. In addition to providential trials, she had to mourn the loss of three sons, cut off in early manhood; so that her path was one of trial and sorrow. Many were her afflictions, but out of them all, according to his precious promise, the Lord hath delivered her.

She was taken seriously ill in Nov. last, when death and eternity were much upon her mind. She felt that her end was approaching, and had many fears as to how it would be with her in the closing scene. She rallied, however, for a short time.

In Feb. she was again laid upon a bed of affliction; but the Lord most sweetly blessed her soul. She said, "I have been lying among the pots; but I now understand what is meant by the dove that is covered with silver, whose wings are yellow gold." From this time she spoke much of the Lord's goodness and mercy towards her; the fear of death was entirely removed, and every earthly tie was broken. She said to me, "I love you and the dear children very much; but you no longer bind me to earth. I love Jesus far better than all." Hymn 84 in Gadsby's hymn book was most precious to her, as expressing the language of her soul; indeed, I could not tell all that fell from her lips. She seemed to be swallowed up with a sense of the Lord's great goodness and mercy to her, and was enabled to bear a long and painful affliction without a murmuring word.

On July 31st she was taken much worse, and it was evident to all of us that she was fast sinking. On my going to her bedside, she said, "William, can this be death?" I said I believed it was. She then replied, "O! What a mercy for me! And I am sure the Lord will bless and support you." And then, taking her daughter, who had nursed her during her illness, by the hand, she said, "May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the God of your father and mother, be your God and also your dear brother's and sister's God! The Lord bless you, my child."

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She lingered in a partially unconscious state till the morning of Aug. 2nd, when she peacefully breathed her last.

W. MATTINGLY.

JOHN KNAPP.—On July 31st, aged 75, John Knapp, of Black Bourton.

He was a lover of the distinguishing doctrines of grace for upwards of 40 years, and a member of the church at Alvescot for 36 years, twelve of which he honourably served the office of deacon, and his services were highly appreciated by the church at large. It may be truly said of him that the last years of his life were his best. He felt more of the inward teaching of God the Holy Ghost in his own soul; so that he became a living witness of those blessed truths which were the delight of his heart and sometimes the boast of his tongue. He was well established in that eternal covenant of grace which is ordered in all things and sure. He knew well his state as a poor guilty sinner before God, and that he stood in need of the cleansing efficacy of the precious blood of Christ from day to day; and there was all his hope and trust for time and eternity.

I knew him for upwards of 40 years, and we stood fellow-members and walked and talked together on the blessed subjects of divine grace at times during that period; so that I am a living witness of the truth of what I say of him. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, was the blessed theme of our song. In this faith he lived, in this faith he died; and I believe he is now before the throne, casting his crown at his dear Master's feet, and saying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but to thy name be all the glory."

C. J.

HEFFIELD ROSLING.—On Oct. 12th, aged 85, Heffield Rosling, of Donington.

Our departed friend was well known to the churches of Christ at Nottingham, Leicester, and neighbourhoods. He was formerly a member with the late Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester.

He appears to have been called by grace about the year 1809, and through his long pilgrimage, by the same grace, adorned the doctrines he loved by a consistent walk. He came to reside at Donington in the year 1854, and was an instrument, in the Lord's hand, of much good to the Baptist cause in carrying on the worship of good in that place. The Lord was pleased to bless him in his last days with solid peace; and it may be truly said that his path shone brighter to the perfect day of glory which he had long been anticipating and looking for.

His remains were interred in the Baptist chapel burying ground by Mr. Thorpe Smith, of Leicester, with whom he was united in bonds of true Christian love.

"He lived a debtor to God's grace,
Rejoiced in sin forgiven;
Died in his Father's fond embrace,
And fled from earth to heaven."

Donington, near Spalding. J. W. S.

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